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THE TWENTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

ONE session of this Congress has gone by; another has begun. The country has reason to rejoice that it is so near its end. The late elections exhibit an extraordinary revolt in the public mind against the principles, professions and practice of the dominant party which has guided the conduct of this Congress. The elections yet to be held, we may believe, will speak with equal emphasis to the same purport. The Twenty-Ninth Congress will terminate its career in a blaze of popular reproof.

In the brief review which we propose to make of some of the leading measures to which this Congress has given its sanction, we are led, by many considerations, to recur to that with which it stands in very remarkable contrast—the ever-memorable Twenty-Seventh. These two legislative bodies may be regarded as rivals in the public view. They are antagonistic in nearly every point of doctrine and policy affecting the management of public affairs; each the sign and exponent of a new administration; each the type of the party by which it was controlled. We can find no better index, in the events of our time, to the characteristic temper, aims and practical purposes of the two great parties which divide the nation, than is afforded in the history of these two Congresses.

Of the Twenty-Seventh it may be said, that its ruling influence was Conservatism. It was careful to maintain the national institutions as they were known

to the earlier statesmen of the Union. Turning its back upon that wretched conceit of the day, which calls itself the progressive principle—and which, as exhibited in our legislation, is nothing more than the charlatanry of small politicians, who come into the public service unprovided with the experience, and unendowed with the capacity, for the grave duties of statesmanship—it placed itself upon the ground which was occupied by the last administration of Madison, and which was preserved through the two administrations that followed, with the approbation and support of the most eminent and capable men who have ever graced the public counsels of this country. It should never be forgotten that the Twenty-Seventh Congress, in the scheme of its action, aimed at perpetuating that system of measures which may be described as the Madisonian platform, and which was sustained, in 1816, by the whole democracy of the Union;—which had Madison himself, Clay, Crawford, Calhoun, Lowndes, Sergeant, and a host of others not less renowned, for its champions; which gave to the country the Tariff, the Bank, the Internal Improvements, as its measures, and the careful restraint of Executive power, economy of administration, and faithful execution of the Laws as its principles.

Endeavoring to conduct its action according to this scheme, the Twenty-Seventh Congress was industrious to suggest and promote whatever was likely

to enlarge the national prosperity. It sought to regulate the currency by a National Bank, improved and guarded by every guarantee which a long experience had suggested as likely to protect it against abuse. It became, in the most liberal sense, the patron of domestic industry; and, with infinite care and study, enacted a Tariff by which it imparted the greatest vigor to every resource of labor. It provided means for the protection and expansion of our lake and river commerce, for the multiplication and scarcity of harbors and the erection of lighthouses. It directed a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands to be made amongst the several States, as long as the country should be at peace—in accordance with a policy which all parties had once approved, and which never fell into disfavor until it was discovered that its adoption might add to the already brilliant reputation of one of the wisest and best of American statesmen. It enlarged our foreign trade by the Chinese Treaty; and laid the foundation of a permanent peace with Great Britain by the wise and just spirit in which it met the difficulties of the Macleod and Boundary questions. And it cannot be doubted that the equitable disposition manifested by this Congress, in reference to these negotiations, prepared the way for the adjustment of the dispute as to Oregon, and thus contributed, in no small degree, to the removal of the only remaining point of collision between two great communities, of whom it has been justly said—that they possessed the means of doing to each other and to the cause of civilization more good or more harm than any other nations upon the globe.

It established an economical administration; arrested the ruinous policy by which, in a time of peace with all foreign powers, a national debt had been permitted to grow up; provided means for its extinguishment, and restored the credit of the government, which a wasteful system of expenditure had impaired. It repealed the Independent Treasury—that most absurd abortion in legislation which partisan pride and obstinacy ever inflicted upon the country. It enacted the single district system for the election of the House of Representatives—a measure so eminently just, so exactly in accordance with the spirit and design of the Constitution, that we cannot cease to wonder at the hardihood which made

it the subject of denunciation and even of State nullification in some sections of the Union, by a party which affects to be the champion of equal rights and assumes to call itself the democracy.

This Congress resisted, and with complete success during the period of its own existence, that ill-fated policy, which has, under less propitious counsels, added the Republic of Texas to the Union. A scrupulous adherence to the limits of constitutional power, a becoming sensibility to the injustice which might be done to the rights of a friendly neighbor republic, and an apprehension of those unhappy consequences which have since been realized, and were then foreseen and foretold, will ever vindicate the wisdom as well as the humanity which refused to concur in the Annexation.

These are amongst the triumphs of the Twenty-Seventh Congress. Several of the measures which we have enumerated in this summary, it is true, were not permitted to take effect. They fell under that formidable power of the veto which the accidental occupant of the chief magistracy of that day has rendered even more odious than it had been before, by his attempt to make it subservient to the mean flattery of one party and the deliberate betrayal of the other. Still, what that Congress accomplished is not more honorable to its fame, than what it was denied the privilege of giving to the country. Nor is it less to be commended for its many labors that were not matured into actual legislation. It devoted its attention to every branch of the public service; its investigations in this field were careful, minute and comprehensive; and there may be found, in the reports of its committees, a digested mass of information upon the public affairs, and an amount of prepared business touching the various interests of the nation, which may serve as the basis of useful legislation for many years to come. The Twenty-Seventh was, in fact, a working Congress. It aimed to present to the country, in visible shape, an embodiment of that political philosophy which the Whigs have ever believed to be essential to the prosperity and grandeur of the nation. It was steadfast to this purpose, and spared no toil to commend itself to the judgment and affections of the people by its industry, its patriotism and its fidelity to every interest embraced within the circle of national concern.

The Twenty-Ninth Congress is, almost

in every respect, the reverse of the Twenty-Seventh. Its first characteristic is its tendency towards destructivism. There is apparent in its action a recognition of positive pleasure in doing what is calculated to surprise the country by its boldness and its novelty. It harbored the utmost ultraism on the Oregon and Texas questions:—nothing was too extravagant to be said or done on those topics. It has given to the Constitution an entirely new character. They who could not find authority to pave the Pennsylvania Avenue, or to make a national turnpike, have now discovered power to bring new empires within the Union. With this body the will of party is everything. In the advocacy of the President's movements against Mexico, it has stripped itself and its successors of the right of judging upon the expediency of a war, and given that question over to the arbitrament of the Executive alone. In the re-establishment of the Independent Treasury, it has not only been guilty of a piece of inexcusable folly, but it has defied the public will and treated it with contumely. In the repeal of the Tariff of 1842 it has grievously assailed the welfare of the people, and consummated an act of perfidy which, for its intrepidity—if not for its impolicy—is without a parallel in our history. The country has looked with amazement upon the hardihood with which their representatives have advanced in this work of destruction; and the public sensibility to their misdeeds seems, for the moment, even to have been blunted by the frequency of the recurrence of acts which singly could not escape a quick and indignant denunciation.

To say nothing of the unfortunate exhibition made by the President and some of his friends in the Oregon question—the peculiar absurdity of which has been sufficiently reprov'd in the manly and wise statesmanship of the Senate—we can find no language too strong to express our objections to the course of Government action by which the country has become involved in the Mexican war. The Twenty-Ninth Congress has made itself accessory to the folly and improvidence of this act, not only by its acquiescence but by its vindication of the President and its active co-operation in his views.

We see no justification of that war in any incident of its history. It had its origin in an untruth. It was impolitic

and useless. The object of the war, if it be what it is pretended—for we are as yet without any clear avowal of its real purpose—could have been better accomplished without an invasion than with it. It is, therefore, but an indefensible aggression upon a weak and distracted country, wholly unworthy the prowess of our arms.

We began by the annexation of Texas. The extent of our duty, after that measure, was to defend this new possession. To that point the country would have been with the administration—even those who opposed the policy of the annexation. To this extent, the President has had ample evidence that all parties would have united with him and lent their aid to the achievement of a secure and honorable peace. With all due allowance for the natural ebullition of Mexican feeling against the annexation, there is scarcely a doubt that wise forbearance on our side, and firm assertion of our purpose to resist all attempts on the part of Mexico to repossess herself of her lost province, would have soon been followed by a restoration of friendly relations. But the President has gone far beyond this position. We have become invaders—not to defend Texas but to add new domains to our national territory.

Without intending to dwell upon the history of this war and its objects, there are one or two inquiries, connected with our pretensions, upon which the people will hereafter demand an explanation.

When the question of annexation was brought to the consideration of the last Congress, a distinguished member of the Senate, whose course upon this measure entitles him to the respect and the thanks of the nation—we mean Mr. Benton—very pertinently asked: What Texas is it, that it is proposed to annex to this Union? Is it the province of that name, formerly belonging to the Mexican confederation, which revolted and, on the plains of San Jacinto, won its independence? that Texas which was bounded by the Nueces and the Red River, and known to all geographers as definitively as any other Mexican State?—Or is it proposed to annex that country which is defined only in an act of the Texan Congress; which claims to have the Rio Grande for its limit up to the forty-second parallel of latitude, and includes large portions of five Mexican provinces that have never revolted, but now live contentedly under the Mexican law; within whose borders no hostile Texan has ever been, except as a pris-

oner of war? This was, in substance, Mr. Benton's inquiry. The reply was: There is no purpose to annex any other State or part of any province, but that which has conquered its independence—the Texas of the Mexican confederation. It was said, moreover, that the acquisition of any boundary beyond the recognized limits of that State, would be made the subject of friendly negotiation with Mexico. This answer, more than any other argument, secured the passage of the resolution which brought the new Republic into our Union. There was a pledge given that no war should be provoked upon this question. It fell to Mr. Polk's lot to redeem this pledge to the country. His first movement was to demand a negotiation for the new boundary, but coupled with that for the settlement of divers other complaints, and at the same time to order armaments both by sea and land to the Mexican border. The answer from Mexico was that of a people irritated with the unfriendly character of the whole proceeding for the annexation. They would treat only for the settlement of the Texas question, as preliminary to all other questions for discussion. This did not satisfy Mr. Polk; and our army was marched to the Rio Grande, and planted upon territory at that time in the unquestioned occupation and under the jurisdiction of Mexico. Batteries were constructed to threaten the Mexican town of Matamoras; and the entrance to the Rio Grande was blockaded by our vessels. A skirmish took place, as might have been expected; a few American soldiers were wounded; and Col. Cross, a valued officer of our service, was waylaid and slain. These events were calculated to arrest the attention of the country and draw it to the seat of war; they were of a nature to excite some degree of sensibility. Advantage was taken of this by the Government press, to raise a cry of vengeance against the Mexicans, "for the shedding of American blood upon *American soil*." We were now informed that the pledges given at the date of the annexation were nought—mere empty promises to secure an object:—that the territory of Texas extended to the Rio Grande and covered the space defined within the limits of the act of the Texan Congress; and that the portions of the five Mexican provinces, spoken of by Mr. Benton, were embraced in the new acquisition of the United States. That for the maintenance of this acquisition we were now in arms; that

the march of Mexican troops on the left bank of the Rio Grande was an act of war begun by Mexico herself; and, that having thus begun the war, she was to bide the consequences. This untruth regarding the first act of war was inserted into the preamble of a bill to provide supplies necessary for the protection of our army, now threatened by a force of superior numbers to their own. The minority of the House, the Whigs, avowed their readiness to vote the supplies as essential, in the existing state of affairs, to secure the means of an early peace:—they protested against the falsehood of the preamble, but the previous question, called, not to terminate but to forbid all debate, was rigorously enforced, and no alternative was left but to pass the bill, or stand exposed to the odium of abandoning our gallant army to its fate in the midst of an exasperated enemy. Contenting themselves with their protest against the misrepresentation contained in the preamble, which they justly regarded as a snare of legislative trickery, they treated it with the contempt it deserved and performed their duty to the country in placing all the means necessary for the speedy and honorable termination of the conflict at the disposal of the Executive. By whatsoever event begun, they saw that a war was now actually waged, and that the only mode of extricating the nation from it, without discomfiture before the whole world, was to furnish the Government every facility for its prosecution with effect. They properly left the Executive to take the responsibility of conducting it to its conclusion. Looking to the provocation of the war, the temper in which our demand upon Mexico was made, the occupation of territory to which, to say the least of it, the Mexican claim was as good as ours, and to the palpable violation of the constitutional restraint upon the President which confides the question of war with a foreign nation exclusively to Congress, we cannot conceive a quarrel more indefensible in its origin, more worthy of censure for the recklessness with which it was hurried forward, or likely to be more pernicious in its results than this. We have acted towards Mexico too much in the spirit rebuked in the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, and have held her to a bloody account for muddying the stream, at which, with a little moderation, forbearance and Christian charity, we might both have quenched our thirst in amity.

There is another subject of remark connected with our pretensions in regard to this war. If the annexation was intended by Congress to include the whole territory embraced by the boundary as defined by the Legislature of Texas in 1836—that is, if it extended to the Rio Grande and thence to the forty-second parallel, it included a large portion of New Mexico, containing the city of Santa Fe. But the same Congress which made the annexation, passed an act allowing a drawback on merchandise received at our ports, and exported to Santa Fe. The question arises: Why was this drawback allowed? The answer is: Because Santa Fe was, in the opinion of Congress, in a foreign country: it was clearly, therefore, no part of Texas, as then understood. Now, if Santa Fe was not a part of Texas and incorporated by the act of annexation into the Union, neither was Point Isabel, nor the country adjacent. If Point Isabel was not a part, then the blood which was drawn in the skirmish upon the Rio Grande, was not shed on *American* soil: and if that again be true, there is need of some abatement of the tone of Executive declamation against the profanation of the American soil; some good reason to question that solemn preamble which asserted that "war exists by the act of Mexico;" some warrant to dispute the truth as well as the wisdom of the same declaration, made in the Presidential message, communicating it as a fact to rouse the warlike spirit of Congress. This presented a dilemma to the administration. Formidable enough it was. We have heard that Mr. Secretary Walker, with a view to extricate the Government from this dilemma, meditated the issuing of a circular to forbid the payment of the drawback upon exports to Santa Fe;—that this device, however, upon second thoughts, was abandoned, as a little too bold even for this administration. Mr. Polk treated the matter more cunningly. He dispatched Gen. Kearney to take possession of our territory of New Mexico; not to conquer it, but to organize a government there,—which he has done with most soldier-like peremptoriness and promptitude. New Mexico is not *conquered* therefore, but organized and brought into line, and prepared to send her delegates to take their seats in Congress: and so now we may trade there without paying duties or getting the drawback. The act of Congress is nul-

lified. All this by virtue of the mere Executive command! The representatives of the people have had nothing to say to it: the people themselves have had nothing to say to it. Annexation has grown more summary than ever; the constitution is more elastic than we dreamed of, and new domains crowd in upon us like the multiplication of a juggler's balls under a cup. Truly, the strict constructionists have kicked up some new notions of late.

It will be the deep reproach of the present Congress, if these acts are suffered to go unquestioned. That body will not escape the severest condemnation if the outrage which has been perpetrated upon the Constitution in this extraordinary proceeding be not visited with a most signal rebuke. We cannot but fear, from the past, from all that we have seen of party subserviency, that the Twenty-Ninth Congress possesses neither the disposition nor the faculty to do the country justice in this matter; that even the echoes of that voice, which has spoken of late with such emphasis from mountains and plains that have, heretofore, been wont to send forth no other than notes of assentation and fealty, will not be able to rouse the bated spirit of this Congress to the task of checking its too lordly master. The Whigs may speak, and, we predict, will speak, in no dulcet accents, on these points; though they will, doubtless, find all the apparatus of parliamentary restraint brought into use to suppress the inquiry, and even silence the voice of complaint. But it is not long before the people themselves will have a potent word to say in their own behalf, and to pass their judgment upon these events. With whatever gratulation they may look upon the prowess of our noble little army; whatever solace they may find in the glorious exploits of those brave men who have obeyed the summons to the field, as we trust our people ever will obey the first summons to any battle-field, in which American soldiers, marshaled under the national flag, may stand in need of succor; however freely they may consent to furnish all supplies and aids necessary to hasten the war to a termination which shall leave the lustre of our arms untarnished—they will still not abate one jot of their condemnation of an administration that has brought us into hostilities so unnecessary, by means so derogatory to the constitutional power committed to the

Executive. We have seen, in these proceedings, the right asserted and acted upon by the President, to wage war beyond the territory of the United States, without a declaration of war being authorized by Congress. We see in them the assumption that territory may be acquired to this Government by *conquest*—a point not heretofore settled—and that, being so acquired, the President may annex it to the Union, and provide for it all the machinery of a provincial government; that this may be done, too, without the authority of Congress. It would seem, moreover, to settle, as far as such authority can settle a question, the point so often mooted, and so constantly denied, by the strict constructionists, that the United States may hold and govern colonies. These are grave questions, and are gravely to be answered.

We do not wish to be understood as denying the power of acquisition by conquest: much less are we prepared to affirm it. It is a new question, not very distinctly contemplated in the Constitution, and very pregnant of weighty consequences. If it be decided in the affirmative, then it seems to us quite clear that the power to establish and maintain colonies is inseparable from it. When we make a conquest, it is inevitable that we must provide for it, govern it, and turn it to the best account. In what way we shall govern it, must necessarily rest in the discretion of the Federal authorities. The colonial form may be the most obvious and the most useful. Again, if we can acquire territory by conquest, we may acquire it in any quarter of the globe. What more probable than that, following up the spirit of aggrandizement so recently developed in our Government, we should find early motive and occasion to make a conquest of the Sandwich, the Marquesas, or other convenient islands of the Pacific? Could we not hold them by the same tenure by which we assume to hold parts of Mexico? There is no difference in the principle applicable to the two cases. We should thus possess territory in no proximity to our present Union; but possessing it, what is there to restrain us, under the recent precedents, from annexing it to the Union? We can see no limit to the extension of these principles. The most startling consequences seem to follow in lawful succession, after the first step which took us across the old confines of our Confederacy. What influ-

ence such changes may have on our Government, we may hardly venture to foretell.

Before we conclude this article we have a few words to say upon the course of the present Congress in reference to the Tariff. Nearly sixty years have gone by since the adoption of the Constitution, and in the very first year of its existence, the question arose regarding the power of the new government to protect and encourage the labor of the country, against the competition of foreign nations. That question has been decided affirmatively by every Congress, from the first in which it arose down to the Twenty-Ninth. It has been decided affirmatively by the gravest enunciations of the Judiciary. It has been maintained by every President until the election of Mr. Polk. It has been affirmed by the great majorities of the people in every national election. One would suppose the point was settled. It was reserved to the administration of Mr. Polk and the Twenty-Ninth Congress to refute and disallow these combined authorities. The President has recently asserted the doctrine, that whatever duty has the effect to restrain or diminish importations, is unconstitutional; in other words, that whatever duty lessens the competition of foreign manufacturers against the American, is forbidden by the fundamental law of this Union. We gather no less than this from the argument of the Message. That this point might not be misapprehended, the Secretary of the Treasury reaffirmed the Presidential declaration in still more explicit language, and the same doctrine is announced by the committee to whom the subject was entrusted by the House. The result was the Tariff of 1846, which was not exactly an illustration of this ultra doctrine, but as near an approach to it as the House of Representatives dare make. It is not our intention to comment upon the details of that bill. It has been sufficiently exposed in the almost universal condemnation it has received from every press in the country, that is not a partisan retainer of the Administration, or the exponent of those peculiar opinions, which are endemic in certain sections of the Union, known to political naturalists as 'the region of abstractions.' We will remark, however, of this act, that it is not only a mischievous act, demonstrating equal ignorance of the condition of the country, and indifference to its opinions and wants; but it is, also, a coward-

ly, equivocating, and false act, which, whilst it professes to be built upon the foundation of the Free Trade principle, flagrantly departs from it in almost every instance in which it encounters an interest sufficiently powerful to be felt in an election. It bullies the weak and succumbs to the strong. Even these concessions have not saved it from the denunciation of those whom it designed to favor; and we have already some significant whispers afloat, that the present session of Congress is to be called on, and directed to equivocate still farther, in the hope of averting that wrath which the democracy of the administration has not pith enough to defy.

We have heard of great 'joy in London'—to use Mr. Ritchie's phrase—and over all England, when the Secretary's precious exposition of the American policy reached there. It is not often that Loco-focoism receives such compliments. The delight which the parliamentary honors awarded to the Secretary's report, spread over the hearts of his friends in Washington, will not soon be forgotten—especially by those who were accustomed to read the sneers of the government paper and its auxiliaries, conveyed in the term 'British Whigs,' whenever a surmise was indulged that Mr. Polk could, under any circumstances, take less than "fifty-four, forty:" this 'joy in London' will not soon be forgotten by the mechanics of America who have been sacrificed, nor by those who wish well to the mechanics.

We refer to this expression of British gratitude towards our Secretary, for his friendly support of British policy, because we find in it a significant illustration of a very important truth, upon which the statesmen of this country may profitably reflect. In the general acclaim which arose from the depths of the English nation to honor the American Premier, we recognize the sincere delight of that people, that the United States should, at last, propose to them the most acceptable atonement in our power, for the injury done them by our Declaration of Independence and successful revolt. The privileges of what Englishmen call Free Trade constitute, according to the opinions of their best informed statesmen, the sum of all the benefits they had hoped to derive from retaining the American Colonies in their allegiance to the British Crown.

Some years ago, Mr. Clay said in the

Senate, in reply to Gen. Hayne of South Carolina, when the subject of Free Trade was in debate, "It is, in effect, the *British Colonial System* that we are invited to adopt; and if their policy prevail, it will lead substantially to the colonization of these States under the commercial dominion of Great Britain."

That remark is as true to-day as it was in 1832, when it was uttered. We are enabled to show how accurately this language of Mr. Clay represents the convictions of sagacious Englishmen on this point; and for that purpose we refer to the opinions of the Edinburgh Review—the most authentic champion of Free Trade on the other side of the Atlantic—given to us in an article written after Mr. Secretary Walker's report had elicited the commendations of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen. From these we make a few extracts.

"In what," asks the Reviewer, July, 1846, in a discussion of the 'Sophismes Economiques' of Bastiat, "do the commercial advantages of colonial possessions consist? They consist *simply*, as it seems to us, in the power which the mother country thereby enjoys of securing a fair and open market to her goods. They consist in her *power of preventing the colony from excluding her from its market by restrictions and discriminating duties*, and all the perverse follies which the union of national jealousy with false systems of political economy have engendered. * * * It, (the colony,) if it were independent, would, however small in extent, *attempt to set up a separate industrial and commercial system*. Certain bodies of producers and traders would raise a cry about native industry, and the public, partly from simplicity and partly from national antipathies, would yield to the interested delusion. * * * For these reasons, we have, in the present state of the world, a substantial interest in the dependence of our colonies. We can secure an open market and a free trade so long as we can procure a safe passage over the seas and maintain the allegiance of the subject territories. * * * Generally, therefore, the advantage we derive from the possession of colonies may be said to consist in this—that, in consideration of the responsibility and expense of superintending their government and defending them against hostile attack, we require them to trade freely with us. They are separate political communities, each with

its peculiar though not sovereign government, managing its own revenues and expenditure, levying custom-house duties of its own, and maintaining a distinct system of taxation, *but not permitted to use its power so as to impose restrictions and disabilities upon the trade of the mother country.*"

This is the language of Great Britain, speaking her conviction of the value of her colonies. The reader will be struck at the prevailing idea which runs through it all, the fear that a community left to itself would never adopt this genial principle of Free Trade, but must be coerced to take such a blessing—that the "let us alone" policy, so lauded by these same writers, is the most imaginable privilege to be conferred upon a country with which England wishes to trade, and that, in fine, that celebrated saying, so current at the date of our Revolution, "America shall not manufacture a hob-nail," lay at the very foundation of these notions of free trade. Mr. Walker's report was greeted in England because it fell in with these views; it proposed a commercial re-colonization, and offered to Great Britain all that she found valuable in the colonial relation, without even "the responsibility and expense of superintending our government." There is abundant reason in these disclosures for the fervid congratulations of the Secretary. It is the first time that such a piece of flattery has ever been bestowed by a British Parliament upon an American minister for such aid to British policy in its struggle against American, and we hope it will be the last.

We charge it against the Twenty-Ninth Congress that, with a conviction on the part of several of its members of the unsoundness of the free trade principle, with a knowledge, on the part of many more, that it was contrary to the interest and wishes of their constituents, and, on the part of all, that the policy was both new and, to say the least of it, *hazardous* to the country, they gave their support to this British system in contradistinction to our American system, and that, in this act, they have struck a disastrous blow at the comfort and prosperity of a large mass of the people.

We hasten to a conclusion. In what we have already written, we have briefly

noticed the chief topics upon which the country arraigns the Twenty-Ninth Congress. We have passed over the absurd rhodomontades of the Oregon debate, and many subjects of minor import which concern the morals and decorum of the Halls of Legislation, and have brought into view only the War, the Tariff, and the Sub-Treasury, as the special questions by which the fame of this Congress, in good or evil report, is likely to be determined. In regard to these, we have no language but that of censure. But there are—and we take pleasure in adverting to them—there are incidents belonging to the proceedings of this Congress which entitle it to commendation. It has done an act of justice in the French Spoliation bill, for which it deserves the thanks, not of the claimants only, but of every citizen who respects the integrity of the nation. We commend this Congress for the spirit with which it has shaken off the trammels of old party discipline in the question of the Internal Improvements. We are not disposed to scrutinize the ingenuity with which the River and Harbor bills were reconciled to the rescripts of Gen. Jackson, nor to do more than congratulate Mr. Calhoun for his happy and timely discovery of the Mediterranean Seas, through which he has found a safe passage for the Constitution in its voyage to the Western Rivers: we are too much gratified at these retrogrades towards the old and approved Whig doctrines, and too much pleased with the prospect they open of future good to the country, to allow ourselves to call up invidious recollections or comment upon the mode in which the change has been produced. We applaud the Twenty-Ninth Congress for these, and could wish it had been thus in all things. The veto of Mr. Polk has cropped these honors in the moment of their ripening, and it is with no small gratification we perceive signs of growing displeasure against this fearful prerogative of the Executive in quarters where it is likely to be effective. We rejoice that this is one item in the bead-roll of grievances which the people are reckoning amongst the motives that are every day growing more cogent to place the Whigs in power.

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

HAVING designed to present to the public, occasionally, the features of some one of our distinguished Representatives, as well as of our Senators, or eminent national characters deceased, we have chosen to commence with a gentleman, whose withdrawal (temporary we hope) from politics, has left him for a time in the quite of private life.

The services of Mr. Kennedy to the public, in both a literary and political capacity, have been great enough to give occasion for an extended notice. We must content ourselves, however, with presenting a few scattered facts in his life, from the want of more ample materials.

MR. KENNEDY'S father emigrated from the north of Ireland, and settled in Baltimore, where he became an active and prosperous Merchant. He married a daughter of Philip Pendleton, of Berkley County, Virginia. From this union there were four sons, of whom John was the oldest. He was born in Baltimore, 25th of October, 1795, and was educated at the Baltimore College, where he was graduated in 1812.

In 1814 he served as a volunteer—a private soldier in the ranks at the battles of Bladensburg and North Point.

In 1816 he was admitted to the Baltimore Bar, and began a successful practice in that city.

In 1818 he, in conjunction with his highly accomplished friend, Peter Hoffman Cruse, published in Baltimore a little work in 2 vols. called *The Red Book*. It appeared in numbers, at intervals of about a fortnight, and was of a playful, satirical character. The book, though of an ephemeral nature, excited a good deal of attention.

In 1820 Mr. Kennedy was elected to the Legislature of Maryland, as a delegate from the city of Baltimore, and was re-elected in 1821 and 1822.

In 1830, Mr. Kennedy first became an author, publishing *Swallow Barn* in the course of that year. This book was designed to be a picture of the manners, customs and peculiarities of Eastern Virginia. The narrative was pleasantly drawn up, and obtained for the young Author a gratifying reputation. Leaving out of view for the present his political occupations in the interval succeeding,

we will proceed to enumerate his literary productions.

In 1832, he published *Horse Shoe Robinson*, the first idea of which he received from an accidental acquaintance with the Hero of it, whom he met in the Pendleton District of South Carolina in 1818, and from whom he received some interesting particulars of his own participation in the war of the Revolution, which were faithfully introduced into the story. This work of fiction was perhaps as extensively read as any one produced among us, with the exception of two or three of Mr. Cooper's.

In 1838, he produced *Rob of the Bowl*, a story intended to illustrate some portion of the early history of Maryland. In particular the wild, reckless character and stern and bloody career of the Buccaneers of the Gulf—"The Brothers of the Bloody Coast"—was vividly set forth in this fiction, one of their leaders with his piratical crew being introduced as cruising along the shores of Maryland.

In 1840, he wrote and published *Quodlibet*, a political satire written during the Presidential canvass of that year, and having special reference to the scenes and topics of that contest.

Mr. Kennedy, besides these more extended writings, has delivered many public addresses upon invitations from various Societies; among them, In 1834, One before the Horticultural Society of Maryland.

" 1835, A discourse on the Life and character of William Wirt; delivered at the request of the Baltimore Bar.

" " The Annual Address before the American Institute of New York.

" " Address before the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of the University of Maryland; in which he had been appointed Professor of History.

" " Address delivered at the consecration of Green Mount Cemetery, near Baltimore.

" " Sundry Lectures on various subjects.

" 1845, Address before the Maryland Historical Society on the Life and character of Geo. Calvert.

Mr. Kennedy's life may be regarded in a two-fold aspect—his labors as an Author and his career as a Statesman being diverse but inseparable. The latter may be said to have commenced with his election to the Maryland Legislature in 1820, when 25 years of age, four years after his admission to the Bar, two years after his *debut* as an Author. Re-elected in 1821, and again in 1823, he was the following year appointed by President Monroe Secretary of Legation to Chili; which appointment he resigned before the Mission was ready to sail.

Espousing the side of the Administration of Mr. Adams, while continuing to reside in the strongly Jacksonian city of Baltimore, Mr. Kennedy was now virtually shut out from public life for years. But his interest in public affairs was undiminished, and his activity in support of his cherished principles unimpaired. In 1830 he wrote an elaborate review of Mr. Cambreleng's Report on Commerce and Navigation, ably controverting the Anti-Protective fallacies of that Report. The next year he was a Delegate from Baltimore to the National Convention of Friends of Manufacturing Industry, which met in New York, late in the autumn, by which he was appointed on the Committee to draft an Address in defence and commendation of the Protective policy, which, in conjunction with his colleagues, Warren Dutton of Massachusetts, and Charles J. Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, he did, each writing a part.

In the autumn of 1838, he was elected a member of Congress from the double district of Baltimore city and Anne Arundel county—the first time a Whig had been elected from that district. He was promptly recognized and respected as one of the ablest of the many able new members, which the changes consequent on the monetary revulsion of 1837 had brought into the House. In 1841 he was again elected, and, on the assembling of the Whig Congress of that year, he was appointed chairman of the Committee on Commerce. In that capacity he drew a Report on our so-called Reciprocity Treaties, and their effect on the

shipping interest of this country, which widely commanded attention. Several other reports from his Committee evinced like ability and research. He also, in behalf of a Committee appointed by a meeting of the Whig members of both Houses, drew the celebrated "MANIFESTO" of the Whig members at the close of the Extra Session, exposing and denouncing the treachery of John Tyler—a document rarely surpassed in ability, perspicuity and scathing vigor.

Indeed, it may be asserted, that no person in this country writes on political questions with more clearness, eloquence and convincing argument, than Mr. Kennedy. His style in his literary productions has always evinced many excellent qualities; but when he touches great national topics, he seems to be imbued with a new power. The same qualities which give him this peculiar ability on such topics, render him also a rapid and eloquent narrator on historical subjects, as several of his public addresses testify, and as will doubtless be shown by his Biography of William Wirt, on which he is now engaged.

The State having been re-districted, he was again elected to the House in 1743, from the single district composed of the greater portion of the city of Baltimore, and served through the XXVIIIth Congress. In 1845 he was once more presented for re-election, but defeated by the diversion of a small portion of the Whig vote to a 'Native American' candidate. In October of this year, (1846,) the Whigs of the city insisted on having his name on their Assembly ticket, and, to the astonishment of their brethren throughout the Union, he was elected, with two of his colleagues, in a city which gave a heavy majority against Henry Clay two years before, and still heavier against the Whig candidate for Governor in that year. So Mr. K. will this winter serve the city of his nativity in that capacity wherein he first evinced the qualities which have elevated him to a rank among the most eminent of American Legislators and Statesmen.

RECIPROCITY TREATIES.

AMONG the means recently resorted to by the General Government to regulate our commercial relations with foreign nations, no one has had a more injurious effect upon our best interests, both foreign and domestic, than what are very falsely called "Reciprocity Treaties."

Some of these the writer has already commented upon in the National Magazine, with a promise, then given, to notice others. It is now his purpose to show up the Treaty made by Mr. Wheaton with the German Zoll-Verein, which was, very properly, rejected by the Senate.

His reason for so doing is, that he has been informed, from good authority, that a new Treaty with that power is in anticipation; and there is no better way to place before the public the merits of our commercial intercourse with Germany than by a reference to the former Treaty, which, had it been adopted, would have done, as will be shown, the most manifest injustice to our commerce, and to the home industry.

The great article of export from the United States to the territories included in the Zoll-Verein, is Tobacco; and it is to aid that particular interest that it is still proposed to make a treaty with them.

The writer has examined this subject with great care, aided by an investigation into the able reports and documents of J. Dodge, Esq.; who was sent to Germany in 1837 by our Government, as special agent, and at the particular instance of the Tobacco interest of this country. Mr. Dodge appears to have well understood the subject in all its bearings; and it is to be regretted he was not continued as the public agent, for, from the various documents emanating from him, (and published by order of Congress,) in the discharge of his duty, little doubt can be entertained that he would have effected the object of his mission, in a manner that would have given satisfaction to all parties, abroad and at home. Mr. Dodge's mission ended in 1841, by our Government refusing to continue it.

Let us now examine the proposed benefits of the Wheaton Treaty; for in so doing, with the aid furnished by the published documents of Mr. Dodge, from which we make large extracts, we shall get at the merits of the case, and thus, perhaps, aid in preventing similar sacrifices from being hereafter made.

Before, however, we commence this particular subject, we desire to enter our solemn protest against this mode of abolishing our revenue laws. The power to regulate commerce is expressly given to Congress by the Constitution, and therefore it cannot be competent for the President and Senate, by the Treaty-making power, to annul a law of Congress which has fixed the rate of duty payable on articles imported, or to be imported, from any one country, by reducing them. We might show the unconstitutionality and injustice of making treaties to favor one particular interest at a great sacrifice to others; but this is unnecessary, as the broad ground first assumed is perfectly tenable and has been taken and sustained by some of the ablest men of the country.

But to return to the matter in hand: the benefits urged by the friends of Mr. Wheaton's treaty were, first, a diminution of duty on rice of twenty per cent; second, no duty to be assessed on our raw cotton; third, a diminution of twenty per cent. of the duty on lard; fourth, a deduction of one and a half Prussian thalers per centner on American leaf tobacco, and of two and a half Prussian thalers per centner on American tobacco stems.

Let us first examine the matter as regards "Rice."

The Dutch Government, in 1838, sent Commissioners to Berlin, with a view to the reduction of duties on certain articles. Among these was Rice, the produce of Java. These Commissioners succeeded, and the duty on Rice, both from Java, and subsequently from the United States, was reduced two thalers per centner. This reduction produced a great augmentation of the revenue, by increased consumption; and about six years since, it was understood that a further reduction would be made on Java and American rice, as soon as experience had confirmed the increase in the revenue. So that the reduction on rice did not depend upon the Treaty, but would and will take place, from motives of self-interest.

With respect to Raw Cotton, it is the settled policy of the Zoll-Verein, and one from which they dare not swerve, to admit cotton free of duty. Mr. Dodge has fully shown this, and we refer to the following extract of his report to our Min-

ister at Berlin, dated Berlin, August 31, 1839 :

"I have heard it remarked in Germany, that should the United States apply retaliatory duties on the manufactures of this country, the Zoll-Verein might possibly, in that case, put a duty on our raw cotton. I do not feel the slightest apprehension of their so doing; for Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, and Saxony, in which countries the manufactures of cotton, and in the last named of hosiery, exist in most perfection, know too well their own interests ever to put a duty on our raw cotton; and, from my personal knowledge of the industry of Germany, I know that such a measure would be destructive to their spinneries and to their cotton cloth and hosiery manufactures, and any one conversant with the subject must know that such a measure would fail of its intended effect, (injury to our cotton planters,) for it would not prevent one single pound less of our raw cotton from being exported to and manufactured in Europe. The injury it would do would be solely to German industry, to the great benefit of England; the injury would be to the Rhenish provinces, to Bavaria, to Baden, to Saxony; for one of these two things would be the consequence: either the German manufactures of cotton cloth and hosiery would, from the enhanced price of the raw material in this country, be driven from foreign markets, or they would have to obtain their twist and yarn from England; thus destroying the German spinneries and enriching the English spinner. I again repeat, the Zoll-Verein will never lay a duty on our raw cotton, for it would be solely to their own injury and to the benefit of England, and it would not prevent the consumption of one single pound less of our raw cotton in Europe; for the same quantity of cotton cloths and hosiery would be sent to foreign markets, and the only difference would be that the English weaver and hosiery manufacturers would have an increased demand for the supply of those markets."

This report of Mr. Dodge was communicated to the Prussian Government by the American Minister, October 1st, and from that period no duty was exacted on raw cotton, nor is there any fear that it will hereafter be subjected to any, as it would destroy the manufacture of that article throughout the territories of the Zoll-Verein; and yet this is pretended to be an advantage gained by Mr. Wheaton's treaty.

On the subject of "Lard," little need be said, for it is not an article of export to the Hanse towns or to any other part of Germany. That country produces Lard enough for its own consumption.

We come now to the article of tobacco, and here we shall have to draw largely upon the documents furnished by Mr. Dodge.

The diminution on tobacco, in Mr. Wheaton's treaty, is one and a half Prussian thalers per centner—equal to about one cent per American pound, or about twenty-seven per cent. from the former duty of five and a half thalers per centner. And on stems the deduction is two and a half Prussian thalers per centner—equal to one and a half cents per pound, American. The treaty diminution is still a specific duty, levied on the weight without regard to the quality or cost of the article, and though less in amount, is liable to the same inconveniences, as pointed out by Mr. Dodge in his report already referred to. We quote also the following from that document:

"But the practical operation of the tariff of the Zoll-Verein is, on the contrary, against the produce of the United States, particularly as regards the leaf tobacco of our country, and greatly in favor of the Spanish colonies; for it is well known that the Cuba tobacco is far superior to that of the United States, and costs a much higher price; yet the tariff of the Zoll-Verein levies as high a duty on the leaf tobacco of our country as it does on that coming from the Spanish colonies."

In the preceding paragraph to the one quoted, Mr. Dodge has fully shown that there is no reciprocity in the tariff of the Zoll-Verein towards the liberal policy of the United States. Nor is it believed there is anything in the treaty to prevent the Zoll-Verein from diminishing, in like manner, the duty on Cuba tobacco, and in case of such reduction, the advantage now enjoyed by that tobacco over the American will still continue.

The consumption of American leaf tobacco and of stems, within the limits of the Zoll-Verein, is about 30,000 hhds., and of leaf tobacco, 26,250 hhds. Estimating the average weight at 1,000 lbs., the proposed reduction of duties on leaf tobacco, of one cent per lb., would be \$262,500; and on stems, at one and a half cents per lb., would be \$56,250—making a total reduction in the duties on these articles of \$318,750.

There is little probability that the proposed reduction would much increase the consumption of American raw tobacco in the Zoll-Verein. Messrs. Wheaton and Dodge conjointly addressed a memorial to the Deputies of the Zoll-Verein,

assembled at Dresden, in the summer of 1838, which contains the only scale of reduction which would really benefit the growers of American tobacco. We quote from it:

"1st Project.—To reduce the import duties now levied on tobacco stems to two thalers per centner, and to reduce the duties on all other kinds of tobacco imported from North America to three thalers per centner.

"2d Project.—1. In order to continue the protection already granted to the cultivation of the indigenous plant, a considerable duty might be levied (of three thalers, for example) upon all kinds of tobacco costing not more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ thalers, at the first port of entry in Europe, which is deemed the average price of indigenous tobacco in Germany.

"2. To lay upon leaf tobacco imported in hogsheads from North America, of which the value at the first port of entry is more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ thalers, a duty of two thalers and 23 silver groschens per centner. This duty will be equal to the average of that levied in Bavaria and Wurtemberg, according to the tariff of 1828, namely: of five florins per centner, sp-gewicht, equal to four florins and twenty-seven and one half kreutzers per Prussian centner, and in Baden according to the tariff of 1827, that is to say twenty-five kreutzers; and in Prussia according to the tariff of 1831, which is the present tariff of the Zoll-Verein, of five and one half thalers per centner. The average of those several rates is two thalers and twenty-three silver groschens per centner.

"3. To lay a duty on tobacco stems imported from North America of two thalers per centner."

Such a diminution would be of real service by increasing the demand, while the slight reduction of the "Wheaton treaty" would be next to, if not quite, nugatory. Mr. Dodge on this part of the subject justly says:

"A slight diminution of the duty on our leaf tobacco would not effect the object we have in view. To be effectual and of mutual benefit to both parties, it ought to be reduced to such a rate as will encourage an increased consumption and prevent smuggling."

To effect this Mr. D. proposed three thalers per centner as the proper duty to be levied, while the duty of the Treaty was four thalers.

It should here be stated that previous to the joining of the Zoll-Verein, by Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Wurtemberg, and the other countries now composing that Union, the duties on

American raw tobacco were, in these countries, very small; not half what they now are, except in Prussia. And this notwithstanding that in the two first-named States, the greatest quantity, and the best quality of tobacco is produced, that is grown in all Germany. Yet when these States successively entered the Zoll-Verein, Prussia succeeded in having her Tariff adopted, so that in fact the tobacco planters of the United States have most severely felt the adoption of the Prussian Tariff on that article, in forming the German Union of Customs.

We have no other desire than fairly and candidly to examine the Wheaton Treaty, and for the sake of the argument may admit that some increase in the consumption might possibly have taken place in case it had been adopted; but it surely could not have been beyond the ratio in which the duties were diminished, and had such increase taken place, it must necessarily have been by a slow process. Now suppose the term of the Treaty to be four years, the first year's increase would not have exceeded 800 hogsheads; the second year in the same ratio 2,040 hogsheads; the third year 4,247 hogsheads, and the fourth year 7,087 hogsheads—the annual average being 3,543 hogsheads, and the total increase 14,174 hogsheads. The increase on the stems the first year 250 hogsheads, the second year 550, and the fourth 1,687 hogsheads. Total of stems in four years 3,374 hogsheads, or an annual average of 884 hogsheads.

Now the cost in the United States of 3,543 hogsheads of tobacco, of the quality which is usually sent to Germany, and of 884 hogsheads of stems, at an average of \$3.55 per one hundred pounds, is \$155,738. And it is on this small amount alone, that the most sanguine friends of the Treaty could possibly urge its benefits. For it has already been shown that, so far as regards the articles of cotton and rice, the decided interest of the Zoll-Verein has been to diminish the duty on the first, and to admit the second duty free, without reference to the Tariff of the United States, and with regard to lard, it is only matter of astonishment how it found its way into the Treaty at all.

Having thus examined with candor the supposed advantages of the Wheaton Treaty, let us now look at the positive evil to this country which would have resulted from its adoption, and which must result from the future adoption of such a treaty.

There is no difficulty in proving that it would have greatly lessened the Revenue of the country. From the report of the Hon. Rufus Choate, of the Committee of Foreign Relations, of the Senate, the following concessions were made, under the false assumption that they were only equivalents to those made to us, by the Zoll-Verein.

"Article 1. The United States of America agree not to impose duties on the importation of the following articles, the growth, produce, and manufacture of the States of the German Association of Customs and Commerce exceeding—

First, twenty per centum ad valorem on the importation of—

1. All woolen, worsted, and cotton mits, caps and bindings, and woolen, worsted, and cotton hosiery, that is to say, stockings, socks, drawers, shirts, and all other similar manufactures made on frames.

3. On all musical instruments of every kind, except piano-fortes.

Second. Fifteen per centum ad valorem on the importation of—

1. All articles manufactured of flax or hemp, or of which flax or hemp shall be the component part of chief value, except cotton bagging or any other manufacture suitable for the uses for which cotton bagging is applied.

2. All manufactures of silk, or of which silk shall be the component part of chief value.

3. Thibet, merinos, merino shawls, and all manufactures of combed wool, or of worsted and silk combined.

4. Polished plate glass, silvered or not silvered; small pocket looking-glasses, from three to ten inches long and from one and a half to six inches broad; toys of every description, snuff boxes of paper mache, lead pencils, lithographic stones, and wooden clocks, known under the name of Schwarzwald clock.

5. Cologne water, needles, bronze wares of all kinds, planes, scissors, scythes, files, saws, and fish-hooks; gold, silver and copper wire, tinfoil, and musical strings of all kinds.

6. Leather pocket-books and etuis, and all sorts of similar fine leather manufactures, known under the name of Offenbacher fine leather fabrics.

Third. Ten per cent ad valorem on the importation of—

1. All thread laces and insertings, laces, galoons, tresses, tassels, knots, stars of gold and silver, fine, or half fine.

2. Mineral water, spelter, and hare's wool dressed."

Here is enumerated almost every article of German produce or manufacture usually imported by us, as Mr. Dodge

has made fully appear by his able Report, in which ninety-six articles of the growth, produce or manufacture of Germany are detailed, but many of which in the treaty are concealed under their Generic names.

The large importations into the United States of German manufactures are not known in this country. Our official Report of Trade and Navigation states the country from which articles imported are shipped, and makes no reference to the place of their production or manufacture. Germany has but few shipping ports, hence its most valuable articles, as silk, velvet, &c., come to us through the Port of Havre, and thus appear as importations from France. From information which the writer collected in Paris he has no doubt at least \$2,500,000 of silks, silk velvets, and other fine merchandises of German manufacture are actually shipped to the United States from French ports. Many also of their bulky articles, manufactured in the Prussian provinces of the Rhine, and in the south of Germany, bordering that river and the Mayne, or in their vicinity, the seat of great industry, are shipped through Rotterdam, at the mouth of the Rhine; the Mayne flowing into that river near Mayence, and now that there is a railroad from Cologne on the Rhine to Aix-La-Chapelle, and from thence to Brussels and Antwerp, it is probable many German goods will be shipped from Antwerp. The importations to the United States of German goods from Rotterdam is estimated by Mr. Dodge to be above half a million of dollars annually.

The extremely imperfect manner in which the report of trade and navigation annually issued by the Secretary of the Treasury is made up, so many goods being placed under the term of articles not enumerated, we can only approximately arrive at the articles mentioned in the treaty, and by examining the list of articles in the report of Mr. Dodge, it would appear that at least an amount equal to five-sevenths of the importations direct from Germany, and all of the indirect importations, through France, Holland and Belgium, would certainly be included in it—those through France being mostly silks and silk velvets, the duty on which is diminished to fifteen per cent—a rate of duty on these luxurious articles much below what is charged on some articles of the first necessity. Mr. Dodge on this subject says, Sec. 4:

"According to the aforementioned report, the importations into the United

States direct from Prussia, the Hanse Towns and other ports of Germany from the 1st day of October, 1834, to the 30th day of September, 1836, amounted to \$8,790,192; making an annual average amount of German produce and manufacture of \$4,395,096. To which are to be added the importations of German produce and manufactures by the way of Holland and France, which, from a strict examination of official documents, and other information derived from correct and well-informed sources, may fairly be estimated at an annual average for those two years as follows:

"Through Holland, \$525,000; through France, \$2,500,000. Making an annual average total of importations into the United States of German produce and manufacture of \$7,420,096."

During the fiscal years 1836, 1837, the exportation of German manufactures direct and indirect, amounted to \$8,700,000.

The annual average value for 1834, 1835, 1836, was \$4,395,096, of which at least five-sevenths are included in Wheaton's treaty, and amount to \$3,139,355, and to which are to be added the average amount of the indirect importations through France and Holland, \$3,025,000, making an average amount included in the treaty, \$6,025,355.

It is not an easy matter to make exact comparative calculations between the duties fixed by the Tariff of 1842 and the duties in the treaty; but upon the best data, we have no doubt the reduction will average fifty per cent. The rate of duty in German manufactures is on an average about 30 per cent. under that law. Then 30 per cent. on \$6,025,355, would be \$1,807,406, and the treaty diminution of fifty per cent. would amount to \$903,853.

But this is a small part only of the mischief which would have resulted to the revenue by the adoption of the Wheaton treaty. Suppose England should choose to follow in the train of this *reciprocity treaty*, the actual duty there is three shillings sterling, or 72½ cents per pound on unmanufactured tobacco—(a nice comment by the way upon the pretended Free Trade.) The annual consumption of unmanufactured American tobacco may be estimated at 18,000 hhds. Twenty per cent. deduction on 72½ cents, would be about 20 cents, which would make the reduced duty in England, upon the principle of the Wheaton treaty, 52½ cents per lb., which enormous duty for all practical purposes, would be as restrictive upon our tobacco

trade as the present duty. But even if it would increase the consumption twenty-seven per cent., it would only be for four years a total of 9,720 hogsheads, or annually 2,430 hogsheads—which being of a superior quality, may be estimated at \$75 per hhd.; the reduction would then be \$182,250, for which reduction we should have to grant Great Britain an average diminution of fifty per cent. on the duties on the importation of a large portion of her manufactures. Let us by way of argument see what such reduction with less revenue would amount to. Mr. Dodge states in his report to Mr. Wheaton, that from the 1st of October, 1834, to the 30th September, 1836, the average total importations for those two years into the United States from Great Britain, were \$69,947,722. Now at least one quarter of that amount may be estimated to consist of similar articles to those from Germany. One fourth would be \$17,486,930. The average duty 30 per cent. would be \$5,246,879, a reduction of 50 per cent of which would be \$2,623,039, making an annual deficit in the treasury of the United States to that amount from such a miscalled reciprocity treaty with Great Britain. But France, too, may wish to make such a one-sided treaty with us; how would it affect our commerce with that country? The average annual importation of unmanufactured American tobacco into France may be estimated at 12,000 hhds. annually. In France there is no duty on our tobacco, but there is what is much worse, a government monopoly. Where there is no duty we cannot ask for a reduction, but suppose the French government would agree to a purchase of twenty-seven per cent more tobacco. The Regie would then have to purchase 1,620 hhds more, being 27 per cent on 12,000 hhds., the consumption as before stated. This would make a total increase in four years of 6,480 hhds., which at a cost in the United States of \$65 per hhd., would be for 1,620 hhds. equal to \$105,311, annual purchase.

The total importation from France is \$26,265,396. One half would be \$13,326,977, the average duty on the same at 30 per cent. would be \$3,939,809, and a diminution of fifty per cent on the same, would be \$1,969,954, consequently there would be this further annual deficit in the revenue of the United States.

The following recapitulation will show the supposed advantages and disadvantages of the Wheaton treaty, supposing a

similar one to be made with England and France, and the actual disadvantages of the Zoll-Verein treaty.

"Recapitulation of the supposed advantages and the positive disadvantages to the United States, had the treaty with the Zoll-Verein been confirmed."

SUPPOSED ADVANTAGES.

The supposed increased consumption in the Zoll-Verein would be 3,543 hhds. of our raw tobacco and 884 hhds. stems, annual average, and costing in the United States \$35 55 cents per hoghead, say \$155,738
 England, 2,430 hhds., annual average at \$75 per hhd. 182,250
 France, 1,620 hhds., annual average, at \$65 per hhd. 105,311

Supposed annual advantage to the United States, \$443,299

POSITIVE DISADVANTAGES.

Diminution in the duties on importations from the Zoll-Verein annually \$903,853
 On annual importations from Great Britain 2,523,030

On annual importations from France 1,969,954
 \$5,496,846

Making an annual deficit in the revenue of the United States of \$5,496,846, and in four years a deficit of \$21,987,384!

Besides which, during these four years the United States could not make any attempt to diminish what would still be an enormous duty in England, or to effect any change in the monopoly of France."

Thus much for views and calculations of the Wheaton treaty as a financial affair—but we contend against it for its injustice, and the unconstitutionality of frittering away the protection to our home interests—the admission of the proceeds of the degraded labor from abroad to the destruction of our own industry interests. For although we do not make silks and velvets, yet admit the principle that the President and Senate have the power to regulate commerce by treaty stipulations, and then what use would there be in the people being represented in the lower house.

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON HOMERIC TRANSLATIONS IN OUR OCTOBER NO.

Through the kindness of Mr. J. G. Cogswell, I have been able to obtain a copy of Ogilby. He is almost as prosaic as Hobbes in many places, but much more literal. Indeed, much of his version is as close as a translation in verse can well be, nothing having fallen out *except* the poetry. A few lines from the opening may serve as a specimen.

"Achilles Peleus' Son's destructive Rage
 Great Goddess sing, which did the Greeks engage
 In many Woes, and mighty Heroes' ghosts
 Sent down untimely to the Stygian coasts;
 Devouring Vultures on their bodies preyed
 And greedy Dogs (so was Jove's will obeyed);

Atrides and you well-armed Greeks, the Gods
 Inhabiting Olympus' high abodes
 Grant you may Priam's wealthie Town destroy
 And thence triumphant Home return with Joy,
 If you my Daughter's ransom not reject,
 Paying illustrious Phœbus due respect.

Some of Ogilby's lines appear to have served as ground-work for other translators to work their improvements upon. e. g.

"Dreadful the Twang was of his silver Bow."—*Ogilby*.
 "Dire was the twanging of the silver bow."—*Sotheby*.
 "The bleeding Quarry on the Stone lay dead."—*Ogilby*.
 "The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead."—*Pope*.

But in these the improvement justifies the appropriation.

The following typographical errors occur in the October article, the Author not having been able to revise the proof, on account of absence from the city.

P. 352, 2d col. l. 10, for "sansenden" read "sausenden"—p. 353, 1st col. last l. but 2 for "edition" read "addition"—p. 353, 2d col. l. 1, for "Hale" read "Hall"—p. 355 1st col. l. 35, for "ευχόντος" read "ευχόντος"—p. 358, 1st col. l. 1, for "λας" read "πῦρ"—p. 359, 2d col. ll. 16, 32, for "base" read "vase"—p. 362, 1st col. l. 11, for "there" read "these"—p. 372, 1st col. l. 9, *dele* "shining" before "brilliant."

ADOLPHE THIERS.

Of all living statesmen there is none more strongly marked by peculiar individuality than M. Thiers. Of all living statesmen there is none whom it is more difficult to sketch. He resembles those portraits exhibited in a certain class of low print-shops which are covered with fluted glass. Their features are striking, but entirely change with the point of view from which you behold them. Look at it from the right, it is Lafayette; move to the left, it melts into Metternich! M. Thiers is a journalist in the bureau of the National or the columns of the Constitutionnel,—M. Thiers on the benches of the opposition, assailing the Cabinet, and M. Thiers as a ministerial deputy, defending cabinet measures,—M. Thiers as a subordinate agent of power, and M. Thiers as president of the Council,—M. Thiers, as historian of the Consulate and the Empire, and M. Thiers at the head of his own hospitable board in the splendid halls of his mansion in the Place St. George—are different individuals and yet the same personage, and are all marked by features strongly characteristic.

Born poor, he had fortune to make. Born obscure, he had fame to acquire. Failing at the Bar, he took to literature; and aspiring to distinction in politics, he enlisted under the banner of liberalism more from necessity than taste. It was the only party under the restoration whose ranks were open to a parvenu and an adventurer. He commenced by some grotesque revivals of revolutionary associations, and dressed himself *à la Danton*. Like most persons of lively imagination, who in youth have been excluded from the enjoyment of the luxuries of wealth and the consideration of rank, he was devoured with wants. To the munificence of Lafitte he was first indebted for the means of their satisfaction. It was by his genius alone, however, and the opportunity afforded by the revolution of July for its development, that he was enabled to pass from a garret to a palace; from the position of a penniless adventurer to the head of the first constitutional government on the continent of Europe.

M. Thiers is now (1846) in his forty-ninth year, having been born at Marseilles on the 15th April, 1797. His father, a locksmith, belonged by family

and descent to the working class; his mother gave him an origin a shade less humble, being descended from a mercantile family whose reverses had lowered her to the level of her husband. Thus, as has been truly observed, M. Thiers, in coming into the world, was not cradled on the lap of a Duchess. In childhood, as in youth, he had all the disadvantages of poverty and obscurity to struggle against; but, on the other hand, he had in his favor those advantages which the necessity for exertion always affords to those in whom great talents are associated with aspiring ambition.

The condition of his parents would have excluded him from the advantages of education, were it not for the influence of some of his maternal connections who discovered in the child traces of that intellectual capacity which, at a later period, elevated him to a higher sphere. By their interest he was nominated to a free scholarship in the Imperial Lyceum of Marseilles. His progress there soon justified the sagacity of the friends to whom he was indebted for the opportunities of instruction which the institution afforded. He was loaded with academical honors.

The course of education pursued at these establishments, under the Empire, was mainly directed to military acquirements; and consequently the exact sciences held a prominent place, and distinction in them was the surest road to honor and promotion. From the first, M. Thiers evinced a decided aptitude for this department of his studies. The traces it left upon his mind are visible in the style and structure of all his writings and speeches. But for the events of 1814–15, his destination would probably have been the army. But the fall of the Empire and the restoration of the Bourbons turned his talents into other channels, and at the age of eighteen he was entered as a law student at Aix, in Provence, not far from his native city.

Here he became the friend and the inseparable companion of a youth who, like himself, sprung from the lowest strata of society, had his fortune to make, and who, as well as Thiers, felt that within him which assured him of success in the pursuit of fame in letters and in politics. The two friends prosecuted to-

gether their professional studies; were called to the bar the same day; failed equally in the profession they had chosen; competed for the same literary prizes; and were destined, during the remainder of their career, to pursue together a parallel course, and to mount to the Temple of Fame and Fortune by the same path. They have never separated. Through poverty and through wealth, in the obscurity of the garret and the splendor of the palace, they have still, as in boyhood, continued hand in hand; and the name of Thiers is not pronounced among his friends without that of Mignet recurring to their memory.

With little natural inclination for the dry study of the law, the two young friends obeyed a common instinct, and gave themselves up to the more fascinating pursuit of literature, philosophy and history, but more especially to politics. The ambitious and aspiring spirit of Thiers soon acknowledged a presentiment of the brilliant future which awaited him. Already, he was the recognized leader of a party among his fellow-students. Already he engaged in debate, and harangued his comrades against the government of the restoration. Already he evoked the recollections of the Empire, and recalled the glorious victories of the Republic. It will be easily believed that a spirit so turbulent was soon put upon the black list of the Royalist professors, was execrated by the commissary of police, and worshiped by his fellow-students. His activity and talents were as sure to entitle him to scholastic honors as to render his superiors unwilling to confer them upon him.

An amusing anecdote, characteristic of him, is related of this early period of his career. A literary society established at Aix, offered, in 1819, a prize for the best eulogy of *Vauvenargues*. Thiers determined to compete for this honor, and accordingly sent in his manuscript in the customary manner, with a fictitious signature, accompanied by a sealed packet containing the name of the author, which was only to be opened in case the essay should receive the prize. It had, however, through his own imprudence, transpired that he was among the competitors, and the judges, knowing from his genius the probability of his success, and unwilling to add to the influence of the turbulent little Jacobin by conferring the honor upon him, declared that none of the essays merited the prize, and postponed

the competition till the next year. When the next year arrived, the same essay was again offered; but to the infinite delight of the heads of the academy, another essay had been sent from Paris, which had been found incontestably superior to that which was known to be the composition of Thiers. But in order in some measure to make up for the disappointment of the preceding year, they granted to that essay an *accessit*, being an acknowledgment of the merit of the second degree of excellence.

The essay from Paris, then, being pronounced to be deserving of the prize, the sealed packet containing the name of the author was formally opened, and the mortification of the judges may be imagined, on discovering that this essay also was the production of the same hand! Thiers, in order to surmount the prejudice which prevailed against him, wrote a second essay, got it copied in another hand, and sent it to Paris, from whence it was transmitted, the better to mislead the judges. Thus, both the prize itself and the *accessit* were conferred on the obnoxious student.

At the Bar of Aix, Thiers soon found that it was vain to struggle against the disadvantages of his birth and parentage. It was too near the scene of his infancy, and the humility and obscurity of his origin were too well known. Besides, the city of Aix was one of those provincial places to which the influences of the revolution had scarcely penetrated, and Royalism and aristocracy prevailed there almost as much as before 1789. Impelled by mutual hopes, and full of those aspirations of the future which are so natural to youth, Mignet and himself determined to seek their fortunes in Paris, where alone, as they rightly concluded, their genius could surmount the difficulties opposed to them. To Paris they accordingly determined to go, and packing up their little all, they took the diligence and set out, as rich in hopes as they were poor in cash. Mignet went first to feel the way, and was soon followed by his friend.

During the first months of their residence in Paris, our two aspirants took a lodging, which, since their arrival at fame and fortune, has become classic ground. The house of Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon, was never visited by the votaries of the bard with more enthusiasm than the admirers of French literature have examined the dwelling of the

future Prime Minister of France, and the distinguished Professor of History. A dirty dark street in the purlieus of the Palais Royale is called the *Passage Montesquieu*, situate in the most crowded and noisy part of Paris. Here you ascend by a flight of steps into a gloomy and miserable lodging-house, in the fifth story of which a smoked door conducts you into two small chambers, opening one from the other, which were the dwellings of two men, whose celebrity, within a few years afterwards, filled the world. A common chest of drawers, of the cheapest wood, a bed to match, two rush-bottom chairs, a little rickety nut-wood table, incapable of standing steadily on its legs, and a white calico curtain, formed the inventory of the furniture which accommodated the future Prime Minister of the greatest country in Europe, and the future historian of the Revolution.

Those who have visited the two friends in their obscure attic, and have since partaken of the sumptuous hospitalities of the one, in his residence in the Place St. George, and have witnessed the respect and admiration manifested towards the other, at the assemblies at the Institute, will find abundant food for reflection on the mutability of human affairs, and duly considering what we shall have to relate of them, will be ready to allow that

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune."

Mignet had brought from the South introductions to M. Chatelain, then the chief editor of the *Courier Français*, to which journal he immediately became a contributor. M. Thiers at the same time had found means to introduce himself to the notice of Manuel, who at that moment had been elevated to the summit of popularity by his violent expulsion from the Representative Chamber, at the instance of the Ministry of M. de Villèle. Manuel, in whose veins also flowed the warm blood of the South, received Thiers with the utmost cordiality and kindness, and presented him to M. Lafitte, under whose auspices he was received among the writers of the *Constitutionnel*, which at that time was the most influential journal on the Continent of Europe. Thus was laid the foundation of the fortunes of M. Thiers. It was, in fact, all he needed. It was the opportunity which Fortune supplied to his genius, and it

cannot be denied that he has turned it to profitable account.

The traces of his genius did not fail to be speedily visible in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, and his name was pronounced with approbation in all the political coteries of the opposition, and detested in the saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain. He soon became a constant and admired frequenter of the most brilliant assemblies of Lafitte, Casimir Perier, and Count Flahaut. The Baron Louis, the most celebrated financier of that day, received him as his pupil and friend, and at his table a place was always provided for M. Thiers.

His natural endowments were admirably calculated to turn to profit the innumerable opportunities which were thus opened to him. Combining a memory from which nothing was allowed to escape, with an astonishing fluency and quickness of apprehension, he was enabled, without neglecting those exigencies of the daily press, to which he was indebted for his elevation, and at this time for his subsistence, to pass much time in society, where he spoke much, heard more, and carefully treasured up in his memory as food for future meditation, the matter of his conversations with the leading actors in the great Drama of the Revolution and the Empire. These personages he passed in review with a keen and observant eye,—the aged survivors of the constituent assembly, members of the national convention, of the council of five hundred, of the legislative assembly, of the Tribunal, Girondists, Montanists, generals, and marshals of the Empire, diplomatists, financiers, men of the pen and men of the sword, men of the head and men of the arm—he conversed with them all, questioned them, and extracted from their memories of the past and their impressions of the present inexhaustible materials for future speculation.

As his relations with society became more extended, he became more and more sensible of those material inconveniences which attend straightened pecuniary resources. Fortune, however, of which, even from infancy, he seems to have been a favorite, soon came to his relief. He had, soon after his arrival in Paris, become acquainted with a poor and obscure German bookseller, by name Schubart, who passed for a person of some learning, but whose knowledge, in fact, extended to little beyond the mere titles of

books. This individual had conceived an extraordinary predilection for Thiers. He acted as his secretary and agent, sought for him the documents which he required, found a publisher for him, and, in fine, hired for him a more suitable lodging than the attic in the passage Montesquieu, in which the friends were installed. This humble but ardent admirer had often spoken with enthusiasm to Thiers of his distinguished countryman, the Baron Cotta, the publisher and proprietor of the well-known newspaper the *Augsburg Gazette*, or *Allgemeine Zeitung*, as a remarkable man, who had by honorable industry acquired an immense fortune, of which he made a noble use. Originally a bookseller, he had been elevated to nobility, and was received and acknowledged with respect in his acquired rank, by the hereditary aristocracy of his country, the proudest and most exclusive in Europe. A simple master of a printing office, he was admitted to the intimacy of the most illustrious of the age, the kings of Prussia, Wertemberg and Bavaria,—of Goethe, Schelling, Schlegel, and the highest nobles of Saxony. By means of his journal he became the depository of the confidential measures of all the governments which made those treaties between Northern and Southern Germany, on which the commercial prosperity of the country rested.

Just at this time it happened that a share in the property of the *Constitutionnel* was offered for sale. Schubart determined to spare no exertion to procure it for his idol Thiers. With this view he actually started for Stuttgart; there persuaded Cotta to lend the funds necessary for the purchase, returned and realized his object. Half the revenue arising from this share (which was then considerable) was placed at the disposal of M. Thiers. This arrangement remained a secret, and M. Thiers was allowed to enjoy the credit of being a joint proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, the most influential journal of Paris. This act of generosity was at the moment generally ascribed to Lafitte, who was certainly quite capable of it, and with whose known munificence it was quite in keeping. The poverty of Schubart, which from day to day increased, rendered him the last individual who could

have been supposed to have been able to bring about such an event.

One who knew this unfortunate and enthusiastic person has alleged that, after M. Thiers had arrived at the summit of his power and greatness, he met on a burning day in the middle of summer, a poor man whom affliction and misery had oppressed to such a degree as partially to alienate his understanding. He was then being conducted to his family at his native town. He looked at the narrator with a vacant stare, without recognizing one whom he had often seen with his favorite protégé. This wretched individual was Schubart, the most humble, the most devoted, and the most forgotten of the friends of the prime minister of France.*

The course of life which Thiers pursued at this time, and in which he has since preserved through all the brilliancy of his successes, affords an instructive lesson to those who aspire to elevate themselves, and struggle against the advantages of birth, position, and even of person and manners. He rose at five in the morning, and from that hour till noon, applied himself to the columns of the *Journal*, which soon in his hands quintupled its receipts. After having thus devoted six hours to labor which most persons consume in sleep or idleness, he would go to the office of the paper and confer with his colleagues, among whom were MM. Etienne, Jay, and Everiste Dumoulin. His evenings were passed in society, where he sought not only to extend his connections, but to collect information which he well knew how to turn to account. In accomplishing his object, some struggle was necessary to overcome his personal and physical disadvantages.

In stature he is diminutive, and although his head presents a large forehead indicative of intellect, his features are common, and his figure clumsy, slovenly, and vulgar. An enormous pair of spectacles, of which he never divests himself, half cover his visage. When he begins to speak you involuntarily stop your ears, offended by the nasal twang of his voice, and the intolerable provincial sing-song of his dialect. In his speech there is something of the gossip; in his manner there is something of * * He is restless and fidgety in his person, rocking his body from side to side in the

* *Revue des deux Mondes*.—Vol. iv., p. 661.

most grotesque manner. At the early part of his career, to which we now refer, he was altogether destitute of the habits and *convenances* of society, and it may be imagined how singular a figure he presented in the elegant salons of the Faubourg Chaussée l'Antin. Yet this very strangeness of appearance and singularity of manners, gained him attention, of which he was not slow to profit. His powers of conversation were extraordinary. No topic could be started with which he did not seem familiar. If finance were discussed he astonished and charmed the bankers and capitalists. If war were mentioned and the victories of the Republic and the Empire referred to, the old marshals, companions of Napoleon, listened with amazement to details which seemed to have come to the speaker by revelation, being such only as an eye-witness could have given, and a thousand times better and more clearly described, than they, who were present on the scene of action, could have given them. In short, in a few months, M. Thiers was the chief lion of the salons of the Notables of the opposition under the restoration.

His business as Journalist rendered the study of the history of his country, more especially for the last half century, necessary; and the opportunity which the society he frequented, presented to him of meeting the most conspicuous of the survivors of those extraordinary scenes, had unconsciously led him to collect a vast mass of material, documentary and oral, connected with the great events which passed in France and in Europe, in the interval between the fall of the Bourbons and their restoration. He desired to turn these rich materials to account, and with that view decided on undertaking his *History of the Revolution*.

The progress of political events, and the tendency of the Court to a retrograde policy, rendered it evident to M. Thiers that a struggle was approaching, in which a spirit of opposition would be called for, very different from that which an old established Journal, such as the *Constitutionnel*, was likely to sustain. The more youthful among the rising journalists who repudiated the measured tone of the leading organs of the opposition, hailed with undissembled satisfaction the project of a new journal, which should include the vigorous and young blood of the press. M. Sautelet, an enterprising publisher, urged M. Thiers to

take the lead in the new paper. The project of the *NATIONAL* was consequently announced. It was rumored that several of the leading political characters had secretly engaged in support of it by accepting shares. These rumors, although they had no good foundation, served to magnify the importance of the enterprise in the public eye. In truth, however, the only real supporter of M. Thiers in this project was the Baron Cotta already mentioned.

During the first years of his residence in the capital, and more especially when he became imbued with the historical recollections of the Empire and the revolution, the mind of M. Thiers became deeply impressed with the character and renown of Talleyrand. He longed for the moment when an opportunity would be presented of meeting under favorable circumstances so remarkable a man—one who had made three governments and who, after helping to pull down two of them successfully, now seemed inclined to superintend the fall of the third—a man who had dared to break with Napoleon and yet retained his head—who had Europe twice against him, and yet retained over Europe an influence possessed by no individual living. M. Lafitte at length obtained permission to present his young friend at the Hotel Talleyrand. The prince received them in the same sombre green salon where, at various times during the preceding thirty years, he had by turns received most of the emperors, kings, and princes of Europe, all the ministers past and present, and all that had been most distinguished by genius in the world. On one of these chairs on which MM. Lafitte and Thiers now took their seats the Emperor Alexander had listened to the first words which had been addressed to him in favor of the Bourbons; there had been created the provisional government; there the Holy Alliance had been compelled to make concessions to France; and there at a later period was consolidated that Alliance between France and England which had so long been a favorite project with Talleyrand, which under the Empire he pursued with unrelaxing perseverance, continued under the restoration, and ultimately accomplished on the ruins of all those regimes which had opposed themselves to his advice and remonstrances.

Talleyrand received Thiers with that distinction which manifested an appreciation of the future reserved for him.

It was on the 8th August, 1829, that the Marignac Ministry was dissolved. The formation of a new cabinet with Prince Polignac at its head, removed all doubt as to the designs of the Court. Retrogression, a gradual recurrence to the old regime, the repression of the freedom of discussion, must necessarily ensue. There was no mistaking the course which would be pursued. Thiers had the sagacity to perceive, and the courage openly to proclaim, that the moment had arrived at which the battle of constitutional freedom must be fought. The rights consecrated in the Charter would have to be defended, inch by inch. Fortune and life must be staked in the struggle.

Having arrived at such conclusions, he called together his colleagues and co-proprietors at the Bureaux of the Constitutionnel. He explained to them the causes which in his judgment rendered indispensable a new and more violent spirit of opposition to the government and the court. The hazard of their property and their lives, perhaps, on a course so much at variance with the measured and moderate opposition to which the Constitutionnel had hitherto confined its strictures, startled them. The Journal was commercially prosperous in a high degree, and constituted in fact a great literary property. A large majority of its *actionnaires* declined the hazard of the course proposed, which was rejected accordingly, being however supported by an intelligent minority, in which were included the chief editors, MM. Etienne and Dumoulin.

The project of a new opposition journal now assumed consistency. There was an absolute want of it. Armand Carrel proposed to associate himself with MM. Thiers and Mignet, in establishing one which should adopt that tone in defending the liberties of the country from the encroachments of power which the crisis demanded. It was resolved to call this paper the *NATIONAL*. It appeared in the summer of 1829, without any prospectus or formal programme of principles, but in the midst of high expectations. From the day of its appearance, M. Thiers gave up the historical labors in which he had been engaged, and surrendered himself body and soul to what ultimately proved to be the cause of the revolution.

The basis of the tactics which had been carried on with so much success from this

time by M. Thiers and his colleagues, was the Charter of 1814. Within the circle of power there described, he directed all his energies to hem in the ministers of the crown. Every sortie which they attempted to make from it, was met by him with promptitude and vigor, and they were repulsed within its strict limits. That principle of ministerial responsibility which is so universally understood and so admirably brought into operation in England, was as yet little understood in France. The public had been, through a succession of ages, accustomed to contemplate the person of the sovereign in all national measures; to ascribe to him personally the merit or demerit attending them. They did not comprehend that principle which withdraws the head of the state from participation in the administrative measures of the government. Nor was the principle then, nor is it even yet, fully acted upon in France. Thus the sovereign then, and even now, presides at the meetings of the Cabinet; he is consulted by the minister on all important measures, and made to participate in acts in which he ought personally to have no other share than that of adopting them upon the responsibility of his constitutional advisers. Nevertheless, although imperfectly brought into operation either then or now, still the responsibility of the sovereign, and its necessary concomitant the sole responsibility of his ministers, was explicitly declared in the Charter of 1814; and the first and great aim of M. Thiers, both then and since, has been to bring this great principle of constitutional government into practical operation in France, as fully as it has been, and is, in England. He accordingly for months urged it daily on the public—presented it in every possible form. He also declared the constitutional power of the Representative Chamber to withhold the supplies in case its majority considered the measures of the advisers of the crown injurious to the country. This he urged with admirable force and eloquence.

It was at this time that among many brilliant articles which appeared in the *National*, the maxim which has since acquired such celebrity—*Le Roi regne mais il ne gouverne pas*—was first put forth. In the early part of 1830, public rumor attributed to the court and cabinet the contemplation of a *coup d'état*. The limitation set by the charter, and by the very spirit of representative government, to the royal prerogative, consequently be-

came an anxious and exciting subject of discussion. As a fair specimen of the articles which appeared in the NATIONAL, and which at the moment attracted general attention and produced a profound impression on the public, we shall give the following extracts from one which bore the title, "*The King reigns but does not govern.*"

"It is objected against our opposition that respect for the royal prerogative of choosing the ministers, ought to make us wait until these ministers commit some positive act.

"This prerogative, however, we answer again and again, cannot be exercised in an absolute manner. In judging of the meaning of any public act, we cannot take any single clause and consider it without reference to the context. Each clause must be taken as part of the whole. Now, the prerogative of naming the ministers, appertaining as it does to the Crown, combined with the right of refusing the supplies, appertaining as it does to the Chamber, the latter must, from the very conditions of these joint rights, have a virtual participation in the choice of the ministers.

"But it will be said that in every administration the subordinates must necessarily be nominated by the chief.

"Certainly; in matters of administration and in war this must necessarily be so; but the present case is an exception.

"*The King does not administer; he does not govern; HE REIGNS.*

"The ministers administer; the ministers govern; and must consequently have subordinates of their own choosing. But the King may have ministers contrary to his wishes, because, again and again, he does not administer, he does not govern—HE REIGNS.

"To reign is a very elevated thing, which it is difficult to make certain princes rightly comprehend. The English sovereigns, however, understand it perfectly. An English King is the first gentleman of his kingdom. He is in the highest degree all that an Englishman of the highest condition can be. He hunts; he loves horses; he is curious to see foreign countries, and visits them while he is Prince of Wales; he is a philosopher when it is the fashion to be so; he has British pride and British ambition in the highest degree; he desires the triumph of the British flag. No heart in Britain bounds with more joy on the arrival of the news of an Aboukir or a Trafalgar; he is, in a word, the most lofty type of British character; he is a British nobleman a hundred times exaggerated. The English nation respects and loves in him its truest impersonation. It confers a large income on him; is pleased to see him live in a state of splendor suitable to

his rank and to the wealth of the country over which he is placed. This sovereign has the sentiments, the preferences and the antipathies of a gentleman. While an English peer has only a small fraction of the veto which the Upper House is entitled to pronounce, he has a whole veto. He can dissolve the Lower Chamber, or reject a bill, whenever it seems good to him. But he does not govern. He allows the country to govern itself. He rarely follows his mere personal predilections in the choice of his ministers; at one time he takes Fox, whom he does not retain; at another Pitt, whom he does; and again he takes Canning, whom he does not dismiss, but who dies in office. Cases have occurred when an English King received such answers as the following: Chatham, dismissed by the Crown, was the statesman who enjoyed the confidence of the Commons; the King sent to him his political opponent, Fox, to invite him to return to office, (designing thereby to offer him an indignity.) 'Return to his majesty,' said Chatham, 'and say, that when he sends me a messenger more worthy of himself and of me, I will have the honor of answering him.' The more worthy messenger was in fine sent, and Chatham became the first of a series of ministers who, though not in accordance with the royal taste, ruled the kingdom for half a century. To reign, then, is not to govern; it is to be the truest, highest and most respected impersonation of the country; the King is the country, compressed into the person of one man.

"The analogy attempted to be established between the King and the chief of the administration, is therefore false, and it follows that there is nothing incompatible in a king being obliged to select ministers who are not in accordance with his wishes.

"But it is contended that from the virtual nomination of ministers thus claimed for the Chamber, that body will soon also arrive at the nomination of all the subordinate officers of the state, and that thus the entire administration will pass into the hands of a collective body; a thing altogether anomalous and inadmissible.

"It is true that such a body cannot, and ought not, administer. In the executive there ought not to be the deliberative. The deliberative is only good for the direction of the national will. To will, we must first deliberate; but having willed, and the expression being to act, deliberation ceases. This is as true for a state as for an individual.

"To all this, we shall make one reply. It is granted that in England the ministers are named by Parliament; that is to say, under its influence. Has it resulted from this that the administration has been deficient in power, in order or in vigor? How has it happened that confusion and an-

archy have not ensued? This has happened in the most natural manner, as we hope will be the case with us.

"The minister, once named by the influence of the majority of the Commons, wields the royal prerogative by which the executive power is concentrated in his hands; he makes peace and war; he collects the revenue; he pays the state charges; he appoints all the functionaries of the state; he superintends the administration of justice; in one word—HE GOVERNS; and as he has the confidence of Parliament, without which he could not continue in office, he does only those things which he knows that Parliament will approve of. But he acts with uniformity and promptitude, while the Parliament in its multitudinous character and with its hundred eyes, watches, criticises, and judges him. Thus the King reigns, the ministers govern, and the Chambers deliberate. When ill government begins to manifest itself, the minister is removed, either directly by the King, or indirectly by the Parliament; and the Crown must select a new minister amongst the parliamentary majority.

"Such is the manner in which, without anarchy or disorder, the minister is virtually nominated by the Chambers."

This article produced a lively sensation in all the political circles. It was speedily followed by attacks upon the Press. The ministerial papers now became loud in their menaces. They openly exhorted the court to violate the constitution. "If," said they, "the ministry cannot save the throne with a majority of the Representative Chamber, they must do so without one."

On the 2d March, 1830, the celebrated address against the ministers was voted by a majority of 221.

From this day the journals of the court threw off all reserve, and the Gazette did not hesitate to declare that there were emergencies in which "the power of the Crown might be raised above the laws." Another royalist organ published an article entitled, "The necessity of a Dictatorship!"

The close of the labors of M. Thiers as a journalist, and the commencement of his career as an active statesman, took place on the 21st July, when he wrote in the *National* an article foreboding the approaching storm.

Reader, didst thou ever behold a bull, in the sultry days of August, worried by a gad-fly; now sticking to his haunch; now to his eye; from his eye to his ear; from his ear to his nostril; stinging, in short, the animal in a thousand tender

places, until, rendered furious by his persecutor, he plunges and rolls, and unable to shake off his minute, but persevering and indefatigable foe, he at last, in mere desperation, throws himself headlong into an abyss? Well, then, if thou hast, the gad-fly is M. Thiers, the bull the Polignac ministry, and the abyss the ordonnances of July, 1830.

The ordonnances which were the immediate cause of the fall of the dynasty of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, were published in the *Moniteur* of the morning of Sunday the 25th July. The first of these declared that the liberty of the periodic press was suspended, and that thenceforth no journal should be published in France without the express permission of the government, and that such permission must be renewed every third month. Paris became immediately a scene of agitation in every quarter. In the Palais Royale, individuals harangued the people on this invasion of their rights. At the Bourse the public funds fell. At the Institute, M. Arago intermingled his scientific discourse with burning comments on the event of the day. The press took its own part. The majority of the daily papers of Paris, it is true, succumbed to the ordonnances. Neither the *Journal de Debats*, nor the *Constitutionnel*, nor the *Gazette*, nor the *Quotidienne*, nor the *Universel*, appeared. But, on the other hand, the *Globe*, the *National* and the *Temps*, were issued and circulated in enormous numbers. They contained, in a conspicuous form, the ordonnances which they violated in the very fact of their publication and circulation. They were flung in hundreds into all the cafés and cabinets de lecture in Paris. Meanwhile, the principal conductors and writers of the liberal section of the press, which, in fact, formed then nearly the whole daily press, assembled at the office of the *National*, to discuss the course which ought to be pursued in such an emergency. The Editors of the *Tribune* advocated strong measures. They would have raised the *Faubourgs*, unfurled the tricolor flag, and opposed the illegality of the government by physical force. Others, fearing the unbridled fury of the excited populace, counseled a rigid observance of the spirit of the charter. Of this number was M. Thiers, who drew up a solemn protest against the ordonnances. The question was then raised, whether this protest should be issued in the name of the press generally, or with the subjoined

signatures of those from whom it actually proceeded. On this a difference of opinion arose. Some advised that each journal should issue an independent article, expressed in its own language; others agreed that a common manifesto would be more advisable, but that it should appear, as articles in journals usually do, anonymously. M. Thiers thereupon addressed his colleagues, showing, in a forcible manner, how ineffective any anonymous publication on such an occasion would be. Much confusion and dissension was arising, when M. Remusat, the editor of the *Globe*, entered the room. M. Thiers, confident of sympathy of sentiment with this distinguished writer, immediately read the protest to him, and asked him whether he would sign it. "Without any doubt I will," replied promptly M. Remusat. M. Thiers thereupon addressed the meeting, declaring that he was about to propose that the protest should be signed by the representatives of the press, there present; and calling first on the "*Globe*," M. Remusat took the pen and placed his signature at the head of the list. He was followed by Thiers, Mignet, Armand Carrel and Chambolle of the *National*, and these by all the other editors present, including those of the *Constitutionnel*.

On the morning of that day (26th), the agents of the police visited the offices of those papers which had disobeyed the ordonnances by publication, and broke their presses. On arriving at the office of the *National*, attended by an armed force, they were met by the editors, who protested in the name of the Law against the proceeding, but offered no forcible opposition. The doors, however, were forced open, and the police, in compliance with the ordonnance broke some parts of the presses, and dismounted them. The agents themselves employed in this operation, did not dissimulate their repugnance at the duty they were compelled to perform, and limited their damage to the smallest extent necessary to comply with the letter of their orders.

Immediately after their departure mechanics were procured who remounted and repaired the presses, and they were put in immediate operation to print the protest of the journalists, which was circulated in hundreds of thousands through Paris the same afternoon.

The next morning, Tuesday, the 27th, the most influential electors of Paris assembled at the Bureaux of the *National*,

to discuss the best method of establishing an organized resistance to the government. Great confusion prevailed at this meeting. All were for resistance, but none proposed any rational or practicable plan. A leader, in fact, was wanted. M. Thiers, who, not being then an elector, was necessarily a silent witness of this scene, seeing that some decisive step must be proposed, and that no elector was prepared to offer one, apologized for interluding, and suggested that a deputation of electors should be sent to the Hotel of Casimir Perier, where a meeting of the deputies was at that moment sitting. This proposition was accepted, and several of the electors present accompanied M. Thiers to the Rue Neuve Luxembourg.

Here they found that the deputies had separated, and that great indecision had prevailed among those who had been at the meeting. An energetic opposition had been agreed upon, but as yet nothing effectual was done. The deputation accordingly returned to the Bureaux of the *National*, where much disappointment and dissatisfaction was expressed at the inertia of the deputies, and the meeting was adjourned to the evening, when it was appointed to be held at the house of M. Cadet-Gassicourt, Rue St. Honoré, for the purpose of finally deciding on the measures of resistance.

At seven o'clock in the morning M. Thiers was there. At this meeting a plan of serious resistance was agreed upon. It was resolved that the National Guard should appear in the streets in uniform; should mingle with the people and direct them; that in each arrondissement of Paris a committee of the principal electors and citizens should direct the movements of the people. In short, every practicable means were resolved on to render the resistance effectual, and to secure the Empire of the Law.

It was on this evening of the 27th, at the moment at which the meeting at M. Cadet-Gassicourt's were convened, that the first collision took place between the military and the people. A child had thrown a stone at a gendarme in the court of the Palais Royale. The soldier cut at the boy with his sabre. An individual who witnessed the incident shot the gendarme with a pistol.

When M. Thiers and his friends were leaving the house of M. Gassicourt, after the meeting had broken up, they found themselves in the midst of the

emeute. A squadron of the Garde-Royale was driving before it the people from the neighborhood of the Palais Royale, down the Rue St. Honoré, while a regiment of the line was ascending the street in a contrary direction from the Faubourg du Roule. They were thus placed between two fires.

The people instinctively appealing to the sympathies of the soldiers, shouted "Vive la ligne!" The commanding officer did not order his men to continue firing on a defenceless crowd of unarmed people, and allowed them to disperse.

During this night the greatest alarm and agitation prevailed in Paris. M. Thiers and his friends passed the night at the Bureaux of the National, where the presses were incessantly employed in printing innumerable copies of the protest of the journalists, to be distributed the next morning.

On the morning of the 28th, a meeting was appointed at the house of M. Guizot in the Rue Ville Lèveque. M. Remusat called at the office of the National to apprise M. Thiers of this, and they went together to attend it. The meeting consisted of the leading members of the chamber and the press. It was hoped that a legal resistance was still possible. Yet, whatever course presented itself seemed to be fraught with danger. The consequences of a successful resistance seemed scarcely less formidable than those of defeat. It was not hoped, however, that the unarmed and unorganized populace could prevail against the disciplined force of the soldiery. General Sebastiani expressed an opinion that the victory of the Royal troops over the people was quite inevitable. It was therefore thought advisable to endeavor to

come to some compromise with the government, and thus stop the effusion of blood.

M. Thiers encouraged the hope of the popular success, according to the statements of M. Laya. According to others, he was opposed to any measures stronger than those of passive resistance. The most experienced of the deputies and military were inclined to the latter course. In accordance with the wishes of those present, MM. Lafitte, Manguin, Cassimir Perier, Gerard, and Lobau, proceeded to the head-quarters of Marshal Marmont, to whom the command of Paris had been given, to entreat him to stop the effusion of blood. "I deplore these measures, and condemn as much as yourselves those direful ordonnances," replied the Marshal, "but I have no discretionary power left to me. I am acting under superior orders." "But," rejoined Lafitte, "no one is justified in ordering you to massacre the people. It is not your duty to obey such orders." "I see no means of relief except submission," said Marmont. "If the ordonnances are withdrawn, will you guarantee the restoration of tranquillity?" "We can give no guarantee," said Lafitte, "but will do our best for that purpose." "Well," concluded the Marshal, "I am going to send a dispatch to St. Cloud, and in an hour you shall have the answer of the King." "In an hour," replied Lafitte and Manguin, "the ordonnances must be withdrawn, otherwise we will throw ourselves, body and soul, into the movement." "Tomorrow," added Lafitte, "my baton will be raised against your sword. Remember how terrible is the power of the people when they are aroused."

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF
THE DEVRON.

THE succeeding narrative is written without the slightest attempt at embellishment, and the incidents, although they occurred upwards of forty years ago, are too indelibly fixed in the writer's memory ever to be forgotten. Lord Byron beautifully and truly says,

"The schoolboy spot we ne'er forget,
Though there we are forgot."

And so it is with such adventures as these, when life is young, unsophisticated and pure. Besides, every circumstance that occurred on that Sabbath evening has been a hundred times recalled, and were the writer to live thrice the age allotted to man, they would never be effaced from his memory.

On a Sunday afternoon, during the autumn of the year 1804, being on my return from a ramble into the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, I was proceeding down the right bank of the river Devron. In consequence of the Alpine nature of the country precluding the possibility of carrying roads beyond the point to which I was approaching, it was necessary to ford the river twice, before reaching the pretty little town of Huntly, some fourteen miles distant from the said point.

Huntly, anciently called Strathbogie, (the valley or *strath* of the river Bogie,) is a place somewhat noted in Scottish statistics, as well as from its giving title to the eldest son of the Duke of Gordon. The noble residence of the gallant Marquis lies on the hill-side facing the strath, about half a mile above the ruins of the ancient and once magnificent castle Huntly—burnt by that unrelenting cut-throat Cromwell, in consequence of the attachment of its princely owner to the fortunes of his legitimate sovereign.

A heavy rain had fallen while I was staying in Glenlivat, and the Devron was in a *spate*—alias *freshet*—and, although the "spate was somewhat subsided, the river was still so much swollen and above its usual channel, as to preclude the possibility of my being sure I had found the ford, to which I had been particularly directed. I was informed, that below the ford the river was deep

and dangerous; but as my horse was remarkably strong and steady, and not in the least afraid to take the water, I went boldly in.

Before he had proceeded three rods into the stream, however, I was a little dismayed to find he was suddenly carried off his legs—he sunk deep, and snorted the water from his nostrils. Neck or nothing, we were fairly in, and must sink or swim. But having acquired the art of swimming to perfection, in the Kettle of Dee, a river more rapid at that narrow strait than any in Scotland, and where Lord Byron, as I well remember, much about the same period as myself, acquired those aquatic propensities, which he afterwards made famous by his Leandering feat in the Hellespont;—having, I say, acquired this necessary accomplishment, I had, myself, little fear; but for my father's favorite horse, who, by his many noble qualities and extraordinary sagacity, had endeared himself to me, I felt rather uneasy. During my wanderings among the Highland hills, I had held many a long confab—so to speak—with my intelligent companion, and I verily believe, even unto this day, he understood much of what I said and sang to him! At one rapid eddy, or whirlpool in the river, where the water was roaring and boiling in a frightful manner, we were fairly swirled round and round, and seeing some wistful glances of his intelligent eye directed towards the opposite bank, I spoke cheerily to him.

"Come, Stately, courage, my boy; heads up, and we'll soon be over. There's a fine fellow—go it, Stately—bravely, bravely!" And then, Sunday although it was, "I whistled up Lord Lenox' march to keep his courage steady." I knew full well it was a favorite of his; for in truth he would, unbidden, set off at a spanking canter any time, on hearing "Lord Lenox," and now even, he cocked his ears, and I felt perfect confidence in him. He struck out, and breasted the plashing water gallantly; and not a little delighted was I, when I found his feet strike the bottom on the farther shore: that attained, we were soon on the verdant turf—alas! too ver-

dant by far; the danger then became more imminent than it had been in the river. It was a *quick* green bog, and although the grassy surface was sufficiently firm to sustain my own weight, the small feet of the horse went through, as if it had been paper, and he was up to the girth at every plunge. It occupied a full half hour, but I at last succeeded by holding the bridle firm, close to his head, to land him on the heather. Before I had cleared the mud from his haunches and rubbed him down, the gloaming began slowly to gather in. I knew the road lay *somewhere*, but was quite at a loss for the proper direction, having been carried far down the stream; and there was nothing for it, but to take a straight course right up from the bank of the river. I had not proceeded far, before I observed a bonny Scottish lassie "come wading barefoot through the heather" towards me. She carried a small bundle, in which were contained her shoes, her stockings, and her BIBLE!

Let not the wealthy residents of cities smile or sneer at the homely economy and thrift of a peasant girl, walking through the heath *barefoot*. Small are her earnings. It is the custom of the country in summer, and is thought no degradation. But this young maiden had entered the House of God that day in perfect trim. She would have accounted it sinful to have approached even within sight of the church, unless her whole attire had been neat, tidy, and in perfect order. I know this to be a fact, for, during my various journeys in the Highlands, I have more than once accompanied a party of young women to a distant country church, and it was the invariable custom to stop and arrange their whole dress at some convenient spot, before they came in view of the kirk, and after leaving it, to take off their shoes and stockings in the same place. Burns, in one line of his "Holy Fair," graphically describes such a party returning from church:

"At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon!"

"My girl," said I, "can you inform me in what direction the road to Huntly lies?"

"Deed can I, sir; and I'll be blithe to put you in't. I saw you floundering i' the bog; I kent ye were a stranger, and as the nowt and owsen aften lair an droon i' the bogs down by there, I was

coming to warn or assist you, in case o' need."

"Heaven bless her kind, innocent heart," said I, silently, looking at her simple, blooming face. "She is a true type of all her sex."

I found she had that day walked four miles to her parish church, and three miles farther, after worship, to delight the hearts of her aged parents, and probably to share with them her pittance of fee, and was then on her way back to her service, when she noticed my dangerous plight. On expressing my obligations as soon as we came upon the narrow track, and saying I would detain her no longer, she said she "was fear'd I wad find twa or three unchancy crooks in the roadie, before I got through the *how*, (hollow,) and that she wad gae back wi' me a bit-tock mair, as she was sure Geordie had milket the kye for her, lang sin syne:" adding, "it wad do her mickle gude, to put ony strayed ane into the stracht gate, as the minister tould us fra the poolpit, in the mornin'." In short, the kind-hearted girl volunteered her services with so much genuine sweetness of manner, it would have been churlish to refuse her. Indeed, I soon found her guidance necessary. The narrow "*roadie*" was indeed "crooket;" but she threaded its mazes with the tact of a real mountaineer. All of a sudden, however, she made a dead stop, threw back her plaid mantle, and exclaimed—"Eh, sirs! what siccan a skirl was yon?"

After a short, breathless pause, we heard a clear, youthful voice from a long distance, come ringing through the long yellow broom—for we had again descended into the how, which was one of those lovely glades where that beautiful ever-green grows luxuriantly, rendering such spots a perfect oasis in the desert heaths of Scotland.

"An-nie! Annie Hudson!" were the words. A smile of mingled joy and pride played upon the countenance of the fair maiden, as soon as she heard her own name, for it was she who was called.

"I maun leave you, noo, sir," said she, "for that's Geordie skirlin on the brae and comin to meet me; and to tell you the truth, Geordie's half daft about me; he's sair fear'd o' my tacking up wi' ony body but himsel; but he hasna cause, for he's a gude lad an a leal, though I wadna say sae to himsel."

Hastily bidding me "a guid 'een,"

therefore, and telling me I wad find mysel in the *hich* road, as soon as I got ower the know (knoll), she bounded through the broom like a mountain roe, displaying a foot and ancle that would have become the De Medici herself. I need hardly say I felt deeply grateful to the kind maiden, and wished much to reward her with a gratuity, but I well know from experience, she would have mistaken the motive, and considered it an insult to offer her money for performing that which her minister from the pulpit had so lately inculcated. On our way I had given her my name, and assured her if ever she had occasion to visit Aberdeen, that my excellent mother would be happy to see her and acknowledge her kindness better than I could. As soon as I reached the "know head," I looked back, and could just observe the lovers had met, and that Geordie was carrying pretty Annie's bundle in one hand, whilst the other was folded round her waist. Happy pair!

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,

Among the blooming broom that scents
The evening gale."

I turned, somewhat oppressed with feelings of joy and sorrow, to wend my solitary way towards Huntly. The hill road, when I gained it, was excessively irregular, with such an abundance of loose stones, it was dangerous to start a trot, much less a canter; the gloamin soon fairly gathered in; dense black clouds completely overcast the heavens, and a night of pitchy darkness was fast coming on.

There is something exceedingly depressing to the spirit, to be overtaken by night, in the midst of a wild, extensive prairie or heath, and no house within many miles; but to be so overtaken in a region entirely strange, without knowing a footstep of the way, and on a Sunday night too! I felt the loneliness of my situation acutely. An overpowering melancholy came stealing over me, heightened by the certainty that I had again to cross a dangerous river, in darkness, and in entire ignorance of the ford, before I could reach Huntly.

Deeply did I deplore my headstrong folly in leaving the hospitable roof I had quitted too late in the day, against friendly advice; but ardor of youth

was in full force; I had been long absent, and sighed for home. Under all these depressing circumstances I plodded slowly on some weary miles. It was not late, perhaps not much past six; but the solitude and profound silence, and the darkness, made it feel like midnight. After a time, I knew by the action of my horse that the road was becoming less cumbered with stones, and I soon became sensible, from the echo, that there was a wall-fence on the right. On nearing that side of the road, I found it was even so. I kept a sharp outlook, and before I had advanced half a mile farther, I indistinctly observed a lofty embattled archway, through which I entered, and immediately knew by the ring of the horse's feet that I was in a paved court-yard.

Passing onward up the quadrangle, I reached a castellated building of immense magnitude, but on viewing it as attentively as the darkness would allow, I discovered, with equal surprise and sorrow, that it was in ruins. The walls were huge and massive, and the dilapidated openings, where windows had once been, were crumbling in decay, desolation and ruin everywhere around.

Heavy of heart, I turned my horse, and was slowly retreating towards the gateway, when, to my inexpressible alarm, I heard a sound which made my blood run cold. From the stillness which pervaded the place, I had supposed the ruins were void of human inhabitant; but the sound which broke upon my ear felt, to my excited nerves, like the crack of a pistol; it was merely a "hem," intended as a prelude to what followed; but it came so suddenly, so close and so sharp, its effect in the darkness was appalling. The shrillness of the challenge made my horse arch his neck, and swerve to the right, away from the sound, whilst I grasped the bridle firmly. After a momentary pause, a voice, peculiarly harsh, and in a loud, authoritative tone, demanded what I wanted *there*?

"The road to Huntly," was my reply.

"Am I in it?"

"It's owr late for *you* to be speerin the gait to Huntly."

"But was I in it when I entered the gateway?"

"Ow aye, ow aye, the road's richt by the Haa'; but ye'll never see Huntly *this* night, I can tell you."

A peculiar emphasis was placed on the words "*ye'll never*," which somehow

made me shudder, for I was totally unarmed, not having on this occasion brought the pistols with me which on a former Highland tour I had carried. But commanding as much indifference of manner as I could assume, I readily replied, "Perhaps not, but I mean to try, come dog, come devil."

Never shall I forget the taunting sneer with which the rejoinder was accompanied.

"Weel, weel, try; but if ye'r dog, or if ye'r deevil, ye'll no see Huntly—and that you'll sune fin' oot."

The deep shadow and impenetrable gloom occasioned by the high walls, added to the extreme darkness of the night, prevented me from catching the slightest glimpse of the speaker; but I could hear him make a movement, and I felt very uneasy, for there was something particularly disagreeable, if not threatening, in the manner as well as the tone of his voice. I presumed the man to be a *contrabandista*, or Highland smuggler, who probably had an illicit still at work somewhere among the ruins; such places, in consequence of the subterranean vaults and dungeons invariably existing underneath ancient halls and castles, being well calculated for carrying on such illegal enterprises; and if the man were really one of those outlaws, I had good reason to apprehend evil, for his language was mysterious and his manner menacing. If he suspected I were a gauger or excise officer come to seize his still, I well knew, from universal report, and from what had occurred to myself the preceding summer amongst the glens of Mar Forest, that, if he were a smuggler, my life was in jeopardy.

Under such comfortable reflections, without more ado, I instantly dashed through the archway, and was well pleased to find myself again in the road, with a good horse under me. "*Faugh a Ballach!*"—now do your speedy utmost, Meg," said I to my steed, for I guessed I might fare worse than honest Tam O'Shanter in his midnight encounter with the ladies of Alloway Kirk, when he interrupted their grand ball. Far different, although resembling it in some respects, was the sequel to *my* adventure, for I had not ridden above two miles when a mountain stream, a tributary to the Devron, but

without a bridge, crossed the road, and brought Stately to a stand still. For the last mile the road had again approached the river, and I distinctly heard the roar of its troubled water as it went leaping over the rocks. The sound was alternately faint and strong, as it came through the openings among the birch trees and alder bushes which line the banks. The wild roar of water amongst rocks conveys at all times an image of danger to the mind, but in darkness it is indeed dismal. The stream, which crossed the road at a right angle, was one of those mountain torrents which, when swollen by heavy rain, come rushing from the hills with fearful velocity. It leaped from the upper side of the road into a deep channel, through which it went boiling, raging and foaming, as white as snow, amongst fragments of black rock, and then tumbled into an abyss of considerable depth, as the sound seemed to indicate. The chasm in the road looked too wide and rocky to attempt a leap in the dark, notwithstanding which I backed my horse a few steps as if I intended it; but he appeared shy, and when a horse shies an object, it is rather a dangerous game to urge him—in the dark! I had too much regard for the affectionate animal, to say nothing of my own safety, to force him to the hazardous effort; yet what was to be done?

Some reminiscences of Highland *skean-dhus** occupied my mind. To return to the unknown and unseen of the ruined Haa' was, therefore, as disagreeable as any attempt to advance appeared impossible. I was utterly at a loss what course to pursue, but after some consideration I could think of nothing better than to dismount, lead my horse off the road, sit quietly down upon a stone, and there wait, during the livelong dreary night, until the dawn should enable me to find a place where I might cross the stream.

Before dismounting, and whilst pondering on the ominous words, "ye'll never see Huntly *this* night," I thought best to stand up in the stirrups, and take a survey, as far as practicable, of the banks of the torrent in front of me, both upwards and down. The Devron I judged might be about a quarter of a mile distant, in the valley to the right.

Unspeakable was my joy, (certainly little less than that which Columbus

* The Gaelic *skean-dhu* may, in America, be rendered *black bowie knife*.

must have felt when he discovered the Peruvian fire,) to behold, on looking up the burn-side, a beam of blessed light meeting my view. I may with truth declare, that in the twinkling of an eye I dismounted, after marking the *locale* of the light as well as I could. I soon found a sheep-track leading through the whin bushes,* along the margin of the foaming burn. I led my horse carefully, and after advancing about a quarter of a mile, I arrived at a fence, surrounding a huge and lofty building—but it was dark as blackest midnight—not a ray of light was to be seen in any of its windows.

Gracious heavens! was this *another* ruined castle, and was the light I saw, that of the worker of another illicit still? "*Ye'll never see Huntly this nicht,*" rung in my ear like a death-knell; a qualm came over me, and I was again in a most distressing dilemma. My eyes continued riveted on the supposed castle, endeavoring to make it out, or to discover a light in it: the clouds had latterly dispersed a little, and I at last ascertained, that instead of a ruined castle or hall, it was a parish church, environed by an extensive graveyard! Yet a light at such an hour, proceeding from a church, was incomprehensible. Resurrection men, or medical students disturbing the dead, in such a remote country church-yard was unlikely. I felt sure I had not deceived myself; a light I had certainly seen, clear and distinct; and although I had heard many a horrible superstition about *dead candles* being seen in church-yards, I never gave heed to them, however *well* authenticated! except in infancy, and one of my honored tutors, a venerable clergyman, had eradicated every trace of superstition from my mind. I determined on making a leisurely survey, and if better could not be, to take up my quarters in the porch of the church all night.

By proceeding round an angle of the inclosure, I at last reached what I knew must be the manse, or parsonage house; and advancing a few steps further, I was delighted to observe in several windows, bright lights, which the church had hitherto hid from my view,—but did joy ever exceed mine, on approaching the

door, to hear the cheerful gaiety and laughter of sweet women's voices!—not those of rustics, but the soft dulcet tones of persons in elevated life. I knew them perfectly. There was no mistaking the voices of ladies, well bred and polished. My heart jumped for joy. I was in those days, a lively youth, somewhat buckish, as it was then called, or dandified, as it would now be termed, and made some pretension to being considered a ladies' man, with abundance of small talk. And I will freely confess, that any then youthful bias, of being best pleased in the society of lovely women, has continued with me in full force, even unto this day. "A man's a man for a' that." All qualms and fears of dirks and outlaws vanished in an instant. I approached the door, and knocking gently with the end of my whip, it was soon opened by a very handsome young clergyman, candlestick in hand. He was one of the best-looking men I had ever seen, his hair beautifully dressed, his person compact and manly. With great courtesy of manner he inquired my pleasure? Seeing he had not shut the parlor door, in which all was now silent, in consequence perhaps, of the unexpected summons, at an hour which in the country might seem comparatively late, although it was then only about seven o'clock, in answering him, I modulated my voice in the very best tone I could command, "regretting that necessity compelled me to trespass,—that I was a benighted traveler—an entire stranger in that part of the country—*had narrowly escaped drowning in the Devron!*—*feared my life had otherwise been in danger!* and should feel deeply grateful, if he could direct me to some house, where I might obtain shelter for myself and horse during the night."

If he refuse such an appeal, thought I, he must be more churlish than most of his brethren; for the Scottish clergy are proverbially warm-hearted, benevolent, and hospitable. But, for *once*, as Walter Scott says, I reckoned without mine host. After a short pause, in which he seemed weighing me in the balance, wherein I fear he found me wanting, he replied *there was a small house at a little dis-*

* It is a remarkable fact that heath, broom and whins, (Anglice, furze or gorze,) although so plentiful over all Great Britain, are unknown on the continent of America. The writer has frequently attempted the cultivation of all of them, from seeds carefully prepared and planted, but could never succeed, although he believes the Hon. John Greig can show specimens of the broom and whins, in his beautiful grounds at Canandaigua, in Western New York.

tance beyond the church-yard, where he thought I might find accommodation—the people poor, he added, but perfectly safe, and that he would send one of the maid servants to show me the way.

I assured him that in my *then* very unusual situation, I should be but too happy to accept of any shelter, and would willingly pay handsomely for it. And so, calling for Kirsty, one of the maids, the clergyman directed her to show me to the cottage.

The regrets of our first parent Adam, on being turned out of the garden, were doubtless sad—and such were mine, unutterably so, when, with courteous but hypocritical tongue, I expressed my *thanks*, and turned me from the inhospitable door,—for, when I first heard sweet female voices within, I made quite certain I should soon be admitted to their paradise. My fate, alas, now seemed purgatory! The young woman led the way, carrying a lanthorn before me, telling me we had only a little *bittock* to gang, and that the folks were unco gude and kind. We had not proceeded far, when I heard a “hem” behind us, but it was in a very different key to that of the hem at the Haa’!

“I am afraid, sir,” said the clergyman, coming up, “you will find but poor accommodation at the cottage I directed you to, and if you will accept of a night’s lodging in my house, I shall be happy to afford it.”

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I shall attempt a description of the interesting group to which I was just admitted, but I am sensible it would require a far more graphic pen than mine, to do it justice, or to give any the slightest idea of the supreme, nay the superlative, beauty of the lady of the house.

It is universally admitted that the true standard of female form is “the statue that enchants the world,” the pride of Florence and the glory of Italy, but I can with truth affirm, that a woman of more matchless proportions, and natural grace, united to features of more radiant beauty, I have never yet beheld, than the young, blooming, fascinating mistress of that happy home. The dresses worn then were as unlike those of the present day as can well be conceived. There were no adventitious aids to set off tour-neure, but to reverse the line of the poet—

“Nought was delusion, all was truth.”

The expression of her lovely face, varied with every emotion of her mind, although its predominant character was elevated, sedate, and serene. Her dress was emblematic of her mind, being pure white, exquisitely contrasted by a profusion of rich luxuriant hair, glossy black, beautifully ringleted, which mostly hung down over her fine shoulders, although one or two fell negligently over her superb bust.

And well was her respected husband entitled to such a lovely being. He was of the middle size, elegant and graceful in his figure and action, and as I have already remarked, of a manly beauty, his features being classic, and perfectly regular, all which lent an especial charm to his sacred office. His age could not have exceeded twenty-two. During the evening he frequently got up, and took little turns about

the room, a delightful smile constantly played on his countenance, and I noticed he always finished these perambulations, by stopping behind his lady's chair, resting both his arms on the back of it, and leaning his head over her shoulder; nay, I thought I once noticed his face touch her rosy cheek, and how enchanting it was on such occasions, to observe the upward glances of her beautiful clear bright eyes! more brilliant, I do sincerely think, than any I ever beheld in *England*! It would have required the unrivaled skill of Sir Thomas Lawrence himself, to do justice to those eyes, and it is admitted by all his contemporaries in art—nay by all Europe—that no artist ever lived who even approached Lawrence in delineating the human eye; to draw which *correctly*, and to give it its just *expression*, is universally allowed to be the most difficult attainment in the whole range of art.*

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tance beyond the church-yard, where he thought I might find accommodation—the people poor, he added, but perfectly safe, and that he would send one of the maid servants to show me the way.

I assured him that in my *then* very unusual situation, I should be but too happy to accept of any shelter, and would willingly pay handsomely for it. And so, calling for Kirsty, one of the maids, the clergyman directed her to show me to the cottage.

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seen King George the Third and his family walking on the terrace of imperial Windsor, and I recollect creating a laugh, by informing them I had overheard GEORGE telling CHARLOTTE, "that Lord De-la-warr was an excellent cook, and could dress a steak like a professor, that all the De-la-warr's were capital cooks, capital cooks, capital cooks."

The young ladies seemed to relish my manner of relating the anecdote; even the lovely hostess condescended to give ear and smile at my vivacity, and the incident seemed to remind her that my inner man might possibly stand in need of some such replenishment—as in good truth it did. She immediately left the room, and her return was soon followed by a "neat handed Phillis," who brought in a tray containing much and great variety that was inviting to the eye, but that which most attracted mine, was a dish of cold partridges, and some fresh-gathered, delicious salad, ready dressed. Such a supper—or, as that refined epicure, Dr. Dibdin, the Bibliomaniac, would say—such a "symposium,"—I had seldom seen. If my host had been a little tardy in admitting me to his house, both he and his lady made ample amends for it at their table.

I should be almost ashamed to say how many of the birds disappeared before me; they seemed to take wing and fly; or how frequently I was helped to that inviting salad. The party made some show of eating, likewise, but it was make-believe, kindly and politely meant, as an apology for, and to encourage me. A single glass of excellent Madeira was partaken by all, with some fresh sugared cake, of which I ate a large slice, and after the tray had been removed, Mr. C—— said, as I was just come from Glenlivat, and had that very evening been in contact with a somewhat distinguished distiller of mountain dew, I could do no less than finish the night with a nightcap of it. Nothing loth, I replied I would gladly accept it from *his* hand, without the dread of a dirk being in the other.

"The hobgoblin in the ruin told you truth, however," said one of the Misses G——, "when he said you would not see Huntly *this* night."

"But," remarked Mr. C——, "as you have met with three weird women on the heath, you will perhaps wish to have your fate foretold by them before you leave their abode. To-morrow evening, however, will be a fitter time for them to

perform their incantations than the present."

He followed up this pleasantry by giving me an invitation to spend the following day with him, probably guessing it would be as pleasing to me as he perhaps suspected it might prove to the young ladies. To myself, indeed, it would, for more accomplished, well-informed and intellectual girls it had never before been my fortune to meet. It was, therefore, with extreme regret I informed Mr. C——, my stay in the Highlands having long exceeded the time I had promised my father, without having had the opportunity of conveying to him any intelligence of my movements or whereabouts since I left home, I should be under the painful necessity of pursuing my journey early on the morrow.

"But surely not without taking breakfast with us," said Mrs. C——, with such a fascinating smile, there was no resisting it, although I had predetermined to proceed early in the morning to Huntly, where I had a very dear friend, to whom I was under engagement to make a flying visit, and whom I knew would be exceedingly disappointed if I failed to keep it. It was therefore proposed that breakfast should be on the table at eight o'clock; and so, after a most devout, impressive and beautiful prayer, to which all the household were called into the parlor, a night as pleasant as any I have ever spent, was brought to a close with the usual forms. My respected host politely showed me to a chamber, and wished me good night. I believe few persons have ever been shown into a bedroom for the first time in a strange house without taking a survey of the premises before retiring; certain it is, I never did; and on the present occasion, from some small articles of female *bijouterie* on the dressing-table, I had some misgivings that one or other of the fair wizards who so entirely captivated me in the parlor, had abdicated for my especial accommodation. I went to bed, but not to rest. It was not the vivid contrast of the dark night and threatening waters, and the lonely situation, with the subsequent almost magic transition into and amidst the amenities of polished social life, which haunted my mind. Such refinement may be found in spots few and far between in the wildest part of the Highlands; but the queen-like beauty of the lady of the house, the undiminished admiration and perfect felicity of her adoring husband, the enchanting gaiety

and intellectual acquirements of the two lovely visitors, altogether banished sleep from my pillow. Many a long waking dream had I; but when exhausted nature would be no longer denied, real dreams of halcyon days crowded on my fancy, succeeded by others intensely painful—dirkings, drownings, and all horrible imaginings kept me in a miserably perturbed state, until blessed, unbroken repose did at last overcome all, and I slept sound.

I awoke betimes, and I need hardly say paid more than common attention to my toilet. Everything in my small valise was ransacked, which could improve personal appearance. I tried to look my very best, hoping to realize one or other of the over-night's waking dreams. After a careful scrutiny I walked down into the parlor, and although it was but a few minutes past seven, I did not doubt to find at least one of the blue-eyed belles there before me.

But I was doomed to disappointment; the room had not the least appearance of having been arranged, or even entered, since the family left it. I therefore determined to pay a visit to my faithful friend Stately. Before I reached the stable, he heard and knew my step, and as usual on my morning visits, expressed his joy by that peculiar sort of neigh, which doubtless gives rise to the phrase, hore-laugh, and all will admit it to be mightily like the cachinnations of some men when unusually tickled!

The late Charles Matthews could imitate to perfection, what he called the laughter of animals, as exemplified in men, and maintained that a shrewd observer could easily detect amongst divers of his acquaintances, the blat of the goat, the bark of the dog, the bray of the ass, the grunt of the hog, the crow of the cock, and the snicker or neigh of the horse: and he held the doctrine, that this is a proof of the transmigration of souls! but that is a ratiocination which few except the Arabs will admit.*

I found a man busily employed grooming my horse preparatory to feeding him, and having requested the animal might then be saddled, I returned to the parlor.

It was now fully half past seven, but still there was no appearance of the family! I took a turn in the garden, and

had I not been a little on the fidget, there was much in it to interest, but I felt fearful of losing even one moment of the pleasant intercourse I expected, and soon retraced my steps. Instead of the ladies, I found one of the maid-servants engaged in arranging the room! Again I went forth; the morning was lovely, the sun shone out in full splendor, all nature seemed revived and fresh, the late rains had washed bush and shrub. On this occasion, intending to make sure the family should be assembled before my return, I went into the church-yard, a place where none can visit without advantage, at least I am sure I never did, or without feeling myself a better man. I have spent many, many hours in church-yards, and not a few in that identical one, where Gray wrote his celebrated *Elegy*—some reminiscences of which may follow hereafter. I strolled about, reading names and dates and ancient inscriptions, fully expecting every moment would bring me a summons to the breakfast table. A glance at my watch told it was now the appointed hour, and so, for the third time, without summons, I returned to the parlor;—still there was no appearance of the family, nor any preparations for breakfast, the cloth was not even laid! Not a little chagrined, I took up a book, and looked in it a full quarter of an hour, but without reading one word. *Patience is a virtue*, most certainly. Half past eight. Enter one of the damsels with a bouquet of flowers in a china vase, which she placed on a side table.

"My girl," said I, "may I inquire when the family *generally* breakfast?"

"Nae particular time fixt, sir," said the lass; and I fancied, as she turned her head from me, I detected something like a smile curling the corner of her mouth, but I might be mistaken; she was a pretty merry looking girl, and her smile, if she did smile, might be a natural habit.

Fifteen minutes more, and all was quiet and still up stairs. I could have detected the slightest movement of the lightest foot. I felt mortified, provoked, humbled and *hungry*: and observing the girl crossing the hall, inquired whether she could furnish me with paper and ink. These were speedily placed before

* We suspect this is a plagiarism of our friend Legat's witticism, when he inquired why the Arabs are like a process of reasoning? Because they are a Racy-horsey-nation!—Ed.

me, and I instantly wrote a note expressive of my sincere thanks for the kind hospitality I had received, deeply regretting that duty to my parents demanded my immediate attention, and prevented me waiting breakfast, and with respectful compliments to the ladies, hoped Mr. C * * * * would permit me to reciprocate his kindness, whenever he should visit Aberdeen.

I delivered the note to the girl, with feelings of regret and mortified vanity.

"But yer nae gawn withoot yer brackfast, sir," said the girl.

"Indeed I must, for I ought to have been in Huntly before now."

"Eh sirs, but the minister will be sair disappointit, an' I dootna the young leddies will na be owr weel pleased either."

"Ah, my bonny woman, all the loss will be mine."

"Na, na; nae sae muckle as ye think, if you kent what they said o' you, last nicht."

"And what *did* they say of me, Kirsty?"

"I maunna tell, sir, for fear ye wad gae gyle, an' *they* wad girn at me a' day, an' a' the kitchen wad be up upon me, bizzin in my lugs, like a bees-byke."

"But how should they know anything about it?"

"Ken," said she, "because I'm sure the leddies will gar me tell them aa'; an' I daurna tell a lee in *this* hoose."

"Then if you must tell them all, I may tell *you*, I shall never forget *them* while I live."

"Lang life t' ye then," said the lass, into whose hand I immediately slipped half a crown, and in less than five minutes I was clearing the heath along the burn side at a rapid rate, nor cast one longing lingering look behind. All's well that ends well!

It is difficult to conceive the contrast which light or darkness throws upon objects unknown. On arriving at the point where the stream crossed the road, and which night had in appearance rendered so formidable, I was surprised to find it might have been crossed without the least difficulty. It is true, the water in the channel had run off, and had considerably diminished, owing to the steepness of the declivity, but I could scarcely believe it was the same place at which my horse had shied. A quarter of an hour's ride along the bank of the Devron, brought me to the ford, where the river was smoothly gliding over a wide expanse of hard firm chingle; it was

passed with ease, and I was soon at my friend's house in Huntly, doing ample justice to a capital breakfast.

On mentioning to him my disasters of the preceding evening, and their delightful termination in the hospitable reception at the manse of G * * * *, together with my severe disappointment in being obliged to leave it, without seeing the young ladies, whose favor I so much desired to propitiate; I was surprised and nettled to find my friend burst into loud fits of laughter. Nothing could restrain him, until in right earnest, I demanded an explanation.

"My good fellow," said he, "you have been in luck! but did you *really* not know it?"

"Not know what?"

"Why, is it possible you have not heard?"

"Heard *what*, my dear sir?"

"And did you actually not know *her*?"

"Know *whom*—who and what do you mean?"

"Why the lady of the house, you silly man!"

"How is it possible I *could* know an entire stranger?"

"Not know *her*! Not know *her*! I did not believe there was a young fellow in Scotland so ignorant; why, man, you have drank her health a hundred times! Yes," said he, emphatically, "a hundred times, to my certain knowledge. Nay, I really think I have *heard* you—you, *yourself*, propose her health! You need na glower like a gilpie, in that gait!"

"Drank Mrs. C.'s health a hundred times, and proposed it too? By all that's sacred, I never saw, heard, or thought of her, before last night!"

My provoking tormentor again burst into ungovernable fits of laughter, whilst I "glowered" at him, racking my brains to fathom the mystery, but all in vain.

"Come, Lawson," said I, "I can stand this banter no longer; out with it, or by the Lord I'll throttle thee."

With the most provoking grin, looking me full in the face, and advancing his own close to mine, he replied, making a long pause between every word: "Poor—fellow—poor—ignorant—fellow, how—I—pity—you. And yet, how—I envy you. Did—you—ever—hear—of—Mary—Scott?"

"MARY SCOTT—the ROSE OF MORAY—the PEARL OF THE NORTH!" said I, starting from my chair.

"Even so, most noble noodle; that was Mary Scott—and yesternight—the second of her honeymoon! and the blue-eyed belles were her bridesmaids, and that sugared cake which you gobbled so greedily (I wish it had choked you) was her bride-cake!! Lucky, enviable, ignorant dog, where was all thy boasted penetration? Thy sojourn among the Highland hills and Highland lairds, with their abominable glenlivat, hath addled thy noddles, rendered thee as blind as a bat, and as dull as a donkey."

Deeply did I groan in spirit, and admitted all he charged upon me. A thousand recollections rushed across my brain. Reminiscences of convivial parties, where the name of Mary Scott, the Rose of Moray, acted like an electrical charm as the standing toast amongst the students of Kings and Marischal Colleges. The idolizing admiration and attentions of her enraptured husband, his reluctance to be broken in upon by a stranger, the white dresses of the ladies, the smile upon the girl's face when she said no breakfast hour had been fixed: all now flashed upon me, in confirmation of what was so tardily communicated. The supreme beauty and extraordinary charms of the lady, were now no longer a subject of surprise. I no longer wondered at the inability of the enamored bridegroom to keep from her side. But how perfectly vexatious it seemed I should have been in entire ignorance of the fact; how differently, I thought, I would have conducted myself. I sat in silence, biting my lips and revolving it all, over and over. My friend sat silent too, enjoying my confusion. At last he abruptly broke out, "You must stay and dine with me; I will draw a long cork, and enable you once more to toast The Pride of the North, and all happiness to her and the man of her choice; meantime, as you have never before been in Strathbogie, you must walk up the hill with me, and view the beauties of Huntly Lodge; for the Marquis and his mother, the bonny Duchess, left it immediately after the marriage, for Gordon Castle, and you will find a fine subject for your sketch-book, in the majestic ruins of the family castle, and you shall dance the reel of Bogie at

night. "Kings may be blest, but we'll be glorious."

"No, no, Charlie," I replied, "I have been too long dancing over the heathery hills around the Buck of the Cabrach and the Tap o' Noth;* besides, I am not in dancing trim."

"My good fellow, I'll pump you, and rig you out in silk tights, from top to toe; you must dance the reel o' Bogie now you are in Strathbogie! You know the song which the Duke lately wrote upon it, and although he says

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strathbogie,"

I'll promise you what he gives us credit for, 'a bonny lass, baith clean and tight,' to dance wi'."

"Why, Lawson, you seem as fond of it as you used to be when we attended Duff's dancing class in the Concert Hall; and as you have quoted the Duke of Gordon's capital song in praise of the sport, I will quote you one of an older date, to qualify it:

"If you wish to live happy,
And wish to live lang,
Dance less wi' your doup
To the Kipples, gude man."

Lawson laughed at the aptitude of my quotation, and inquired whether it was not an invention of my own for the nonce. I assured him that Alaster Sibbie, one of the old Scots laureats, was "the maker," in a lilt he composed in praise of three of the Queen's maids of honor, whom he styles "Bessy, and Lily and Tibbie," the latter of whom filled a very exalted station, when Her Majesty attended the Chapel Royal. My friend pressed his invitation, and on second thought, the proposal, with its accompaniments, was too tempting to be rejected; the whole would occupy but half a day; I could easily reach home by the following noon, and so it was agreed and arranged. We visited the beautiful residence of the gallant young Marquis, whose heroism in the field well sustained the hereditary title of "Cock of the North;" and I made an accurate sketch

*The Buck of the Cabrach, and the Tap o' Noth, are two mountains of extraordinary altitude in the Aberdeenshire highlands; the latter takes its rise immediately from the glen of the River Livat—celebrated even in this country, for the flavor of its "mountain dew."

of ancient castle Huntly, which is still carefully preserved in one of my early sketch-books. We spent a delightful morning, and enjoyed, nay reveled, in our afternoon's symposium. The claret sparkled in bumpers to the health and happiness of The Rose of Moray and her beautiful bridesmaids. Mr. Lawson and his sister hastily invited a few young friends for the evening, who with light hearts and lighter heels verified the song,

"And there we sat up a' the night,
Wi' song and glee, till broad day light,
With lasses fair, and clean and tight,
Dancing the reel o' Bogie."

So finished my adventures on the banks of the Devron.

And now I would ask the reader whether the reason which Mr. C. had, for being a little chary in admitting an entire stranger to his house, at such a time, and on such an occasion, was or was not orthodox?

LONGFELLOW'S POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE.*

HASTENING to leave the ice-bound North, we descend into a sunnier clime. On the banks of the Rhine, among castellated hills and vine-clad slopes, we find poetry as rich and various, as the materials of poetry are manifold and inexhaustible. The number of poets in Germany is immense; and where all are striving after excellence, it would be singular if there were not many who attained it. But it is not the number, nor the excellence alone, of German poets, which makes them interesting to us beyond those of any other nation. Connected as are the English and German peoples in lineage, in language, in manners and in feeling, the literature of each is all but vernacular to the other. In the last century, the writers of England, Pope and Young and Thomson were much read, admired and imitated in Germany. Since the beginning of the present century, the great writers of Germany have been no less read, admired and imitated among ourselves. That a powerful influence has been exerted in this way on the literature of England and America, is a fact, which all admit and some deplore. For the last twenty years, the translations which we have made from the German alone are perhaps scarcely less numerous than those made from all other languages taken together. If, in other parts of his work, the editor may have found difficulty in consequence of the scantiness of his materials, his

difficulties here would arise from their abundance and variety; it must be no easy matter to segregate from this enormous mass that which is best and most characteristic. Let us follow him in the execution of his task, appropriating, here and there, a snatch of verse, to serve as a specimen of the specimens which he has selected.

After a few short pieces of the most ancient German poetry, we are introduced to the Troubadours of Deutschland, the Minnesingers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In their writings we find the efflorescence of that devotion to woman, which formed one of the principal constituents of chivalry. Love-lorn professors of the joyous science, they thronged the courts of the Swabian Emperors, singing in strains endlessly varied, yet singularly monotonous, the joys and sorrows of an amorous heart. He who should judge them by the standards of the present day, would condemn them as affected and extravagant; but their numbers and their popularity should convince us that they expressed, in no inappropriate forms, the genuine sentiment of the age in which they lived. It is not to be supposed that a mere fancy or fashion could have swayed, for more than a hundred years, the poetry of a whole nation—we might even say, a whole continent. The rise of Austrian ascendancy was contemporaneous with the decline, or, more truly, the sudden and complete dis-

* Continued from page 507.

appearance of the Minnepoesy. It would seem as if the influence of Austria had always been hostile to everything beautiful and free. From Johann Hadloub, one of the last of the Minnesingers, we take this pleasing and characteristic song. The translation is by Edgar Taylor.

"I saw yon infant in her arms caressed,
And as I gazed on her my pulse beat
high:

Gently she clasped it to her snowy breast,
While I, in rapture lost, stood musing by:
Then her white hands around his neck she
flung,

And pressed it to her lips, and tenderly
Kissed his fair cheek, as o'er the babe she
hung.

And he, that happy infant, threw his arms
Around her neck, imprinting many a
kiss;

Joying, as I would joy, to see such charms,
As though he knew how blest a lot were
his.

How could I gaze on him and not repine?
'Alas!' I cried, 'would that I shared the
bliss

Of that embrace, and that such joy were
mine!'

Straight she was gone; and then that love-
ly child

Ran joyfully to meet my warm embrace:
Then fancy with fond thoughts my soul be-
guiled;—

It was herself! O dream of love and
grace!

I clasped it, where her gentle hands had
pressed,

I kissed each spot which bore her lips'
sweet trace,

And joy the while went bounding through
my breast."

Germany, like Greece, has her tales and legends of a heroic age. The *Heldenbuch* and the *Nibelungenlied*, like the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, serve as grand repositories of ancient national traditions. Of these, the *Heldenbuch* is a collection of pieces by various authors, and differing widely in character and merit. The *Nibelungenlied*, on the other hand, is a true epic, with perfect unity of plot and action, advancing with ever-increasing interest to the bloody catastrophe in which it terminates. It is curious to survey the world which these ancient poems open to our view—definite, populous, active, teeming with life and motion. In their palace at Worms, upon the Rhine, we see the royal brothers, Günther, Ghernot, and Ghseler the young. Round them stand their chosen blades, the champions of the Burgundian people, Dankwart, Ortwin, Vol-

ker, the fiddler-warrior, and, towering above all his peers, the fearful Von Tronek Hagen, dauntless, unscrupulous, vengeful and remorseless. Far away, in the land of the *Nibelungen*, situate in some undiscovered region of earth, shrouded perhaps by the mist and fog (*nebel*) from which its name might seem to be derived, dwells the gay and gallant Siegfried, the Achilles of this German Epos. To the South lies Bern, the centre of another circle of heroes, including the Lombard warriors, Dietrich, Hildebrand, Ilisan, and others, who show themselves in no wise inferior to the bravest of the Burgundians. Eastward, on the Danube, we find the pagan Etzel, or Attila, with his terrible Huns, the scourge of Western Europe. Nor ought we to omit, while enumerating the principal figures of this Epic cycle, the two queens—the Amazonian Brunhild, jealous and imperious—and Chrimhild, beautiful and gentle, but driven by repeated injuries into diabolical rancor—whose hostile collision brings about the catastrophe that desolates this heroic world.

These poems, at least in their present form, were in great part the productions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Up to this time, the poetry of the Germans might safely challenge comparison with that of any other European nation. But the promise of its spring was not to be realized. A period followed of corruption and decline. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, flourished the Mastersingers, who made poetry a mere handicraft. Meanwhile, the vigorous minds of Germany were occupied with other matters. They had to invent the art of printing; to commence and carry on the Reformation; to fight for civil and religious freedom. The struggle for liberty was long and doubtful. After many partial encounters came the great decisive conflict in the first half of the seventeenth century. For thirty years the torrent of war rolled hither and thither over the soil of Germany. Freedom triumphed; but the country was exhausted, physically and intellectually. It was not until the commencement of the last century that the spirit of German poetry began to revive. Things grow better by slow degrees. A period of utter barrenness is followed by a period of moderate fertility. The interval between the years 1700 and 1750 is the age of mediocrities. It is the age of Bodmer, Hagedorn, Gellert, Gleim and Ramler. But just at the middle of

the century appeared two men who were to introduce a new era in the literature of their country. Klopstock, enthusiastic and sublime, intensely patriotic and religious, with a genius for the epic and the lyrical—Lessing, unrivaled as a critic, at once subtle and strong, discerning truth by intuitive perception, and combating error with matchless skill and success. These men were followed, in quick succession, by the great names of German poetry, Wieland, Herder, Goethe and Schiller.

From Goethe and Schiller Mr. Longfellow has taken but little; thinking, no doubt, that all readers of poetry must be familiar with authors so often talked of, and so much translated. His extracts from Goethe are introduced by a series of sketches, descriptive and critical, selected from different writers. The good-natured Gleim informs us, how he was himself reading the *Musen-Almanach* to a literary circle at Weimar, when "a young man, booted and spurred, in a short green shooting-jacket, thrown open," enters the room, and after listening a while, "offers to relieve him, from time to time, in reading aloud, lest he should be tired." Accordingly, he takes up the book, and at first all goes on swimmingly. "But on a sudden, it was as if some wild and wanton devil had taken possession of the young reader, and I thought I saw the Wild Huntsman bodily before me. He read poems that had no existence in the *Almanach*; he broke out into all possible modes and dialects. Hexameters, iambs, doggerel verses, one after another, or blended in strange confusion, came tumbling out in torrents." He does not spare even the worthy Gleim. "But in a little fable, composed extempore in doggerel verses, he likened me, wittily enough, to a worthy and most enduring turkey-hen, that sits on a great heap of eggs of her own and other people's, and hatches them with infinite patience; but to whom it sometimes happens to have a chalk egg put under her instead of a real one; a trick at which she takes no offence."

Then we have Hauff telling how he introduced a young American to the great poet, who hastened to relieve the anxiety of his visitor by inquiring about the weather in America. "The countenance of the young man began to brighten up, the sluices of his eloquence were soon opened, and he talked about the Canadian mists, about the spring-storms of New

York, and praised the umbrellas which are manufactured in Franklin-street, Philadelphia."

Bettine describes her first interview with Goethe, not omitting to mention how she threw herself upon his neck and fell asleep in his lap; conduct which scarcely accords with our ideas of feminine propriety, though to condemn it, as some have done, as if it were indecent and infamous, is wholly to mistake the character of the parties and their relation to each other.

Börne urges against Goethe the oft-repeated charge of utter want of patriotism. The defence, which the poet was accustomed to set up on his own behalf, we find in his *Conversations with Eckermann*. "If a poet," he says, "has employed himself during a long life in combating pernicious prejudices, overcoming narrow views, elevating the intellect, and purifying the taste of his country, what could he possibly do better than this? How could he be more patriotic?" He protests against "all intermeddling with subjects that one does not understand;" and declares that "of all intermeddling bunglers, political bunglers are to him the most odious, for their handiwork involves thousands and millions in destruction." He says farther, "that he has uniformly refused to mix himself up with party politics;" as if the subjugation of his native country by a foreign despot, and its liberation by the enthusiastic movement of the whole German people, were mere issues of party politics, to which a literary man might be wholly indifferent. The cardinal doctrine of the Goethean philosophy, that an artist may live in art alone, may hold himself aloof from the world of action, neglect the momentous questions that agitate society, refuse to take part by word or deed in the great events that are going on round him, is a doctrine which could not well be entertained by any but a cold and selfish spirit.

Menzel, in his powerful review of Goethe's personal and literary character, finds the essence of his poetry as of his life to be egotism: "not, however, the egotism of the hero and the heaven storming Titan, but only that of the Sybarite and the actor, the egotism of the passion for pleasure and the vanity of arts." This Epicurean devotion to selfish enjoyment, and indifference to the great objects of life, are well expressed in the following song, which shows at least that its author

could comprehend these feelings perfectly, even if he did not make them his ruling principles of acting. The translation is by J. S. Dwight.

VANITAS.

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;

Hurrah!

And so the world goes well with me.

Hurrah!

And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,

Why, let him take hold and help me drain

These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth;

Hurrah!

And bartered away my peace and health;

But, ah!

The slippery change went about like air;

And when I had clutched me a handful

Away it went there. [here,

I set my heart upon woman next;

Hurrah!

For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;

But, ah!

The false one looked for a daintier lot,

The constant one wearied me out and out,

The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand,

Hurrah!

And spurned our plain old fatherland;

But, ah!

Nought seemed to be just the thing it should,

Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,

My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;

Hurrah!

And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's

And, ah! [name;

When in public life I loomed quite high,

The folks that passed me would look awry;

Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war.

Hurrah!

We gained some battles with eclat.

Hurrah!

We troubled the foe with sword and flame,—

And some of our friends fared quite the

I lost a leg for fame. [same.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you

Hurrah!

[see;

And the whole wide world belongs to me.

Hurrah!

The feast begins to run low, no doubt;

But at the old cask we'll have one good bout:

Come, drink the lees all out!

But if there are many who censure Goethe, there are more who defend him. Among these we find Heinrich Heine, live-

ly and sarcastic, but most ingenious and able, comparing the great poet to "the oak of a hundred years, which the orthodox hated, because it had no niche with its holy image; and because the naked Dryads of Paganism were permitted there to play their witchery: which the liberals hated, because it could not serve as the tree of liberty, or at any rate as a barricade; but which the many venerated, for the very reason that it reared itself with such independent grandeur, and so graciously filled the world with its odor, while its branches, streaming magnificently toward heaven, made it appear as if stars were only the fruit of its wondrous limbs."

This criticism of Heine is followed by the short and simple, but decided testimony of Niebuhr to Goethe's indisputable superiority as a poet. Last of all comes the enthusiastic panegyric of Carlyle, whose admiration, or rather reverence for a man so opposite to his worshiper, in every leading quality in mind and heart, has always seemed to us an inexplicable phenomenon.

Equally ardent, but much more intelligible, is the devotion exhibited in Menzel's glowing eulogy of Schiller, which ushers in the selections from that poet. Perhaps no writer ever possessed in a higher degree that high prerogative of genius, the power of awakening for himself in the breasts of men the warmest feelings of love and veneration. No man who knows him, be his habits, tastes and prejudices what they may, can help sympathizing with the good people of Leipzig, as they shouted at the first representation of his *Maid of Orleans*, "Es lebe Friederick Schiller." Though his intellectual powers command our admiration, it is his moral qualities, his earnestness, his purity, his elevation of character, that give him undisputed mastery over the heart. All that he has written bespeak a nature simple and honest, uncalculating, unselfish, animated by the noblest impulses, and yielding freely to their sway. His life too is in perfect harmony with his writings. It deserves to be studied, both as illustrating much in his works, that would otherwise be obscure, and also because it possesses in itself something of a tragic interest. Its opening is marked by uncommon difficulties and embarrassments: its progress exhibits in the most vivid manner the struggles of a great and earnest spirit after light and truth: and as we ap-

proach the close, his resolute endurance under severe physical suffering, his conscientious determination to spend every energy in the service of mankind, his patient and heroic death, invest him with the dignity of a martyr.

The style of Schiller is like himself, direct, earnest and impassioned. It is the style of one, who feels that he has within him great thoughts, of vital importance to the welfare of society,—thoughts, which must not be trusted to a loose and careless statement, but worked out in their development with the most anxious and vigilant fidelity. His composition presents everywhere an appearance of effort, which at times renders it even heavy. Yet its movement, if somewhat tardy, is stately and majestic. Richter has described it very happily. "The perfection of pomp-prose we find in Schiller: what the utmost splendor of reflection in images, in fullness and antithesis can give, he gives. Nay, often he plays on the poetic strings with so rich and jewel-loaded a hand, that the sparkling mass disturbs, if not the playing, yet our hearing of it."

Whatever may be said (and we are far from denying that much may be said with truth) of Goethe's great breadth and variety, there can be little doubt, that, least among American readers, Schiller is now, and will long continue to be, the favorite German poet. It is, perhaps, for this very reason, that Mr. Longfellow has given us so few specimens of his works: and those even not in most instances his best productions. We have indeed the "Song of the Bell," and the "Knight Toggenburg," but we miss the "Hymn to Joy," the "Gods of Greece," the "Diver," "Thekla," and other poems which the admirers of Schiller are accustomed to regard as his masterpieces.

Goethe and Schiller have departed, and left behind them no equal. Among the most distinguished of their successors may be reckoned Tieck, Chamisso, Uhland, Schulze, Rückert, Heine, Hoffman, and Frielgrath. Of these, no one, probably, stands higher in the estimation of his countrymen, than the Swabian poet, Ludwig Uhland. His reputation rests chiefly on his lyrical writings, which are remarkable for depth of feeling and beauty of poetical expression. He has little humor. The perplexities and contrarities of life present themselves to him, not under a ludicrous, but under a melancholy aspect. Most of his pieces breathe a

spirit of serious and tender sadness: not unfrequently he rises to cheerfulness, the chastened joy of a mind accustomed to sorrow; seldom, if ever, does he give himself up to mirth and jollity. Yet in his very sadness there is something which elevates rather than depresses: it is not weak or querulous, neither has it a shade of misanthropy: it is rich in noble thoughts, and full of faith and hope and consolation. His soul is open to every impression of nature: he discerns the poetical elements which belong to the commonest situations and incidents of life. Everything which he contemplates, becomes invested in his mind with a beautiful halo of feeling and reflection. The following piece, selected almost at random, will perhaps give a better idea of its author, than could be conveyed by the most elaborate description.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter forms
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Uhland's ballads are among the finest of his works. Two of these, "The Luck of Edenhall," and the "Black Knight," are set before us by the editor in his own very skillful and perfect versions. We cannot but hope that he will translate yet more from a poet with whose genius he has much in common, and whom he has shown himself admirably qualified to represent in our language. We extract "The Luck of Edenhall."

"Of Edenhall the youthful lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revelers
all,
'Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"
The butler hears the words with pain—
The house's oldest seneschal—
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it *The Luck of Edenhall!*

Then said the lord, 'This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand
obeys;
A purple light shines over all;
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light:
'This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!*

"'Twas right a goblet the fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
We drink deep draughts right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! clang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters, at last, like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

'For its keeper, takes a race of might
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! clang!—with a harder blow
than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet, ringing, flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift the flames upstart;
The guests in dust are scattered all
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword!
He in the night had sealed the wall;
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard, in the desert hall;
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton;
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

'The stone wall,' saith he, 'doth fall
aside;
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall!"

The following humorous production
has for its author Hoffmann, of Fallersleben,
of whom his admirer, Laube, says:
"Yes, it is a German; and that too a
German from Fallersleben. It is the tall
Hoffmann von Fallersleben, the tall professor—a
German poet through and through, and over and over."

GERMAN NATIONAL WEALTH.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Confederation protocols;
Heaps of tax and budget-rolls;
A whole ship-load of skins, to fill
With proclamations just at will.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
A brave supply of corporals' canes;
Of livery suits a hundred wains;
Cockades, gay caps to fill a house, and
Armorial buttons a hundred thousand.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Chamberlains' keys; a pile of sacks;
Books of full blood-descents in packs;
Dog-chains and sword-chains by the ton;
Of order-ribbons bales twenty-one.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Skull-caps, periwigs, old-world airs;
Crutches, privileges, easy-chairs;
Councillors' titles, private lists,
Nine hundred and ninety thousand chests.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Receipts for tax, toll, christening, wedding
and funeral;
Passports and wander-books, great and
small;

Plenty of rules for censors' inspections,
And just three million police-directions.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

Not a few readers, it is to be feared, as they turn the leaves of this work, will scarce forbear a smile when their eye lights upon the heading, "Dutch Poetry." The literature of Holland, neglected in Europe, is wholly undreamed of in America. Not only do we know nothing of the poetry which the Dutch have written, but we very generally imagine them to be quite incapable of writing poetry. A busy, bustling, thriving people, engaged from time immemorial in commerce and the arts, devoted to the pursuits of peace, and on this account indisposed to war, we have been accustomed to look upon them as eminently a *prosaic* people. It has seemed to us impossible that the Muses should abide on their flat and monotonous soil, where the *treckschuyts* move lazily along through the muddy waters of numberless canals. The unpicturesque landscape, the dense fog, the mingled din of trade and manufactures, have appeared to us inevitably fatal to the cultivation of taste and sentiment. To these prejudices, which we share with the nations of Europe, we have added others peculiar to ourselves, founded partly on the character of the Dutch population in some districts of our own country, and partly, we fear it must be admitted, on the comico-historical romance of our illustrious Irving. The humorous exaggeration of his Diedrich Knickerbocker is, indeed, obvious enough to the dullest comprehension. Yet so vivid are his representations, such an air of reality belongs to his most whimsical absurdities, that they take fast hold on the imagination and the memory; and while we fully recognize their imaginary nature, produce upon our minds a stronger impression than the truth. Without intending it, nay, almost in spite of ourselves, we form our ideas of Dutch habits and Dutch character from his fanciful descriptions. We can hardly hear or speak or think of a Dutchman without calling up to mental vision a short, stumpy, obese personage, with heavy face, bullet head, rolling gait, arrayed in vestments ample alike in number and dimensions, marvelously sparing of words, but prodigal of tobacco-smoke. Our minds, once preoccupied with this ludicrous image, become incapable of doing justice to the countrymen of Erasmus and Hemsterhuys, of Rubens and Van Dyk, of De Ruyter and Van Tromp, of De Witt and Barneveldt and Grotius. We forget the advanced civilization of Holland, her education and intelligence,

her progress in the arts useful and ornamental, her spirit of industry and enterprise, her unconquerable love of freedom. We forget that her people, few in numbers, unused to war, unsupported by foreign aid, maintained a seventy years' struggle for their liberties against the mightiest empire of the time; that they afterwards contested with England long and gloriously the supremacy of the ocean; that their artists are inferior only to the great masters of Italy; that their scholars have been unsurpassed for genius and erudition; that their writers on international law are the acknowledged arbiters of Europe. Why should we doubt that a people who, against all disadvantages of nature and of fortune, have been able to achieve so much for themselves and for the world, may possess all the elements of poetry? Do we not find among them, in their past and their present, ardor of emotion, energy of will, loftiness of purpose, an eye to discern the beautiful, a head to understand the true, and a heart to love the good? Nor do they lack the necessary means of expression. Their language, however rude and vulgar it may sound, when spoken by rude and vulgar men, (for such must always be the speech of such men, whatever the syllables they use,) is a highly cultivated idiom, copious and flexible, the appropriate and serviceable instrument of the educated mind. A branch of the great Teutonic stock, it stands midway between the German and the English, and may safely be pronounced inferior to neither in the most valuable qualities of a language. Its excellences have been fully proved by the numerous and able writers who have used it. Certainly, if we may judge of an author's merits by the affection and enthusiasm which he awakens, we must assign a very high rank to the poets of the Netherlands. The Dutch, far from undervaluing their poets, because they are neglected by foreigners, only cling to them with the greater attachment, as if they wished that the writer who, by using their language, has cut himself off from general and wide-spread fame, should be compensated for the sacrifice he has made by the admiration and the love of those for whose benefit he has made it.

● Among the older poets of Holland the most eminent are: Cats, Hooft, Van Der Goes, and, above all, Vondel, the Coryphæus of his country's literature, celebrated as a universal genius, who tried every species of poetry, and excelled in

all. It must be confessed that the fragments which we have here by no means justify the reputation of their author. They might even lead us, did we not know the injustice of judging a great poet from a few translated specimens, to fall in with those who, in more recent times, have ventured to criticise Vondel with severity, and doubt or deny his preëminence.

In Holland, as in every other country of Europe, the eighteenth century was a barren age for poetry. Its close, however, was marked here, as everywhere else, by the introduction of a new order of things. Among those who took an active part in the revival of Dutch literature, the most conspicuous undoubtedly was Bilderdijk. Through a long career of authorship he was distinguished for his profound and various learning, for the voluminous extent of his productions, for his energetic independence, and for the number and the bitterness of his literary quarrels. The warmth of his feelings, and the asperity of his satire, may be well enough illustrated by these few lines, in which, speaking of the French language, he says:—

“ Begone ! thou bastard tongue, so base, so broken,
By human jackals and hyenas spoken ;
Formed for a race of infidels, and fit
To laugh at truth and scepticize in wit !
What stammering, snivelling sounds,
which scarcely dare
Through nasal channels to salute the ear,
Yet, helped by apes’ grimaces and the devil,
Have ruled the world, and ruled the
world for evil !”

Very different from Bilderdijk is the amiable Tollens, who still lives, at an advanced age, enjoying the honors awarded him by his admiring countrymen. As a specimen of his style, we quote the following spirited verses:—

SUMMER MORNING’S SONG.

Up, sleeper ! dreamer ! up ! for now
There’s gold upon the mountain’s brow—
There’s light on forests, lakes and meadows—
The dew-drops shine on floweret-bells—
The village clock of morning tells.
Up, men ! out, cattle ! for the dells
And dingles teem with shadows.

Up ! out ! o’er furrow and o’er field !
The claims of toil some moments yield
For morning’s bliss, and time is fleetlier
Than thought ;—so out ! ’tis dawning
yet ;
Why twilight’s lovely hour forget ?
For sweet though be the workman’s
sweat,
The wanderer’s sweat is sweeter.

Up ! to the fields ! through shine and
stour !

What hath the dull and drowsy hour
So blest as this—the glad heart leaping
To hear morn’s early songs sublime ?
See earth rejoicing in its prime !
The summer is the waking time,
The winter time for sleeping.

* * * * *

O, happy, who the city’s noise
Can quit for nature’s quiet joys,
Quit worldly sin and worldly sorrow ;
No more ’midst prison-walls abide,
But in God’s temple vast and wide
Pour praises every eventide,
Ask mercies every morrow !

No seraph’s flaming sword hath driven
That man from Eden or from heaven,
From earth’s sweet smiles and winning
features ;

For him, by toils and troubles tossed,
By wealth and wearying cares engross-
ed—

For him a paradise is lost,
But not for happy creatures.

Come—though a glance it may be—come,
Enjoy, improve ; then hurry home,
For life’s strong urgencies must bind us.
Yet mourn not ; morn shall wake anew,
And we shall wake to bless it too.
Homewards !—the herds that shake the
dew
We’ll leave in peace behind us.

With Dutch poetry closes the first of the two great parts into which this work may be divided—the one, which embraces the poetry of the Teutonic languages ; the second part is occupied with the literature of Southern Europe—of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, countries in which are spoken languages derived from the Latin. There are many things in this part of the book, especially under Italian poetry, which we should be glad to notice ; but we have already exceeded our allotted limits, and forbear to trespass farther at present on the patience of the reader.

NOTES BY THE ROAD.—No. IV.

BY CAIUS.

FROM THE ELBE TO THE ZUYDER ZEE.

[We give, in this number, the last chapter which we shall probably be able to present to our readers, of the "Notes by the Road." We cannot but feel that they have gratified many, where our Magazine is read; and we believe that they will learn with pleasure that a portion of his sketches, including one or two of the chapters published in the Review, but mainly on entirely fresh ground, may soon be given to the public. For a narrative of pleasant, minute observations, written in a graceful, subdued style, slightly quaint, making the reader an easy-minded companion of the rambling traveler—a style quite new under the prevailing taste for rapid and vigorous writing—we venture to bespeak, we might say, predict, beforehand, a most favorable reception. The writer's quick-eyed observations have covered many parts of Europe; the green lanes, and by-ways, and busy thoroughfares of England—the solitary heaths and hills of Scotland—the life led in London and Paris—the quaint and simple forms of things in France and Dutch-land—the ever-great scenery of the Alps—the scenes and associations, never yet exhausted, of "remembered Italy." With such things to talk about, and a certain way of telling his story, we do not see why his should not be a "proper book."—ED. AM. REV.]

CAMERON would not go with me to Bremen: so I left him at Hamburg—at dinner—at the table of the Kronprinzen Charles, on the sunny side of the *Jungfernstieg*. There was, it is true, a great deal to detain him in the old free city:—there was the Alster, stretching out under our chamber windows in a broad sheet, with elegant new houses flanking it, with little skiffs paddling over it, from which the music floated up to our ears at eventide; and beyond it was the belt of road, along which dashing equipages ran all day, and from which rose up out of the very edge of the water, the great wind-mill that flung the black shadows of its slouching arms, half way to the 'maiden's walk,' when the sun was riding over the tops of the gardens of Vierland. Jenny Lind was coming to sing to the Hamburgers, and Cameron had secured a seat: beside, there were two beautiful Russian girls sitting *vis à vis* at the table where I left him, and a Swedish bride as pretty as the picture of Potiphar's wife in the palace of Barberini at Rome. And there was a gay little Prussian girl, who could speak just enough English to enlist the sympathies of my Scotch friend, and to puzzle prodigiously her staid German Papa. I know very well, by the mischief that was in her eye, that she did not translate truly to her Papa, all the little gossip that passed between her and fun-loving Cameron, or my friend would have had, as sure as the world, a snatch of the old man's cane. Whether it was such company, or the "hung beef" that held him, Cameron would not go with me to Bremen.

I could have staid at Hamburg myself. It is a queer old city, lying just where the Elbe, coming down from the mountains of Bohemia through the wild gaps of Saxony and everlasting plains of Prussia, pours its muddy waters into a long arm of the *Mer du Nord*. The new city, built over the ruins of the fire is elegant, and almost Paris-like; and out of it, one wanders, before he is aware, into the narrow alleys of the old Dutch gables. And blackened cross beams, and overlapping roofs, and diamond panes, and scores of smart Dutch caps, are looking down on him as he wanders entranced. It is the strangest contrast of cities that can be seen in Europe. One hour, you are in a world that has an old age of centuries:—pavement, sideways, houses, everything old, and the smoke curling in an old-fashioned way out of monstrous chimney-stacks, into the murky sky: five minutes' walk will bring one from the midst of this into a region where all is shockingly new;—Parisian shops, with Parisian plate glass in the windows; Parisian shopkeepers, with Parisian gold in the till. The contrast was tormenting. Before the smooth cut shops that are ranged around the basin of the Alster, one could not persuade himself that he was in the quaint old Hanse town of Jew brokers, and storks' nests, that he had come to see; or when he wandered upon the quays that are lined up and down with such true Dutch-looking houses, it would seem that he was out of all reach of the splendid hotel of the Crown Prince, and the prim porter who sports his livery at the door. The

change is as quick and unwelcome as that from pleasant dreams to the realities of morning.

Quaint costumes may be seen all over Hamburg:—chiefest among them, are the short, red skirts of the flower girls, and the broad-brimmed hats, with no crowns at all, set jauntily on one side a bright, smooth mesh of dark brown hair, from which braided tails go down half to their feet behind. They wear a basket hung coquettishly on one arm, and with the other will offer you roses, from the gardens that look down on the Alster, with an air that is so sure of success, one is ashamed to disappoint it. Strange and solemn-looking mourners in black, with white ruffles and short swords, follow coffins through the streets; and at times, when the dead man has been renowned, one of them with a long trumpet robed in black, is perched in the belfry of St. Michael's, to blow a dirge. Shrilly it peals over the peaked gables, and mingles with the mists that rise over the meadows of Heligoland. The drosky men stop, to let the prim mourners go by. The flower girls draw back into the shadows of the street, and cross themselves, and for one little moment look thoughtful. The burghers take off their hats as the black pall goes dismally on. The dirge dies in the tower; and for twelve hours the body rests in the sepulchral chapel, with a light burning at the head, and another at the feet.

There would be feasting for a commercial eye in the old Hanse houses of Hamburg trade. There are piles of folios marked by centuries instead of years—correspondences in which grandsons have grown old, and bequeathed letters to grandchildren. As likely as not, the same smoke-browned office is tenanted by the same respectable-looking groups of desks and long-legged stools that adorned it, when Frederic was storming over the south kingdoms—and the same tall Dutch clock may be ticking in the corner, that has ticked off three or four generations past, and that is now busy with the fifth, ticking and ticking on. I dare say that the snuff-taking book-keepers wear the same wigs that their grandfathers wore; and as for the snuff-boxes and the spectacles, there is not a doubt but they have come down with the ledgers and the day-books, from an age that is utterly gone. I was fortunate enough to have made a Dresden councillor my friend, upon the little boat that

came down from Magdebourg, and the councillor took ice with me at the Café on the *Jungfernstieg*, and chatted with me at table; and after dinner, kindly took me to see an old client of his, of whom he purchased a monkey and two stuffed birds. Whether the old lady, his client, thought me charmed by her treasures, I do not know; though I stared prodigiously at her and her councillor, and she slipped her card coyly in my hand at going out, and has expected me, I doubt not, before this, to buy one of her long tailed imps at the saucy price of ten louis-d'or.

All this, and a look at the demure-faced, pretty Danish country girls toward Altona, and a ride in a one-horse gig through the garden country of Vierland,—cottages peeping out on each side the way, upon a true English road, and haymakers in the fields at sunset, with their rakes on their shoulders, throwing long shadows over the new-mown turf—all this, I say, I had to leave behind me on going to Bremen.

But my decision was made; my bill paid; the drosky at the door. I promised to meet Cameron at the Oude Doelen at Amsterdam, and drove off for the steamer for Harbourg. I never quite forgave myself for leaving Cameron to quarrel out the terms with the valet de place at the Crown Prince;—for which I must be owing him still one shilling and sixpence; for I never saw him afterward, and long before this, he must be tramping over the Muirs of Lanarkshire in the blue and white shooting jacket we bought on the quay at Berlin.

It was a fete day at Hamburg; and the steamer that went over to Harbourg was crowded with women in white. I was quite at a loss among them, in my sober traveling trim, and I twisted the brim of my Roman hat over and over again, to give it an air of gentility; but it would not do;—and the only acquaintance I could make, was a dirty-looking, sandy-haired small man, in a greasy coat, who asked me in broken English, if I was going to Bremen. As I could not understand one word of the jargon of the others about me, I thought it best to secure the acquaintance of even so unfavorable a specimen. It proved, that he was going to Bremen too, and he advised me to go with him in a diligence that set off immediately on our arrival at Harbourg. As it was some time before the mail carriage would leave, I agreed to

his proposal. It was near night when we set off, and never did I pass over duller country, in duller coach, and duller company. Nothing but wastes on either side, half covered with heather, and when cultivated at all, producing only a light crop of rye, which here and there, flaunted its yellow heads over miles of country. The road too, was execrably paved with round stones,—the coach a rattling, crazy, half made, and half decayed diligence. A shoemaker's boy and my companion of the boat, who proved a Bremen Jew, were with me in the back seat, and two little windows were at each side, scarce bigger than my hand. Three tobacco-chewing Dutch sailors were on the middle seat, who had been at Bordeaux, and Jamaica, and the Cape, and in front was an elderly man and his wife—the most quiet of all,—for the woman slept, and the man smoked.

The little villages passed, were poor, but not dirty, and the inns despicable on every account but that of filth. The sailors at each, took their schnapps; and I, at intervals, a mug of beer or dish of coffee. The night grew upon us in the midst of dismal landscape, and the sun went down over the distant rye fields, like a sun at sea. Nor was it without its glory:—the old man who smoked, pulled out his pipe, and nudged his wife in the ribs; and the sailors laid their heads together. It was the color of blood, with a strip of blue cloud over the middle; and the reflections of light were crimson—over the waving grain tops, and over the sky, and over the heather landscape. Two hours after it was dark, and we tried to sleep. The shoemaker smelt strong of his bench, and the Jew of his old clothes, and the sailors, as sailors always smell, and the coach was shut; so it was hard work to sleep, and I dare say it was but little after midnight when I gave it up, and looked for the light of the next day.

It came at last, a white streak along the horizon, but disclosed no better country; nor did we see better until the Jew had put on his bands, and said his Hebraic service by the fair light of morning, in the outskirts of the city of Bremen.

I never want to go to Bremen* again. There are pretty walks upon the ramparts, and there is old hock under the Hotel de Ville in enormous casks, and there are a parcel of mummied bodies lying under the church, that for a silver mark, Hamburg money, the sexton will be delighted to show one; but the town's people, such of them as happened about the Linden-hof, upon the great square, seemed very stupid; and not one could tell me how I was to get to Amsterdam.

In this strait, I had a wish to find the Consul; and the *garçon*, a knowing fellow took me to a magnificent portal on which were the blended arms of all the South American States. I told him it would not do—that there must be stars and stripes; at which he stared very pitiously at me, seeming to think I was a little touched in the brain. But after some further inquiries, I found my way to a cockloft, where a good-natured Dutchman received me, and took me to the Exchange and the wine-cellar, and left me at the Poste, with my name booked for Oldenberg the same afternoon. The mail line was the property of the Duke of Oldenberg, and a very good one it was, for we went off in fine style in a sort of drosky drawn by two Dutch ponies.

There is a dreamy kind of pleasure in scudding so fast over so smooth and pretty roads as lay between us that afternoon and the capital of the Duchy of Oldenberg. There was a kindly-looking old man sat opposite to me in the drosky, who would have talked with me more—for we mustered a little of a common language—but for a gabbling Danois, who engross-

* Bremen, it would seem, is to be the terminus of a line of steamers from New York to Europe. What can be the motive for such course of action, it is hard to conjecture. In the first place, no steamer can approach within eight miles of Bremen—of the capacity proposed: and from that point (Bremerhaven) to the city, there is no means of conveyance, save a poor diligence, or row-boats. In the next place, when Bremen is reached, there are no means of getting away or transmitting the mails, but by diligence; whereas from Antwerp or Hamburg, are railways or steamers connecting with all the great capitals. Again, Bremen being limited in territory to its city bounds, can offer no inducements to our government, in the shape of easy contracts for mail transportation. The Belgian Government has already made repeated offers of this sort. Bremen seems to have derived a fictitious importance from its large tobacco trade with our southern cities, and from the fact of its being the great point of embarkation for the emigrants of Hanover. Sailing packets will, of course, always remain the vehicles of this sort of business; and the trade connections growing out of it, can surely be as readily arranged by mails to Antwerp or London, as by mails direct.

ed nearly the whole of his time. I met him again in the park of the Duke, and arm in arm the *vieillard* and I rambled over it together, under the copper-leaved beech trees, and by the stripes of water that lay in the lawn. Sometimes we would meet a family of the town at their evening stroll, the youngsters trooping it over the green-sward, and the half-grown girls shading their faces with the roses that grow so profusely in the park. Then would come along, laughing, a company of older ones. I would button up my coat, and put on my cleanest glove, and make the best appearance I could with my traveling trim; but for all that, there were a great many wicked glances thrown at me; and half a dozen times, I vowed I would be looking better on my next visit to Oldenberg. It would all be very well on the great routes of travel, where every third man you meet is a *voyageur* like yourself, and where a sort of traveling etiquette prevails. Not so in the out of the way, quiet, and home-like towns, where a new comer is at once an object of attention, and put down in the tattle-books of the gossips.

The palace was empty; a sentinel or two were pacing at the gates. It was in Oldenberg I saw first the Dutch taste for flowers. Every house had its parterre of roses and tulips; and the good old custom of taking tea in the midst of them, before the door, was zealously maintained. And I could see the old ladies lifting their tea-pots, and the girls smirking behind their saucers, as I walked before the houses, still chatting with the old gentleman of the drosky. When we had come back to his inn, we had grown quite familiar, and wholly forgot, until we told each other of it, that our paths diverged on the morrow, forever. It is sad, and it is pleasant, this experience of solitary wayside travel! An hour you interchange thought with a man of different language, different country, different religion, and different ideas of what is moral. You unite with him only on a common social ground—you grow into his thoughts, you look out through his eyes. Your sympathies chime together on some common subject, your feelings towards him grow warm, your familiarity increases; you take him, in words, to your home; you extend the sympathies, that grow and kindle into a flame at the recollection, around the new heart, that seems to pulsate with yours; and he takes you to his home, and your

affections, warmed, take the impulse and bound under it, and you are united to him by ties pure as blood ties; and yet, when you shake his hand, as I shook the hand of that old gentleman that evening on the banks of the little stream that runs into the Weser, an uncontrollable sadness comes over you, for it is the last shaking of hands that you or he will know. His sentiments may be as different from yours on some subjects that have a shape formed by education, as light from darkness. What on earth matters it, if he be Jew, or Catholic, or German? There will be words, and warm words, as common to him as to you; and he who shrinks them into little words, that have meaning so limited they cannot touch feelings except they are biased just as his on every point, does not know how to use words well, or as the God of nature meant they should be used.

In familiar life, and in a world we know, we shape words to characters: insensibly we make an estimate of what a man's opinions may be, and we shape conduct to the opinions—either to combat them or to humor them, but all the while with them in view. In a strange world, of creeds so variant and curious as scatter over the surface of the Continent, one meets man as a man, and a man only; and he tempers thought and intercourse upon a grand range—a range limited only by human sympathies; and he does not think to jar on this opinion or that, but embraces opinions that must belong to every human feeling soul. The mind and the heart expand on this great ground. Sensibilities take quicker impulse where there are no codes to regulate them: affections break out free and evenly divided: prejudice is bewildered, for the landmarks are lost. What glorious openness and evenness of feeling grow out of such experience! How one towers up, and towers up, until he feels that he can look down on the wranglers about differences of opinion—there they squabble away, the poor creatures! about thinking unlike, and can never agree to do it: they are defining charity, and cannot lift themselves to the nobleness of its practice.

I believe, on my honor, I should have preached a very good sort of a sermon that night, with no better text than the cheerful talk the gray-haired man of Bremen and I had together, along the pretty paths of the park of Oldenberg. I could

not do justice to my chops and wine at the Hotel de Russie: so I went off early to bed.

It was a good drosky and good horses put to it, that was standing at the door of the bureau de poste next morning, to take me on my way to Amsterdam. The back seats and front seats were both empty, and I dreaded near a two days' ride alone. But just as I got in, there came up a young man of nineteen or twenty, and took a place beside me. Company was agreeable; but two days together, with no common language to talk in, would be worse than no company at all.

Presently it came—just as I thought, infernal Dutch.

I shook my head in a sour way: and so, thought I, he takes me for a Dutchman; and partly nettled with this notion, and partly annoyed at not being able to talk, I muttered, "*le diable!*"

The exclamation was out of all place, for my companion spoke French better than I. He had French communicativeness, too, and in a half hour we were old friends. He was the oldest of nine children of a merchant of Amsterdam. Eight years he had sucked the ink from the quills in his father's counting-room. But two years back there had come under his father's patronage an Italian skipper. The skipper and he had passed many a quiet afternoon together over the tall desks, and while the old *Meinheer* was puffing at his *meerscham*, in the leather-bottomed chair of the inner office, the young *Meinheer* had lolled over the long stools, killing flies with the end of his ruler, and listening to the skipper's stories of those parts of the world which lie beyond the *Zuyder Zee*. His youthful imagination became inflamed, and with it, his love of knowledge. He added Italian to French, and begged his father to let him change his position. He was tired of the old counting-room down by the *Amstel*, and tired of looking forever into the dirty *Keizers Gracht*. The children at home were good children and quiet children: but little *Frans*, and *Girard*, and *Jans* would catch hold of his coat-tails when he came in from the office tired, and would pull his hair if he did not take one in his lap, and ride the other on his foot. "All which," said my companion, "took up my evenings; which young men like you and I want to themselves."

I gave him an affirmative nod, and he went on—

"For six months my father considered

the subject. Meantime little *Frans* was growing up to be as high at the desk as I. The skipper became more eloquent of other lands; and I listened and grew enamored. At length one day—a week Monday—my father called me in the office and put a batch of letters in my hand, and counted out a hundred guilders, and told me I might go, and see what could be done in Bremen."

"In Bremen?" said I.

"Bremen, Monsieur."

"It is a little way," said I.

"*Pardon, Monsieur, pardon*, it is a long way from Amsterdam."

"I am come farther within a month—even from Vienna."

"*Monsieur!—Quel grand chemin!*"

"And before that, from Rome."

"*Par bleu!*"

"And from Paris."

"*Ciel!*"

"And from America."

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*"

When he had recovered a little from his good-natured astonishment, I inquired after his success. It could not have been better: the second day in the strange city he had secured a place, he had lived like a prince at the inn, had drunk a bottle of *Hockheimer* a day, and was now, with fifteen guilders left, going back to arrange his final departure from his home and kindred.

I felt interested in my companion's story, as showing the simplicity and quietude of the Dutch character; and if the reader has been as much so, he will care nothing about the country we passed over, before stopping to dine.

The postillion had given two blasts on his bugle; I gulped down the last glass of wine, seized a piece of the old lady's cheese in my hand, and we settled the cost between us, my companion and I, on the back seat of the coach. My Dutch friend had well improved his one trip over the road, for I noticed that the maid of the inn at *Lingen* gave him a familiar nod and a very encouraging look, leaving me to the guidance of a middle-aged woman in boots, who entertained a half-score of fat, short boys, who followed us, by telling them that the *Meinheer* in the gray hat and coat was a live American; nor did I get rid of the troop, until I went in for that supper at that town on the *Ems*.

Here, our post arrangements underwent a change; and we were reduced to choice of seats in a wretched old dili-

gence. It was dark when we got in the coach, and I could not make out what sort of companions we had. At eleven and a half we were fairly jolted asleep, when there was a stop for the officers of the customs of Holland. All escaped, except an old fellow who was dreaming before me, and who could give no satisfactory account of a savory package in his lap. He looked appealingly, with his eyes half open, at the officer with the lantern; but the officer with the lantern was unfortunately wide awake, and our poor fellow-traveler was at length obliged to confess to—sausages: they took him and his meats out of the coach, and for a half-hour we waited in the cold, before the poor soul came back, muttering over his prostrate hopes.

A little past sunrise, I took my first cup of coffee in a true Dutch inn. The floor was as clean as the white deal table, but made of polished tiles; the huge chimney was adorned with the same. The walls were fresh painted and washed; the dishes were set on edge upon the shelves, and the copper saucepans hung round, as redly bright as in Bassano's pictures. The clock stood in the corner, the slate and the pencil were hanging beside the casement; a family portrait hung over one end of the mantel, and the hour-glass and the treasures were ranged below. A black and white cat was curled up and dozing in a straight-backed chair, and a weazen-faced landlady was gliding about in a stiff white cap.

When we reached Deventer, it was the middle of the morning of a market day, and the short-gowned women thronging over the great square, under the shadow of the cathedral, seemed just come out of the studios of the old Dutch painters. We ate some of the eggs that were in pyramids among them, at the inn of the Crown. Rich enough is the primitiveness of all this region. Even the rude stares that met me and my southern garb in the streets were more pleasant than annoying. Strangers rarely come into that region, merely to look about them; and so little is there even of local travel, that the small silver coin I had taken the evening before, was looked doubtfully upon by the gingerbread dealers of Deventer. In every other portion of Europe I had been harassed by falling in with French and English, in every coach and at every inn. Here I was free from all but na-

tives; and not a single post carriage had I fallen in with, over all the country from Bremen to Deventer. There was a spice of old habits in every action. There was a seeming of being translated a century or two back in life; and neither in coaches, nor horses, nor taverns, nor hostesses, was there anything to break the seeming. The eggs at the inn were served in old style; the teapot, low and sprawling, was puffing out of a long, crooked nose by the fire in good old fashion; the maid wore a queer old cap and stomacher, and she and the cook peeped through the half-opened door, and giggled at the strange language we were talking.

The daughters of the market women were many of them as fresh and rosy as their red cabbages, and there were daughters of gentlewomen, looking as innocent as the morning air, out of the open casements:—in short, I was half sorry I had booked for Arnheim, and what was worse, that the coach was at the door of the Crown. Many a time before and since, my heart has rebelled against being packed off from bright sunny towns, whose very air one seems to love, and still more the pleasant faces that look after you. What large spots in memory, bright, kind-looking faces cover over! But they pass out of sight, and only come back, a long way off, in dreams—blessed be Heaven for that! And when one wakes from them into the vividness of present interests, he seems to have the benefit of two worlds at once—blessed be Heaven for that, too!

I should have grown very sulky in the coach, had it not been for the exceedingly beautiful scenery we were going through. The fields were as green as English fields, and the hedges as trim and blooming as English hedges. The cottages were buried in flowers and vines, and an avenue embowered us all the way. A village we passed through was the loveliest gem of a village, that could bless an old or a young lady's eyes in Europe. The road was as even and hard as a table, and winding. Hedges were each side of it, and palings here and there as neatly painted as the interiors at home; and over them, amid a wilderness of roses and jessamines, the white faces of pleasant-looking Dutch cottages: the road throughout the village as tidy as if it had been swept, and the trees so luxuriant that they bent over to the coach-top. Here, again, I would

have wished to stop—to stop, by all that is charming in bright eyes—for half a life-time.

An old Dutch lady, a worthy burgomaster's wife of Arnheim, would not leave off pointing to me the beauties as they came up, with her "fort joli," and "charmant;" to all of which I was far more willing in accordance, than of the two-thirds of the coach seat, which was surely never intended for such sized bodies as that of the burgomaster's wife. I was sorry, notwithstanding, when we had finished our ride in the clean streets of Arnheim, and set off, in a hard rain, by the first train for Amsterdam. All the way down, through Naarden and Utrecht, the rain was pouring so hard, that I had only glimpses of water and windmills. I bade my friend of the office in the Amstel good-by, and though he promised to call at my inn, I never saw him again.

I did not much like the little back room on the first floor they gave me at the Oude Doelen, for it seemed I could almost put the end of my umbrella into the canal, and there was a queer craft with a long bowsprit lying close by, that for aught I knew, with a change of tide, might be tangling her jib-boom in my sheets. I ventured to say to my host, that the room might be damp.

"Le diable," said my host; and without making further reply to my suggestion, turned round and spoke very briskly with the head-waiter. What he said I do not know; but when he had finished, the waiter clasped his hands, looked very intently at me, and exclaimed, with the utmost fervor, "Mon Dieu!"

I saw I had committed, however innocently, some very grave mistake, so I thought to recommend myself to their charities, by taking the room at once, and saying no more about the dampness.

When I woke up, the sun was reflected off the water in the canal into my eyes. From the time I had left Florence, four months before, I had not received a letter from home, and my first object was to seek out a Mr. Van Bercheem, to whom I was duly accredited. Godsend, in verity, are letters from home, to one wandering alone; and never did a wine lover break the green seal off the Hermitage as eagerly as I broke open the broad red wax, and lay back in the heavy Dutch chair, and read, and thought, and dreamed—dreamed that Europe was gone—utterly vanished; and a country

where the rocks are rough, and the hills high, and the brooks all brawlers, come suddenly around me, where I walked between homely fences, but under glorious old trees, and opened gateways that creaked; and trod pathways that were not shaven, but tangled and wild; and said to my dog, as he leaped in his crazy joy half to my head—"Good fellow, Carlo!" and took this little hand, and kissed that other soft cheek—heigho! dreaming surely; and I all the while in the little back parlor of the Oude Doelen, at Amsterdam!

A rosy young woman came out into the shop that I entered with the valet, upon one of the dirty canals, and led me into a back hall, and up a dark stairway, and rapped at a door, and Mr. Van Bercheem appeared. He was a spare, thin-faced man of forty, a bachelor, wedded to business. At first, he saw in me a new connection in trade; it was hard to disappoint him, and I half encouraged the idea, but my present travel, I assured him, was wholly for observation.

"Ah, he had tried it, but it would not do. He was lost, withering up soul and body, when he was away from his counting-room. He had tried the country, he had tried society for a change, but he could find no peace of mind away from his books."

He spoke of the great names upon 'change, the Van Diepens, the Van Huyens, the De Heerns; and I fancied there had been hours, when he had listened to himself, adding to the roll, Van Bercheem.

The valet put his head in at the door, to ask if I wished him longer; I dismissed him, and the merchant thanked me.

"These fellows are devils, monsieur; he has been keeping his place there at the door to know what business you and I can have together, and he will tattle it in the town; and there are men who disgrace the profession of a merchant, who will pay such dogs;" and he lowered his voice, and stepped lightly to the door and opened it again, but I was glad the valet had gone.

He asked me in with him to breakfast; it was only across the back hall, a little parlor, heavily curtained, clean as Dutch parlors are always. The breakfast was served, I knew not by whom—perhaps the rosy woman in the shop below. A cat that walked in and lay down on the rug, was the only creature I saw, save my friend, the merchant. I tried to lead

him to talk of the wonders and of the society of Amsterdam; but his mind worked back insensibly to 'change and trade. It was a fearful enthusiasm. I thought of Horace's lines:

Quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet,—

Burning, surely! He finished his breakfast and went back with me to the counting-room. He gave me a list of his correspondences: he put in my hands a great packet of cards of houses from Smyrna to Calcutta, and of each he gave me a brief history, with the neverfailing close that each was safe and honorable. He pressed upon me thirty-five cards of the house of Van Bercheem; he wished me success; he hoped I would not be forgetful of him, and sent a little Dutch boy in the office to show me the Palace. He went back pale to his books. I shall never forget him.

In an hour, with the Dutch boy, I was on the top of the tower of the Palace. The view that lay under my eye that July day, and one, not wholly dissimilar, seen three months before from the tower of San Marco at Venice, are the most strange that met my eye in Europe. Here, as at Venice, there was a world of water, and the land lay flat and the waters played up to the edges as if they would cover it over. At Venice, the waters were bright, and green, and moving. At Amsterdam, they lay still and black in the city, and only where the wind ruffled them in the distance, did they show a sparkle of white. The houses, too, seemed tottering on their uneasy foundations, as the palaces of Venice and the tower of the Greek Church had seemed to sway. But the greatest difference between the two was in the stir of life. Beneath me, in the Dutch Capital, was the Palace Square and the Exchange, thronging with thousands, and cars and omnibuses rattling among them. Along the broad canals, the boatmen were tugging their clumsy crafts, piled high with the merchandise of every land. Every avenue was crowded, every quay cumbered with bales, and you could trace the boats along the canals bearing off in every direction—even India ships were gliding along upon artificial water above the meadows where men were reaping; and the broad high dykes, stretching like sinews between land and water, were studded thick with mills,

turning unceasingly their broad arms, and multiplying in the distance to mere revolving specks upon the horizon. Venice seemed asleep. The waves, indeed, broke with a light murmur against the palace of the Doge, and at the foot of the tower; but the boats lay rocking lazily on the surface of the water, or the graceful gondolas glided noiselessly. The Greek sailors slept on the decks of their quaint feluccas; no roll of cart, or horses' heavy tread, echoed over the Piazza di San Marco; a single man-of-war lay with her awning spread at the foot of the Grand Canal. There was an occasional footfall on the pavement below us; there was the dash of the green sea-water over the marble steps; there was the rustling of the pigeons' wings, as they swooped in easy circles around us, and then bore down to their resting-places among the golden turrets of St. Mark; everything beside was quiet!

The little Dutch boy and I went down the steps together. I thanked him, and asked him my way into the Jews' quarter of the town. He would not permit me to go alone. He had learned French at his school, where, he said, all the boys of merchants spoke it only; and a great many intelligent inquiries he made of me about that part of the world which could not be seen from the top of the palace tower; for farther, poor soul, he had never been. The tribe of Abraham cannot be clean even in Dutch-land; and though their street was broad, and the houses rich, there was more filth in it than in all the rest of Amsterdam together. There they pile old clothes, and they polish diamonds by the thousand.

Walking along under the trees upon the quays beside the canals, one sees in little square mirrors, that seem to be set outside the windows of the houses for the very purpose, the faces of the prettiest of the Dutch girls. Old women, fat and spectacled, are not so busy with their knitting but they can look into them at times, and see all down the street, without ever being observed. It is one of the old Dutch customs, and while Dutch women are gossips, or Dutch girls are pretty, it will probably never go by. In Rotterdam, at Leiden, at Utrecht, and the Hague, these same slanting mirrors will stare you in the face. Nowhere are girls' faces prettier than in Holland; complexions pearly white, with just enough of red in them to give a healthy bloom, and their hands are as fair, soft and tapering,

as their eyes are full of mirth, witchery and fire. I went through the street of the merchant princes of Amsterdam. A broad canal sweeps through the centre, full of every sort of craft, and the dairy-women land their milk, from their barges, on the quay, in front of the proudest doors. The houses and half the canal are shaded with deep-leaved lindens, and the carriages rattle under them, with the tall houses one side, and the waters the other. My boy guide left me at the steps of the Royal Gallery. There is in it a picture of twenty-five of the old City Guard, with faces so beer-loving and real, that one sidles up to it, with his hat hanging low, as if he were afraid to look so many in the face at once. And opposite, are some noble fellows of Rembrandt's painting, going out to shoot; they jostle along, or look you in the face, as carelessly as if they cared not one fig for you, or the Dutch burgomaster's family, who were with me, looking on, that morning. And there was a painted candle-light, and a bear-hunt. How, a tempest of memory scuds over them all, here in my quiet chamber, that I can no more control, than the wind that is blowing the last leaves away! Would to Heaven, I could bring them all back—only so many quaint things and curious as lie together in the old Dutch Capital—churches, and pictures, and quays, and dykes, and spreading water—sluggish and dead within, but raging like a horse that is goaded without! Like a toad the city sits, squat upon the marshes; and her people push out the waters, and pile up the earth against them, and sit down quietly to smoke. Ships come home from India and ride at anchor before their doors, coming in from the sea through paths they have opened in the sand, and unlading their goods on quays that quiver on the bogs,

"As miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labor, fished the land to
shore,

And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if't had been of ambergris;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear
away;
Or than those pills, which sordid beetles
roll,
Transfusing into them their dunghill
soul."

The satire is undeserved; old Andrew

Marvel lived in the days when Dutch prowess on the water tintured English blood with jealousy.

Van Bercheem had told me I must go over to Buiksloot to see the ship-canal; so, one sunny noon, I sailed over, and fell in with an India Captain, who was my interpreter. He was a fat, easy talking Dutchman; but I do not now remember the half that he said about his ship and his trip down the China Seas, and the great canal we were upon. And it was something very odd, and struck me very oddly, that he, a Dutchman from Japan, should be describing to me, half a savage, from a little nook of savage country, as far West as he had been East, the strange things that were coming to our eyes through the cabin windows of our boat.

One side we looked over a wild waste, with rank herbage here and there, and over the far-off edge of which appeared some of the windmills of Saardam; the other side, we looked down upon a soft meadow where cattle were grazing, while water that floated ships was only a stone's throw away, and high over its level.

Sober-looking cottages were here and there along the margin of the canal, with sober-looking burghers smoking in the door-ways, living safely enough now; but if old Ocean were to take one little madcap leap—and he has done it before—they would go down into the sea, with their herring. Along the great sea-dyke at Saardam, one may see the ocean trying to leap over; and standing low down upon the meadow, one hears the waves dashing against the dyke high over his head, upon the other side.

From Buiksloot, a little village in the trees, upon the bank of the grand canal, I would go on to Broek; so the Captain gave me over to the patronage of a little skipper, who ran his boat over the cross-country canals. A half-hour's sail brought us in sight of the church spire, rising from among the trees, and soon appeared the chimney tops, and finally the houses themselves, of the little town of Broek, all prettily reflected in a clear side-basin of the canal, that was as quiet as the air of the town. A town it hardly is; but a group of houses among rich trees, where eight hundred neighbors live, and make things so neat, that strangers come a thousand miles for a look at the wondrous nicety. Passing by the basin of smooth water that reflected so prettily the church

and the trees, we stopped before a little inn, finely shaded with a beech trained into an arbor all over the front. A very, very pretty blue-eyed Dutch girl of twenty, received me. We could talk nothing together; but there happened a stupid old Meinheer smoking with his wife at the door, through whom I explained my wants.

I saw by the twinkle in her eye that she comprehended. If I had spoken an hour it could not have been better—my dinner. There were cutlets white as the driven snow, and wine with cobwebs of at least a year's date on the bottle, and the nicest of Dutch cheese, and strawberries and profusion of delicious cream. The blue-eyed girl had stolen out to put on another dress while I was busy with the first cutlet; and she wore one of the prettiest little handkerchiefs imaginable on her shoulders, and she glided about the table so noiselessly, so charmingly, and arranged the dishes so neatly, and put so heaping a plateful of strawberries before me, that, confound me! I should have kept by the dinner table until night if the old lady had not put her head in the door, to say—there was a person without who would guide me through the village.

"And who is to be my guide?" said I, as well as I could say it.

The old lady pointed opposite. I thought she misunderstood me and asked her again.

She pointed the same way: it was a stout woman with a baby in her arms!

Was there ever such a Cicerone before? I looked incredulously at my hostess; she looked me honestly enough back, and set her arms a-kimbo. I tried to understand her to point to her blue-eyed daughter, who was giggling behind her shoulder, but she was inexorable.

I grew frightened; the woman was well enough, though jogging upon forty. But the baby! what on earth should it be doing; suppose she were to put it in my arms in some retired part of the village! only fancy me six leagues from Amsterdam, with only ten guilders in my pocket, and a fat Dutch baby squalling in my hands? But the woman, with a ripe, red, laughing cheek had a charitable eye, and we set off together.

Not a bit though could we talk, and it was "*nichts, nichts*," however I put the questions. Nature designed eyes to talk half a language, and the good soul pleaded to me with hers for the beauty of her village; words of the oldest cicerone

could not plead stronger. And as for the village, it needed none. It was like dreaming; it was like fairy land. Away, over a little bridge we turned off the tow-path of the canal, and directly were in the quiet ways of the town. They were all paved with pebbles or bricks arranged in every quaint variety of pattern; and all so clean that I could find no place to throw down the stump of my cigar.

The grass that grew up everywhere to the edge of the walks was short—not the prim shortness of French shearing, but it had a look of dwarfish neatness, as if custom had habituated it to short growth, and habit become nature. All this in the public highway—not five yards wide, but under so strict municipal surveillance that no horse or unclean thing was allowed to trample on its neatness. Once a little donkey harnessed to a miniature carriage passed us, in which was a Dutch miss, to whom my lady patroness with the baby bowed low, came tottling by. It was evidently, however, a privileged lady, and the donkey's feet had been waxed. Little yards were before the houses, and these stocked with all sorts of flowers arranged in all sorts of forms, and so clean—walks, beds, and flowers—that I am sure, a passing sparrow could not have trimmed his feathers in the plat, without bringing out a toddling Dutch wife with her broom. The fences were absolutely polished with paint; and the hedges were clipped not with shears, but scissors. Now and then faces would peep out of the windows, but in general, the curtains were close drawn. We saw no men but one or two old gardeners and half-a-dozen painters. Girls we met who would pass a word to my entertainer, and a glance to me, and a low curtsy, and would chuckle the baby under the chin, and glance again. But they were not better dressed nor prettier than the rest of the world, beside having a great deal shorter waists and larger ankles. They looked happy, and healthy, and homelike. Little boys were rolling along home from school—rolling, I mean, as a seaman rolls—with their short legs, and fat bodies, and phlegmatic faces. Two of them were throwing off hook and bait into the canal from under the trees; and good fishers, I dare say, they made, for never a word did they speak, and I almost fancied that if I had stepped quietly up, and kicked one of them into the water, the other would have quietly pulled

in his line, taken off his bait, put all in his pocket, and toddled off in true Dutch style, home, to tell his Dutch mamma.

Round pretty angles that came unlooked for, and the shady square of the church—not a sound anywhere—we passed along, the woman, the baby, and I. Half-a-dozen times I wanted Cameron with me to enjoy a good Scotch laugh at the oddity of the whole thing; for there was something approaching the ludicrous in the excess of cleanliness—to say nothing about my stout attendant, whose cares and anxieties were most amusingly divided between me and the babe. There was a large garden, a phthisicky old gardener took me over, with puppets in cottages, going by clock-work—an old woman spinning, dog barking, and wooden mermaids playing in artificial water; these all confirmed the idea with which the extravagant neatness cannot fail to impress one, that the whole thing is a mockery, and in no sense earnest. From this, we wandered away in a new quarter, to the tubs, and pans, and presses of the dairy. The woman in waiting gave a suspicious glance at my feet when I entered the cow-stable; and afterward when she favored me with a look into her home, all beset with high polished cupboards and china, my steps were each one of them regarded—though my boots had been cleaned two hours before—as if I had been treading in her churn, and not upon a floor of stout Norway plank. The press was adorned with brazen weights and bands shining like gold. The big mastiff who turned the churn was sleeping under the table, and the maid showed me over the low ditches in the fields, for the sun was getting near to the far away flat grounds in the west. With another stroll through the clean streets of the village, I returned to my little inn, where I sat under the braided limbs of the beech tree over the door. There was something in the quiet and cleanness that impressed me like a picture or a curious book. It did not seem as if healthy flesh and blood, with all its passions and cares, could make a part of such a way of living. It was like reading a Utopia, only putting household economy in place of the *politeia* of Sir Thomas More. I am sure that some of the dirty people along the Rhone and in the Vallais Canton of Switzerland, if suddenly translated to the grass slopes that sink into the water at Broek, would imagine it some new creation.

So I sat there musing before the inn, looking out over the canal, and the vast plain with its feeding flocks, and over the groups of cottages, and windmills, and far off delicate spires.

By and by a faint gush of a distant bugle note came up over the evening air. It was from the boat that was to carry me back to Amsterdam.

It came again, and stronger, and rolled tremulously over the meadows. The sheep feeding across the canal lifted their heads and listened. The blue-eyed girl of the inn came and leaned against the door-post and listened too. The landlady put her sharp eyes out of the half opened window and looked down the meadows. The music was not common to the boaters of Broek. Presently came the pattering steps of the horse upon the foot-way, and the noise of the rush of the boat, and a new blast of the bugle. The sheep opposite lifted their heads and looked,—and turned,—and looked again, and ran away in a fright.

The blue-eyed girl was yet leaning in the door-way, and the old lady was looking out of the window when the boat slowly sailed by and left the inn out of sight.

I was standing by the side of the skipper, musing on what I had seen: one does not get there, after all, a true idea of the Dutch country character, since the village is mostly peopled by retired citizens. This other, the true Ostade, and Teniers light upon Dutch land, is seen farther north and east, and in glimpses as we floated along the canal in the evening twilight home. The women were seated at the low doors knitting, or some belated ones were squatting like frogs on the edge of the canal, scrubbing their coppers till they shone in the red light of sunset, brighter than the moon. Our skipper with his pipe sitting to his tiller, would pass a sober good 'eben' to every passer on the dyke, and to every old Dutchman smoking at his door; and every passer on the dyke, and every smoking Dutchman at his door would solemnly bow his good 'eben' back. More than this nothing was said.

One could hear the rustling of the reeds along the bank, as our boat pushed a light wave among them. Far in advance, a black tall figure—the boy was moving on his horse, but he did not break the silence by a word. The man in the bow was quiet, and we so still behind that I

could count every whiff of the skipper's pipe. The people were coming up through the low meadows from their work, and occasionally some old woman harnessed to a boat load of hay in a side canal. And soon—sooner than I thought—the spires of the city were black in the sky before us. In an hour, I was in the back room at the Oude Doelen, in bed. What on earth had become of Cameron?

Five days, and he had not come. I thought of the little Prussian vixen, but her father had a lynx's eye—I thought of the two pretty Russians; but their mamma sat between them—I thought of the *Sue-doise* bride, but her husband was a Tartar. And so thinking, and my heart warming with pity toward all who have Tartars for husbands, I fell gently asleep.

HINTS TO ART UNION CRITICS.

WHEN we begin to exercise our senses upon works of Imitative Art, we are first impressed, as in Nature, with the forms and colors; but soon a deeper sense is asserted, and we discover the resemblances, the beauty of the parts, and, finally, the tone and oneness of the composition.

Let the scene represented be the murder of a son by his father, with all the bloody horrors that might attend on such a deed. Already the brain and bowels of the victim are dashed out by the murderous axe: the insane father, with the countenance of a fiend, stands meditating his completed work. The figures are correctly drawn, excellently colored; the attitudes are terrible, free and natural; the picture is complete in its parts, and has a sombre tone, with appropriate scenery. In fine, it is a perfect work, and renders back a true image of nature. One only defect it has, and that is fatal to it: *the subject is unfit*; it is hateful, horrible. We will not look at it, nor praise it, much less purchase or make a show of it. The painter has lost his labor, and injured his reputation. It is, therefore, evident that not the mere imitation of nature, but the imitation of what is sublime, beautiful or fanciful in nature is the object of the painter's skill. His subjects must amuse the fancy, satisfy the sense of beauty, arouse sublime emotions; or they fail to be artistic, and have no more intrinsic value than a ballad or narrative which should describe with a villainous accuracy a banquet of vultures or a scene of incestuous commerce.

To escape all confusion of ideas regarding the true objects of pictorial art, it

is necessary to make a distinction between the poetical and artistical view of nature; for it is certain, poets and painters see things with different eyes. The poetic imagination occupies itself with the motion and the change of things—it delights in movement and in revolution, the turn of events, the catastrophe, the deed—change is its passion, its *forte*. But in representative art, we see exactly the reverse; and the most perfect designs represent the fixed quality of things—as in the quiet Madonnas of Raphael, the Moses and the Night and Morning of Angelo, and, above all, the Antinous and Jove of Greek sculpture.

It would be idle to say that motion can be shown in painting or in statuary; only such moments are representable as the eye may catch and remember; and such moments are times of rest—pauses or instants previous to motion: as when the orator has just lifted his arm, and holds it for an instant extended; when an eagle stoops in her flight, or soars quietly; when the courser gathers himself for a spring, or is holding himself extended in the leap; when the two wrestlers have seized each other, and are stilled in their striving by equality of strength;—only such points as these have been chosen by the best artists as truly representable; and if the painter, neglecting this principle, attempts to paint real motion in bodies, he produces a ridiculous stiffness, as if his figures had been struck by a thunderbolt, or petrified on a sudden in their motion. The effect of such figures is like that of those taken from lay figures, or jointed dolls, as is very commonly done, without a proper study of the life; for the designer

begins with putting the limbs of the doll, or manikin, into an attitude of motion, in which it could not remain an instant if alive without suffering pain; and when these are put upon canvas, they give an almost equal pain to the eye of the connoisseur.

This vice of the studio may be classed with that of the theatre. Every one may have observed that some painters give an air to their subjects which is merely theatrical; or such as as would be taken on by an actor whose genius is not of the first order. This kind attribute passionate actions to moral emotions, and by that error make heroes appear like naughty boys, and proud ladies like forward minxes. In such hands, King Lear is but a driveler, and Hamlet a metaphysical coxcomb; Cordelia looks pert, and Sir Thomas More quizzes the executioner. In this vice, the actor or the figure always anticipates his part, and is so ready and complete with his passions and surprises, we soon learn them by heart and set them down at their true value.

The vice of the *study* and the theatre follows that of the *parlor*. Nothing is more commonly to be seen in portraits than a silly, impudent, or artificial stare, contracted, perhaps, by the perpetual study of silly, impudent, or artificial faces, or by a desire on the painter's part to give a fashionable air to his faces; a fault which never makes its appearance in design, without disgusting one-half the world, at least.

Another remarkable fault, and which must flow altogether from the painter's own disposition, is the choice of contemptible subjects. A painter of fine abilities will often expend the very marrow of his genius in the representation of mean and pitiful ideas. Here, for example, we have a piece entitled, "The Junk Bottle," in which two or three ragged hay-makers grin ominously at you from over a bottle of "black strap," of which they are about to drink.

Let us imagine, for an instant, the different handlings of this subject by a Flemish painter of the old school, and a modern one of no school. The Flemish artist begins his piece under a belief that his object is to *please* the observer. He remembers that it is *not* a pleasure to be irreverently blinked at by three impudent fellows; or that if there is any satisfaction to be felt in such an accident, it is of a kind which even a coxcomb would take care to conceal.

The Flemish artist would make a *scene* of his picture, as a good actor makes a "scene" of the play, disconnecting it from the spectator, who should seem to look at it from without, as one looks out upon a prospect, affected by it, but not affecting it. For the instant we begin to influence a scene by our presence, and perceive this effect, or seem to perceive it, the scenical pleasure, which it is the business of true art to produce, is replaced by one of a very different kind. Every person who frequents the theatre, will have noticed the disagreeable effect of the stolen glances of the actors upon the audience. A frequent repetition of them produces a laugh or a hiss, as the humor prompts. But the effect of painting is feebler in its kind, and requires a much greater skill of management than the stage; and with this disadvantage, that the hiss or the laugh lights, not upon the figure, but on the head of the poor artist, who had not wit enough to hide his own vanity, but it must leak out in his designs.

Perhaps it is impossible for a painter, whose personal character will not permit him to observe the actions of men scenically, to give a true scenic effect to his pictures: which gives a hint of extending the words, "objective" and "subjective," from poets to artists, and of dividing art itself into two forms, the conscious and the unconscious; the affected and unaffected; the natural and the coxcombical.

Here, for example, are two artists; one, an objective, Garrick, or Canova, or Rubens; the other, a subjective, —, or —, or whom you please. The first has a singular power of forgetting himself so completely in his object, and of so separating his personal from his artistic relation to it, that nothing of the former appears in the work; the bust, or character, or picture, does not show us a lady as she smirked upon her particular friend, but a lady *au fait*, with an expression of pure courtesy, as good for all the world as for you or for me. It is not to be denied, that some of the finest pictures in the world have figures which look out upon the spectator; but the effect is always as though they looked, not at our particular selves, but at some thing, or person, beyond us or near us; and the look is accidental; it does not injure the general unity of the piece, but rather strengthens it, by an apparent deviation, as a rope dragging in the water

shows the motion of the boat. If the eyes of the figure are even directed upon our own, the effect may still be perfectly objective, provided no lurking vanity glances from them, of which *we* seem to be the cause; and if then it is objected that in nature the fact is so, and that the features of the sitter, or the life study, do send out unmistakable "subjective" looks; we appeal to our Flemish painter, who assures us that, "the business of art is not merely to copy nature, but to please by the representation." If the painter indulge a comical vein, he may possibly turn these "subjective" looks to some account, but they seem in general as barren for comic as for serious picture; even folly, to be made amusing, must have a touch of originality; it must be, in some measure, disengaged and independent.

To return now to our three hay-makers. The modern artist of no school, will think it effective to put a few ragged holes in their jackets, and to daub their shirts and faces with a little brown pink, or the like, to make them look dirty. Indeed, by the common mode of mixing colors, he will easily distribute a dirtiness over the figures, highly suitable to their quality. The Flemish artist of the old school, on the contrary, did not lay any stress upon dirt and squalor as a source of pleasure. Abiding always by his first conviction, that "the first duty of his art is pleasure," he has taken care to use pure and bright tints for his flesh and draperies, toning these to their proper softness, and avoiding *dirt* in his color as he would poison in his food; and to make sure of this, he seems to have believed that a mixture of green and brown, orange and brown, orange and green, or of white with these, or of black, with a mixture of the three primary tints, piled crudely on the canvas, always makes dirt. Perhaps, with Ostade,* he has laid on his local tints in thin coats, one over the other, preserving a perfect transparency and blending, with the greatest purity and splendor; or, with Rembrandt, he has deposited them in clots of strong and pure color, laid side by side; so as produce an effect of all together upon the eye; but whatever his method, he did not attempt to represent those harsh and dirty colors, so ordinary and so disagreeable in nature.

The Three Hay-makers have nothing of particular interest for the general observer, so far as they are merely hay-makers; but our modern artist of no school, did not consider this when he designed them. He remembered that he himself had been very happy a-making of hay, or seeing it made, on some invalid tour in the country; and that, for him, is "subjective" reason enough why he should represent them. The Fleming, on the contrary, finding it impossible to introduce these invalid associations, or the smell of fresh hay, or the taste of buttermilk, into his picture, took care, instead of these, to offer a satisfaction to the eye and mind, not only by the purity, harmony, and depth of his color, but by marks of vigor, health and pleasure in the figures. His hay-makers, though they be very ugly fellows, are wonders in their kind; full of natural happiness, strong-limbed, content; capable of all the rustic pleasures; they are merry over their pottle and viands, and take no heed of the blackening thunder-cloud that lowers on the left. They have borne their labor easily, and enjoy what is before them as though there was nothing else to be considered. All this is evident in a Teniers or a Mieris; as truly as the rapture of devotion, or of love, in a Raphael; or the deep force of character in a Poussin. The hay-makers of our modern, on the other hand, have a raw, sickly look; there is a dyspepsia streak under their eyes; or they have the faces and figures of broken drunkards, whose labors are a grief to them, and life itself a burden; or they have brassy, insolent visnomies, in which no pleasure ever shone, and which therefore give no pleasure. They are naturally, and truly, but not *agreeably*, and therefore not artistically depicted.

No less careful was the Fleming to preserve a proper balance of light and shadow† in this picture. The designer of no school, trusting solely to form, and color, and either ignorant or neglectful of "the power of sombre shadow," chose a point of view for the spectator which puts the sun behind him, and consequently conceals the diversity of clear obscure. A glare of daylight is poured over the landscape, at once painful and monotonous; though in all respects natural. In the folds of the draperies, however, he

* Wilkie's Journal.—Cunningham's Life of Sir David Wilkie.

† The effect of light to shadow space, for space is as three to one, or more.

has not abided by nature; for their shadows are so faint and superficial, we pronounce them unfinished, and tell our friends who ask us what we think of —'s picture of the "Hay-makers," that he would have done better had he put a deal more of black under his warm tints.

The Fleming, abiding by his first plan, (which was, to produce a work that should give perfect satisfaction to the eye and to the seeing, or picture-making intellect, without appeal to personal recollections, to national or provincial prejudices, or poetical emotions,) chose his point of view differently; placing the sun upon the left or right, or even in front, hidden by a skirt of dense cloud. The spectator is delighted with the lively power of his trees and hill-slopes; the shadows under the recesses of the distances, are nearly black, or of the darkest brown, covered with a blue or purple haze. A piece of water, perhaps, lies in the middle ground of the picture; a mill-dam juts across, facing towards us; and the shadow of this dam is almost of an inky blackness; the boles of the trees on either side are marked, as in nature, with black lines in their crevices; the whole has the force of one of Piranisi's engravings of a Roman ruin. Everywhere the strong lights are balanced by strong but always warm shadows. The greens of the trees are supported by red-black shadows in their depths; the draperies of the figures look real, as if daguerreotyped in a good light; the whole is effective and satisfactory. We say of this Fleming, that he was a master in the art of clear-obscure; and that he not only copied Nature, but that, artist-like, he copied her finest moods.

The surface of the modern picture is carelessly loaded with color, in pasty clots; or it is "greasy," as if daubed with soap and fat; or the colors are streaked over a cold blue or muddy ground, which quenches the brightness of its tints; or it is a mealy *mux* of red and yellow, rubbed on as if with a cat's paw. Our modern, too, is firmly persuaded that red and yellow are the only colors of note, and that if Nature had confined her blues to the sky, she would have done a shrewd thing, for he finds it impossible to imitate her blue effects by *mixing* blue with his red and yellow. It is in vain that Haydon shows him that the greater Italian colorists produced their effects by their coats, and not by muddy mixture; it is

of no use to him to know that Rembrandt laid on his colors in pure clots; or to see the effects of either method tried by his brother painters; he is deaf to Hogarth's warning, that a good colorist may be known from a bad one, by his use of blue effects. William Page may talk, and Haydon may rave, and Hogarth may dogmatize, and Wilkie may hint the secret, it has no more effect on him than going to Italy; he is only the more confirmed in his old opinion; he continues to "copy nature in her dirtiest trim."

In this picture of three Hay-makers, with its landscape, the Flemish painter has succeeded, not merely in satisfying the eye, but in pleasing the mind, with images of health and rustic liberty. Without beauty or humor in the figures, he has imparted to them all the sensuous perfection which their condition will admit, and here the power of his picture ends; the subject did not allow of exaltation, and addresses no very profound imagination.

In a picture of another order—let it be, for example, a design of four figures, representing Infancy, Youth, and Age, in that imaginary Saturnian era, the golden age. In the composition of this picture, the artist has embodied all that is exquisite and universal; not only in the forms and attitudes of the figures (which are those of full contentment and repose); but in the very atmosphere, the foliage, and the masses of the landscape. The period chosen is not historical, but ideal, merely: it is a selection and combination of perfections—the brimming of bliss at the instant before it overflows. Let us imagine the progress of this picture from its birth in the Artist's mind to its completion on the canvas.

First it occurred to him to compose a landscape that should be the simplest possible, and yet contain every essential feature. The figures were an after thought.

Beginning on a canvas of medium size covered with a smooth layer of solid white, he sketched in red chalk a horizon interrupted by sharp peaks of snowy mountains, sunken behind a sea. In the middle ground, the sea comes forward in a great arm, broken with a few rocky islands.

On the right of the middle ground, meadows stretch away from the water to the feet of hills which rise gradually, become rugged at their summits, and close in that side of the prospect with broken masses, giving a great breadth of

shadow. The time is evening, two hours before sunset, in summer, and the scene lies in a temperate latitude.

On the left of the observer, (which is the technical *right** of the picture,) bosky, rounded eminences fill the interval from the sea, with green, shadowy swells; their phases falling eastward; (for the sun, behind a bar of brown cloud, delegates his power to its pearly edges.) In the middle ground, the arm of the sea terminates in an irregular plain, which comes forward to the foreground, where the figures are to appear. In the *right* angle of the picture, a forest approaches from the hills, rising gradually, and concluding under your eye and hand, with the body of a vast oak, which covers one-third of the sky, and stretches a crooked arm over the centre. On the left, weather-worn rocks go up, mossy and broken, with tufts of grass and hardy flowers in their crevices. Their black shadows shut in that side of the picture. A thin fall of water appears behind them, and threads of its stream may be seen here and there, until it widens and joins the sea.

Meditating the quiet and simplicity of this scene, it seemed to the artist, as he sketched it, a fitting abode for those Saturnian shepherds who lived in the first hope of creation. Beautifully moulded, of large and full proportions, their bodies composed of features, everywhere expressing grace; without grief, artifice, or pride, or any inequality of character visible in action or gesture; impossible to describe, because ugliness and imperfection alone admit of description; the very creatures of pictorial art, whose province begins where that of sound and language ends.

He sketches a group rudely upon paper, and then fixes it with measured proportions upon the canvas. The attitudes and outlines are studied, if possible, from life; but in doing this he suffered his pencil to glide with great ease over the inequalities of feature, and so escaped the marks of portraiture. There is but little foreshortening, for in this piece all difficulties are to be avoided, and everything is sacrificed to beauty of form.

On the right of the observer, is seen sitting, visible in profile, an old man, the image of wise and fortunate senility. His left hand leans upon a staff, the right, twisted in the flowing locks of his beard, betokens meditation. His eyes are fixed on no object, but seem to revere the earth toward which he is hastening. Before him, in the middle of the group, an infant is lying upon a leopard skin, spread upon the ground, and on the other side, a youth of great stature and Arcadian grace, stands leaning with his left hand upon a crook, and the right on the shoulder of a young woman, who sits negligently with her hands disengaged, regarding the features of the patriarch before her with an almost smiling contentment. The features of these two are counterparts, the very extreme of full, but not luxurious beauty. The locks of the young man are short, half curling; those of the woman are gathered back in a knot, showing a large and beautifully moulded head. Her features are the intermediate of Greek and Northern European, uniting pure outline with varied and full expression. The infant lies with its face upward, with large eyes fixed upon the eyes of the young man, who seems to know it for a copy of himself. The draperies of these figures are the lightest possible, belted over the shoulder and showing a natural elegance. The attitudes are human and social, but full of confiding affection; each seems free, but at the same time a part of all the others. As they are, so they might remain.

We have followed the artist through his sketch even to the last features of it. The outlines are clearly marked, and will not be altered. He begins now to lay in the shadows. This is done first in dark brown,† with stiff oil,‡ allowing the white ground of the picture to show through the half-shadows, and giving the effect of a better kind of bister-drawing. The lights are kept as much as possible in broad masses toward the centre of the picture, that the eye of the observer may not be diverted and wearied with a meaningless variety. In the foreground on either hand, the greatest pos-

* *Lairessce*, Eng. Trans.

† *Fra Bartolomeo* began with profound black shadows.—HAYDON.

‡ *Oglio cotto*, baked linseed, which dries as quickly as a varnish. The finest brown is made with vermilion and black; Venetian red and black is good. Titian said that a painter was no artist who could not make tolerable flesh with black and red alone; he must then have used white grounds.

sible force of shadow is exhausted, even to masses of mere blackness, quite obscuring the ground. The folds of the draperies of all the figures, their shadows on the ground, the darkened side of the hair, and the stones which serve for seats are marked by an almost harsh distinctness of shadow, brown passing into dark brown, and black; but in this first process, the greatest depth of shadow cannot be attained. In the same manner, but with care, and a greater obscurity of features, the designer worked out the detail of his foreground and trees on either hand. With softer touches, he then puts in the half-shadows of the middle ground, touching the lighter shades of the water and meadows, and skimming the distances lightly over, studying everywhere to produce the effect of fine mezzotint engraving, or of daguerreotype, or of some marvelous kind of sepia drawing.

By treating his subject in this elegant and careful manner at the outset, the painter is sure that it will not turn out a false and blundering affair in the conclusion. He has secured the essential points; his work is perfect at the foundation; by dividing, he is sure to conquer; he will not attempt the impossibility of coloring and drawing in the same process. He therefore begins, as the art itself began, by representing all bodies as devoid of proper color, and seen only by the harmonies and contrasts of light and shadow.

Beginning now to put on the local colors of objects, he puts the dark upon dark, and the light upon light, and so secures his picture against the possibility of fading or decay. The tints will never darken or "sink in;"* for the ground of the lights is light itself, and supports them. In the half-shadows, the light ground showing faintly through, produces a beautiful transparency, which no other method can attain. This is the effect so much admired in some old pictures of the Flemish school, painted thinly on white parchment, or on a ground of white lead, or on the canvas itself; as may be seen in some of Jarvis' portraits, which seem to have been executed in the Dutch manner, or near it. Because red is the body color of all opaque objects near at hand, (if they are

individually to please the eye,) he then gives to all in the middle and foreground as much of this tint as they will bear—for expedition using a stiff oil, or a mixture of Vandyke brown, which dries quickly—but mixing no varnish nor composition of mastic, or the like, lest his color decay in course of years: the thinness of the coating of pure red makes this process expeditious enough, and all the while nowhere destroys the transparency. Because a second coat of color is never laid on until the first is perfectly dried, he feels assured that each will have its due effect, and will not destroy those above or under it. The more of light that falls upon a piece painted in this manner, the better it appears; for the stronger rays penetrate all the coatings of oil, and are reflected by the solid white ground.

The picture is now uniformly of a fiery tint; everywhere, even in the faces of the figures, hot and harsh, with the strongest possible contrasts of light and shadow. The distances are clear and sharp: yet, strange to say, they have an extraordinary effect of remoteness, though devoid of air perspective. For it is *not* air perspective *alone* that gives distance, but diminution and indistinctness of parts: this, indeed, in a perfectly clear sky, gives a more effective distance than the mistiest gradations.

Warmth is present everywhere in a sun-lighted scene, even in the sky. The blue of the sky inclines to a delicate purple; the leaves and bodies of trees are warm in their shadowed parts by an effect of accidental colors; the green light producing an effect in the eye itself, which makes the shadows red; but this effect, so carefully preserved in the Dutch and Italian pictures, is so delicate and subtle, it must be imitated by transparent coats, and cannot be given in a mixture, or by one process. Even by the method of our Artist, it will be necessary to glaze the piece with warm tints, when all is finished.

In the next stage our painter lays on the proper, or *local*, colors; and here a new phenomenon appears: whenever a light color is laid thinly over a dark ground, it becomes *bluish*;—the yellows change to greens by the mixture of this

* It has been said of Mr. William Page's pictures, that their light tints will sink away in a few years; but if Mr. Page abides by his own theory this is quite impossible, for his lights and half-shadows are on a *solid white ground*.

bluishness; the greens change to harsh blue-greens, the orange to purplish blondes, and the white itself to skim-milk color, or gray blue. To imitate the local colors correctly, it is necessary to meet this difficulty, by putting yellow-green where green should be, yellow-orange where orange should be, and in general, by putting dark local tints on the shadows and light colors chiefly where the light colors were left; thus keeping to the system with which we began.

Particularly in the flesh and draperies of the figures, the beautiful effects of transparency begin to appear; for the shadows being underneath the color, are invisible, as in nature; the gradations become exquisitely soft, and in a manner *make themselves*.* Because he observes that the blood under the skin gives a certain force and warmth, shining through to all healthy surfaces of flesh, the painter is careful not too much to obscure the red in which he dressed his figures: and to that end lays on the *pure yellow*† of the first body color so thinly it is converted by the brown shadows into a dull green, and by the warm half lights into a fine orange. He restores the warmth of the shadows with pure vermilion in thin oil; he *finishes* the carnations by several glazings of yellows, purples, and whites, or by a mixture of white and yellow, or red and yellow. He places the blue veins and the red of the cheeks under the final surfaces, to preserve a soft transparency: everywhere, in the eyes, hair, red of the lips, blue effects under certain parts of the skin, he aims at a soft and transparent result, imitating the finest phases of nature. He invents his own processes to these ends, and finds that no man can be taught by word of mouth or precept merely, the niceties of his art; it is his mystery, and his treasure.

The hair of his figures glows like natural hair; the eyes are profound and liquid; the skin has a blood circulating beneath it; the rounded flesh stands out gently from the canvass; the shadows are of no color but of an indescribable neutrality, though betraying a faint degree of warmth.

The leaves of his trees in the foreground against the sky, have a light

shining through them. They are not clogged nor stuck together; they are clear green and not muddy. The tonings of the picture drawn in clear oil over the obscure parts, giving it an uniform, green, golden, or purple tint, are harmonious with the dominant color of the lights. "The sky is so profound, you might throw a stone into it; it deepens as you look at it;"‡ it has a purplish lustre from the red over which its blue was drawn, and the misty horizon extends insensibly with the thin pellicle of white, up to the very zenith, diminishing invisibly. The clouds are of the true dull purple, (a transparent result.) The whole is a finished work of *intelligent art*, resting in a thorough study of the causes and effects of lights and colors.

In the composition of these two pictures, one of a *sensuous*, the other of a *classical*, (or, in other words, a purely beautiful,) order, different ideas are involved: for, in the picture of the Hay-makers, the Artist made his endeavor to please us by representing a felicity of an inferior character approaching that of animals. In the animal pieces of Bewick, Snyders, and Landseer; still more in the hunting and bacchanalian scenes of Rubens, and Nicholas Poussin; this animal felicity is depicted in its utmost perfection. Reason has no sway here; the lusts and passions are at their play, and have a holyday. Nevertheless, it is apparently impossible for an ignorant painter, or one devoid of character, to paint even these scenes in their perfection; he must be knowing to the moral nature, and able to distinguish it, or he will not be able to depict its *absence*.

Nicholas Poussin, of all painters, was the acknowledged master of these two extremes, the sensuous, and the moral or classical; (for we mean not now to speak of the romantic or Italian school.) In some of his engraved pictures, may be seen the extremity of bacchanalian furor; yet are they delightful to the most delicate sense; the exclusion of the moral is so complete, the health and mirth are so free and sympathetic, the figures are separated from the spectator with such a scenic completeness, one never wearies of contemplating them,

* W. Page.

† Titian is reported to have said that if white were as dear as gold, and yellow as cheap as dirt, the Venetian artists would paint better; his meaning is evident.—William Page.

‡ W. Page.

|| Idem.

even in miniature etchings. Their luxury does not offend us, for we feel in these pictures that sin is the transgression of the law indeed, and that where there is no law, (that is to say, no *character*), there is no sin, but only the mad sport of nature.

The same painter has proved for us the principle, that truth and beauty are one, (which was the favorite opinion of antiquity,) in his admirable Arcadian scenes, which discover the most perfect condition of the body and soul, and are a pure expression of the ideal human nature. These pictures, and in general all of the classical order, address the cultivated sense, for they signify the supremacy of form over matter. The sensuous perfection is here the mere instrument of the moral. The body must be absolutely elegant and powerful, that it may be able to give a full expression to the superior mind.

It seems hardly necessary, after such an exposition, to inquire whether painting, as an art, be worthy the attention of a philosophical mind. I will venture to say, and history bears out the assertion, that there is no height of character *imaginable*, which may not be felt and represented in this art. In the small compass of a canvas, six feet square, the most exalted conception may depict the flower of its exaltation. Character may here discover itself by unquestionable evidence. Even in portraiture, the hand of the great painter gives character to faces naturally mean.

Dreaming over the future of our fortunate nation, amid the promised glory of its power and the abundance of its riches, the lover of literature and art (*knowing* them to be the best and most enduring works of man) entertains, it may be, the proudest anticipations. He sees that the best intellects are never weary of pursuing perfection; that whatever genius and knowledge are bound together by the force of a manly, not to say a wisdom-loving (or philosophical) intellect, they overcome all obstacles; and under the stimulus of a generous ambition, wishing to have a hand in shaping the glory of a nation, achieve works of a peculiar and inimitable excellence. The delight of such achievements, it may be conjectured, cannot be paralleled with any other; the spiritual energies, the imagination, the heart, the courage, the hope, all that is admirable and inexpressible in

human character, may here find a field for itself. Great pictures speak with an irresistible force; their impression sinks deep; they are most powerful over the innocent and good; to whom, says Pascal, those who wish true fame should take care to appeal. A little print of a hermit, absorbed in pious meditation, amid solitude and natural calm, placed where the eye may quietly contemplate it from day to day, may be enough to create, in some minds, a singular happiness. The scene of Bunker's Hill, as it is grandly conceived in Trumbull's picture, has fired many a bosom with the precious enthusiasm of country. An angel whispering a dream of paradise into the ear of an infant, may touch a contemplative and pious spirit with rapture. Pictures of a sombre tone, hung in the parlors of an old mansion-house, are the features of the place and its most admirable ornament; we feel them, when we do not altogether see them. Who shall describe the effects of an engraved series of works by the great masters, turned over and contemplated quietly, from day to day? Here are assembled all the grand points of human character; man, the wise, the powerful, the heroic; woman, the pure, the beautiful, the pious; these, in their greatest actions, those in their gentlest conditions; the energies, the passions; the victories; splendor; nay, heaven itself, and the choir of angels, appear.

In order to the perfection of any art two things are clearly necessary: that there should be a demand for its works, and that *character* should be employed in their production. The religions of Greece and Rome created a demand for statues and dramatic poems; the worship of the early Christians made a necessity for cathedrals, frescos and mystery plays. The good taste of the merchants of Holland and Florence filled their houses with fine paintings. The meditative mind of England gave occasion for the Shakespeares and Miltons.

The taste for admirable works seems to be later than the taste for wealth and military enterprise. The critical and moral pleasures, succeeding upon passions and sensuous impressions, are those of a character dispassionate and disengaged. A free mind is apt to be at leisure; violence and meanness bear a sisterly resemblance; leisure, and a conversational turn, must, perhaps, succeed to that phase

of anxiety and restless striving caused by the uncertainty of affairs, before the arts can be felt and enjoyed.

If it is true that great masses of wealth are poured out in mere luxury, even in this country, and that, too, not more by the really wealthy than by those who snatch hastily at the fruit of a transient good fortune, it cannot be true that arts and letters will perish here for want of a demand; it cannot be the want of means, but the want of beautiful works that all feel and lament. Else how can it be explained that the works of Shakspeare, and good engravings of the great painters, are among the best of saleable things—always valued, always in demand? Good paintings should be like good books, so common as to bear moderate prices; and when the methods of pictorial art are reduced to a science, (of which there is hope,) there seems to be no reason why good pictures should not be as regular a commodity as good books, and as indispensable a part of house furniture. Let the painters produce, and it is a thousand to one the people will buy.

Since the artists and amateurs of New York have established a regular exhibition-room for new productions—in fact, a *picture mart*—a good picture has a certainty of being seen and valued.

Collectors of pictures in Europe, time out of mind, have employed professed connoisseurs to select for them; for to do this successfully, is a consequent of much experience and many mistakes. In lieu of a connoisseur, one may abide by the following rules, which are to be found scattered through the best treatises of art:

1. The first impression is not usually the one by which we are to choose. Pictures, like poems, strike deeper than the sense, and address faculties which a slight weariness, a fit of indigestion, a critical humor, or the presence of another, may obscure, and lay quite asleep. To buy successfully, it is prudent to ponder well, and, above all, to judge independently, by the rule of our own secret inclination.

2. The design chosen should be suitable to the place for which we intend it: a plate of fruit, for example, will not be agreeable in a bed-room, nor a head of the Saviour in a dining-room. Winter pieces show best near a fire-place, and forest scenes by the windows of a portico: the first degree of artistical pleasure being in resemblance.

3. Very large and very small pictures

are rarely good; those of medium size, and which represent some simple scene, with few figures, are most likely to give permanent pleasure. An infant St. John embracing a lamb, a half length figure of the mother of Christ, a bit of forest view, a fight between two dogs, the illustration of a fable, usually contain more of pleasure to the pictorial taste than a crowded theatrical or military composition, filled with monotony and violence.

4. So called fancy pieces, with such titles as this, "The Hat and Feather," "The Kid Gloves," "The Unopened Casket," "The Request," "The Love Whisper," &c., &c., usually disgust after a short acquaintance, however beautifully executed. They are a kind of album pictures, for the most part feeble and flashy. A picture must have a serious, or, at least, a comic, idea in it, to continue long agreeable: a shallow, smirking thing seems to insult you when once you are weary of its prettiness.

5. If a picture is excessively striking and gentlemanly, full of high foreheads, whiskers, sack coats, and the like, I would buy it for a present to my tailor, but not for my drawing-room.

6. Very German, very French, very American, or very Italian pictures are possibly not the best. Handsome men and women seem to be much alike the educated world over. Though national peculiarities may not go quite as far as portraiture toward injuring the pleasure of a picture, they go far enough notwithstanding.

7. Illustrations, particularly of Shakspeare and Milton, must be most excellent to be good at all; and if they are in the book, they are apt to mar the reading. The stage seems to be fatal to painting. It is even possible that if the Drama had arisen in Italy before Painting, as it did in England, Art would have been in Italy the same subordinate, theatrical, dangling thing it has been in France and England.

8. Barefaced imitations of any one artist, ancient or modern, seldom please long.

9. It seems not to have been observed that some designers, of Byron beauties and the like, are just now beginning to resort to little artifices to heighten the effect of their faces. Some make the eyes nearly as large as the mouth, with lashes as long and as large as bristles. This is to give an open and liquid expression. Others invariably turn up the angle of the mouth; others as invariably

turn them down. Some delight in fingers so taper and regular, you fancy they have slender cartilages instead of joints in them. The composition of these album faces is extremely easy, and requires only a very moderate ability. If they must have a place, we may consign them to the Cockney school of design—an academy that is very large and flourishing. The chef-d'œuvres of this school come to us from London in such works as the "Children of the Nobility," and its congeners. As it is not to be questioned but that the English nobility will have the best artists in England to design their children, these works may be taken, perhaps, to show what we are to expect from the late enthusiasm in England regarding art and artists. Some have had the audacity to say that America is quite as likely to produce a school of genuine art as either England or Germany.

The Munich school of German artists, under the patronage of the King of Bavaria, though they be "a profoundly earnest" school, have taken a line more consonant with discretion than with courage. Observing the peculiar excellence of Raphael's works, they considered that he owed it to his master, Perugino, a sweet but stiff and formal designer, whose works show the relics of Byzantine barbarism. With the hope that if they took the same road, they must of necessity arrive at the same goal, these serious Germans began a devout imitation of Perugino, in the full expectation of thereby becoming Raphaels. About this time (it was when Wilkie was in Rome*) the Romanist reaction began, under the fostering care of Austria. Our young Germans failed not to catch the infection, and recollecting that Raphael and Perugino were very pious Catholics, they too turned Catholic, in expectation, doubtless, of a new dispensation of genius, in reward for so pious a sacrifice. With the Missal in one hand and the pencil in the other, they earnestly retraced the steps of their illustrious predecessors.

This German school, says an English critic, consider color a hindrance to the art, and restrict themselves, for the most part, to outline. Their pieces, of which engravings are becoming frequent in this

country, have a profoundly serious expression; to attain which, they omit the upper eyelids of their figures, and put in the least possible detail in other parts. Here you may see very German Fates, Goddesses and Virgins, sitting in dull attitudes, as though their bodies were composed of some uniformly soft material. They look upon nothing in particular, but seem (no matter what the action of the piece may be) to be absorbed in some internal sensations.

It may be assumed without much fear of contradiction, that any pleasure to be reaped from pieces imitative of this school, or of Perugino, will not be of a very enduring character.

10. As far as prejudice may be allowed to bias a choice, the connoisseur will be likely to prefer subjects of our own history; not only because they furnish the noblest artistic moments, but because they cherish love of country and respect for our ancestors. But even here, the patriotic artist will sometimes err in his design through excess of patriotism, and present us the revered image of our Washington in undignified and affected attitudes. He will be engaged, like a symbolical figure of some Hindoo Deity, in doing one thing with one hand, and something else with the other; he will point to heaven with one finger, and to his sword or the earth with the other; so that we wish him provided with several more of those graceful organs, to perform as many diverse symbolical actions; which we might study out at our leisure, with the aid of a book.†

11. To discover each particular excellence in a piece, it may be regularly taken to pieces and criticised in detail; a process which discovers every beauty, and gives the feeling of security to one's choice. To begin them in order, the first thing to be considered is perhaps the *subject*: whether it be serious or comic, beautiful or sublime, fanciful or grotesque, satirical or allegorical. Caricatures are common enough, good and bad; but there are no morally satirical designs but Hogarth's, and these require to be studied with a book. Of *sublime* designs, instance the Deluge of Nicholas Poussin, and his Sacrifice of Noah; Titian's Assumption of

* See Wilkie's account of Schadow, and the Bavarian imitators, in his life by Cunningham.

† Singleness of purpose can only be represented by singleness of action. Complex action may be described, but cannot be depicted, for it requires *time*.

the Virgin—and above all, Raphael's Transfiguration.* Among smaller pieces, Albert Durer's Hypochondriac, and Christ Crowned with Thorns, have a kind of sublimity. Indeed pictures of this class are frequent, and seem to characterize European art. Of Michael Angelo's sublimity every one has heard.

Beauty of design comes next in order. Of this, instance the productions of Greek art, and modern classical pieces. There is a kind of relaxed beauty in Sir Thomas Lawrence's children's heads. Works of this class are frequent, and apt to be feeble; for the artist to gain beauty sacrifices strength.

GRACE, in pictures, is extremely rare, but best seen in Raphael's Cartoons, and his works generally; in these, grace in the design predominates over all other qualities: it seems to be comparatively easy to attain beauty of form; but grace being the happy union of strength and proportion, requires perhaps more power to express it than either sublimity or dignity alone. In the infinite variety of subjects, these *human* qualities of grace, beauty, and sublimity, will of course appear only in the faces and attitudes of the persons represented. It is common to speak of a beautiful landscape, a sublime scene, a graceful animal; but it is evident this is merely figurative language. In animals, the passions and affections, mirth, cunning, rage, fear and love, may be made to appear in the most surprising manner; but never, of course, any of those qualities which flow out of *character*; much less, then, in a landscape. To sum up all the particulars of this head, we look in a picture of the highest order, first for an *IDEA* to be expressed; as of meditation, holy rapture, enterprise, victory, or the like; complicated as much as you will, and in as many figures, but always with grace, or beauty, or sublimity, in the principal persons. Who does not look for grace and sublimity together, in a Washington? and for beauty and sublimity in a Cordelia or an angel?

Then for the composition. The figures to be arranged so as all to represent one idea, or event, in which all are powerfully concerned, but differently; as in the picture now on exhibition of Cromwell's Iconoclasts destroying the ornaments of a Cathedral; a piece in which the unity

of action is as admirable as it is varied; the *Idea*, a holy hatred of idolatry, prevails throughout; heightened even, by the half cunning, half terrible, face and attitude of the preaching soldier. Under this head, too, we consider the *attitudes*, whether they be natural, and not like those of a jointed doll, and whether the draperies are so arranged as not to slip off from the figure on the least change of position; as, for example, in a Daniel addressing King Belshazzar, whether, when he lowers his arm, his robe would not fall about his legs. That the figures be perpendicular upon their legs is very important: else we dread their falling over.

In the *drawing* of hands and feet, the skillful draughtsman may be easily recognized. The hands in Copley's portraits are an important feature, and express the character as natural hands do.

Light and Shade, or clear-obscure, as it is sometimes called, has three qualities, to wit: depth, breadth, and hardness and softness. By depth is meant intensity of shadow, and such a gradation, shade within shade, as to give an effect of *depth*; as in the hollows of rocks, foliage, and interiors of mansions. *Breadth* is sometimes defined to be a bringing of the shadows into broad spaces, and causing them to invest the great central mass of light. The principle of this is evident. Hardness and softness may be seen in any drawing or engraving; in delicate or harsh interruptions, and an unnecessary blackness or lightness in the outlines. In engravings of the first order, defects of hardness, wateriness, coldness, and the like faults of light and shade, are carefully imitated from the originals. Excessive softness and blending is as disagreeable in the outline of a face, as the contrary fault of a hard, edgy effect.

It remains only to notice points of color; and here the natural feeling for color will be our only guide. To notice harmony of color, which is the placing of the tints so that brown shall not border upon green, nor purple on orange, nor blue upon green, nor red upon blue, nor yellow upon mere red, without some intervening or transitional tint. But *blue* upon *orange*, red upon soft green, yellow upon purple or clear brown, are always agreeable. Harmony includes also the

* Of all these there are engravings which give a true idea of the design.

distribution of the colors, not to have too much of any one tint, and to balance them one with another, that the eye be not fatigued. *Contrast* in color is of equal importance, and is accessory to harmony;—as when two tints are contrasted (as red with blue) on opposite parts of the canvas. *Transparency* has been dwelt upon in the former part of this essay. *Clearness*, or the absence of mixed muddy tints, is noticed by the best writers as an essential quality of a good picture. Last of all, to notice the *handling*, which is a merely technical matter; but it is said that the very best pieces of coloring in the world (Titian's for example, and Correggio's) discover no particular kind of handling. You cannot tell whether the colors were laid on with a short or a long brush, by 'stippling,' 'driving,' or 'scumbling'—and the like terms of the workshop, of which the connoisseur takes no particular heed, being chiefly occupied in the result, and suffering the painter to handle his brush as he pleases. *Tone* is of the first import-

ance; a picture should have a clear, agreeable green, brown, yellow, or purple tone over the whole, or it will not please, for it is so in all pleasing effects of nature.

Of course, in the three points of Expression, Light and Shade, and Color, which include all that can be said of a picture, from the idea to handling, the expression will be *first* in importance and the color *last*; but to fail in color is to fail at least in the point most likely to be observed, and to give pleasure. If a picture has any natural expression at all, it must be *good*; if the light and shadow are skillfully and powerfully managed it is *effective*; if to these a good, clear, transparent color can by any skill be added, it is delightful. But in the reverse order, the series will not hold; for the color may be exquisite, the drawing incorrect and wretched, and the idea wanting or detestable; but who will pronounce a picture *good*, in which there is no Idea?*

In the early part of this Article, which was printed on a preceding sheet, without the writer's being able to revise it, the following *errata* may be noted:—In the 5th line (page 599), for "*asserted*" read "*affected*." In the 9th line, 2d column (page 599), for "*deed*" read "*end*." In the 27th line, 1st column (page 600), for "*The vice of the study*," read "*After the vice of the study*." In the 2d note to page 601, read "The effect of light to that of shadow, *space for space*, is as 4 to 1, or a still greater ratio." In the 8th line (page 603), for "*phases*," read "*shades*."

JULIA JAY.

A RURAL SKETCH OF AUTUMN.

WHERE rural Chester spreads in hill and plain,
And rippling Bronx pursues its peaceful way,
Just as you turn within a winding lane
Skirting the borders of a little bay,
There stands the home of lovely JULIA JAY.

Home of her childhood,—the sweet spring of life;
Of its young blossom ripening into love,
Ere she had known the autumn of its strife;
The cold rude blasts that pierce the gentle dove,
And warn its wing to calmer climes above.

* Though a well painted cabbage, as a piece of mere imitation cannot be valued as artistic, yet if it suggests the qualities of ripeness, life, comfort, edibility, and all that may be seriously or comically associated with the notion of a cabbage, it must be admitted among works of art in the best sense.

Alas, there came a change upon her heart,
A hopeless sorrow, like a withering blight;
She saw the idol of her soul depart—
Youth's rapturous visions take their final flight—
Spring become Winter—Morning turn to Night!

Still climbed the woodbine by the cottage door,
Still sang the robin sweetly to his mate,
Still strove parental fondness as before;
But Julia's grief still knew but one dark date,
And flower and song and love came all too late.

It was October,—sadly wailed the breeze
As o'er the hill and through the wood it sped;
The fruit was gathered from the sapless trees,
A frosty veil the meadows overspread,
And all the groves were withering or dead.

Fair Chester seemed like some desponding maid,
The scene so sad beneath the autumn sky;
Her summer sun to rival climates strayed,
Her dewy pearls ungathered left to lie,
And tearful Bronx unvisited to murmur by.

There came a stranger to the gate one eve,
And craved, in gentle words, to be a guest;
Might that sweet cot his weariness relieve,
Now day so far was drooping down the West,
A pilgrim's blessing on the roof should rest.

All welcome ever to that kindly hearth,
None sought its plenty or its peace in vain,
Though pensive Julia knew no more of mirth
Yet none abiding there might know her pain,
Did in her heart such holy calmness reign.

Came hastening on the chill autumnal night,
With rustic pastime and its guiltless glee;
The floor was stainless, and the fire was bright;
The nuts were cracking upon every knee,
And new-made cider flowed most sweet and free.

High rose the mirth as from the embers flew
The roasting chesnut with a sudden start,
For blushing John, or Jane, an omen true
Of love's sly passion glowing in the heart,
And Hymen's speedy aid in his sweet art.

The stranger's heart was moved by Julia's grace,
And oft he gazed, as bound by beauty's spell,
Upon her faultless form and winning face;
And as he felt the pure emotion swell,
He longed the secret of his love to tell.

Nor he unworthy such a maid to win;
Of noble aspect, manly, yet serene;
No foul deceiver, stained with reckless sin;—
In sportive group upon the village green,
He were a goodly king, and she a queen.

With gentle accents soon, and whispering low,
Besought he Julia for a hopeful smile;
But ah! his suit still added to her wo—
Her mournful thoughts were far away the while,
And loving words might not her heart beguile.

Ah, stranger! said she sweetly, one I knew
Who wooed and won this simple heart of mine,
And to his image still it must be true,
Though weary seasons it may yet repine,
Till life's last sun of hope in death decline.

'Twas autumn e'en as now when last we met,
And seven long years their dreary course have run,
Since here we plighted, never to forget;—
That holy pledge I may recall for none;
One shares my silent love,—and only one.

I still remember how we used to rove
Young and light-hearted in the frosty Fall,
Far in the lonely depths of nut-wood grove,
Listening the squirrel's chirp, the cat-bird's call,—
Hid from the world, and happier than all.

How through the rustling leaves we loved to walk,
Our ample baskets bountifully stored,
As hand in hand we held our cheerful talk,
And still each nook for hidden nuts explored,
Proud to bear home an unexampled hoard.

Oft through the bending orchard have I prest,
Among the fruits in rich abundance there,
To cull for him the ripest and the best,
The evening pastime early to prepare—
Undreaming then that love is linked with care!

When in the barn the laborers and he
Threshed out the treasures of the ripened sheaf,
How sweet the music of his flail to me!
But all is over,—save my hopeless grief,
And life to me is now an autumn leaf!

Oh, stranger, there be fairer maids than I
Would proudly welcome such a proffered hand;
Your lordly wealth a paradise may buy,—
But vain for me the glittering or grand;
My sootheless heart is in another land.

Said then the traveler, I knew full well
Your wandering Youth in Oriental climes;
Oft have I heard him of sweet Chester tell,
Repeat its tales, rehearse its rustic rhymes;
And talk of all its pleasant autumn times.

The ardent skies where he has sojourned long,
Have tinged his visage with the Indian hue;
His youthful limbs have stalwart grown, and strong,
And scarce his voice might now be known to you;
Yet beats his heart unalterably true!

How cruel was the storm that wrecked his bark,
And drove him helmless o'er the raging wave;
Above, below, and all around him dark,
No voice to sooth him, and no hand to save,
No hope, no refuge but a billowy grave.

And when the rescue came, and bore him far
Through widening seas to India's distant shore,
How sank in gloom his bosom's love-lit star,
How seemed the visions of his home all o'er,
Without a promise he should see it more.

But still he lives!—and in his dreams of bliss
His faithful Julia all his ardor claims;—
Oft has he longed for such an hour as this,
Oft in his prayer his cherished one he names;
Dear angel,—I am he!—your long lost James!

As sudden sunshine gilds a murky sky,
Or moonbeams tip the raven wings of night,
That happy word illumined Julia's eye,
Made all the clouds of her dark sorrow bright,
And filled the cottage with a new delight.

The glowing hearth grew warmer than before,
The baking apples tumbled to and fro,
The singing kettle instant spouted o'er,
Kate could no longer spin, nor Sally sew,
And e'en the wind seemed gladsomely to blow!

Joined all the household in a loving din;
Fantastic shadows danced upon the wall,—
Such clasping, kissing, gliding out and in!—
Such leaping, laughing, talking, one and all,
It might be deemed a romping rustic Ball!

Still rural Chester spreads in hill and plain,
Still murmurs rippling Bronx its Autumn lay,
Still stands a ruin in that winding lane
Skirting the border of a little bay,—
But all the dwellers there have passed away!

1846.

MEMOIRS OF THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF WASHINGTON AND JOHN ADAMS.*

THIS remarkable publication has now been some months before the country; and where it has been read and studied, it has, so far as we have the means of knowing, been received as an interesting, able and manly exhibition of the views and conduct of the great men who gave form to the Constitution and security to the liberties under which this nation has so signally prospered.

Originally entered upon by its young and very clever author, as a work of filial piety, with a view to commemorate the public services and the virtues of an honored ancestor, whose own shrinking modesty had withdrawn him more than was just from the observation of the country, he soon found from the copiousness and authenticity of the materials at his command, that a larger scope might be given to the work, and that instead of being the mere biography of an individual, it might, and properly should, be extended to a history of the times in which that eminent individual lived, and of the men and events with whom and which he was contemporary, and among whom he was not himself an undistinguished actor.

Those events were, the first organization of this federal Union, the interpretation and impress to be given at its birth to its Constitution, the establishment, after a long and costly war, of a system of finance, which, in securing the just debts of the past, should provide ample means for the conciliation of conflicting sectional interests, the soothing of angry and vindictive feelings the unavoidable legacy of a war—not without some of the worst characteristics of civil war—and, most difficult of all, rescuing the newborn nation from the vortex of that fearful phenomenon in morals and in politics, the French Revolution.

These men were, Washington, Hamilton, Jay, Jefferson, Randolph, Marshall, Gov. Morris, the Pinckneys, Knox, Pickering, Clinton, Cabot, Ames, King, Monroe, the Trumbulls, and others of that

heroic age, which never comes to a nation but once.

Urged on, therefore, by the wealth of the materials before him, and by the real importance and dignity of the subject, Mr. Gibbs, instead of presenting to us merely the life of his grandfather, has, from his copious papers, which seem to have been preserved and methodized with great care, given us the history of the Federal Administration of Washington and John Adams.

To this work the author has brought the freshness and integrity of youthful feelings, and the maturity of judgment of more advanced years: a rare combination, which gives great attraction to the book, and insures its vitality, and its value as a historical authority.

There is in these pages a complete vindication of the origin, motives and conduct of the *Federal Party*, derived as well from a calm review of the leading occurrences of the time, as from the unimpeachable testimony to their own motives and acts as displayed by the chief parties themselves, in letters never designed for publication, and where the truth is spoken out with remarkable emphasis.

If these volumes had no other merit than this, it would be a very great one; for it is always praiseworthy to bear testimony to the truth, and useful to elucidate contested political questions. At this time of day, moreover—when the term *Federalist* is freshly recommended by the political organ of the National Executive as the term which conveys in it most of reproach, and entails most certain unpopularity upon those whom it is designed to crush politically—it is a proof of great moral courage, especially for a young man, not probably without political aspirations, and, very certainly, as these volumes prove, not without abundant qualifications for honorable political services and station, thus to espouse the cause of a vanquished party, and not only to “pluck up its drowning honor by the locks,” but to place in the broad

* Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams. Edited from the papers of OLIVER WOLCOTT, Secretary of the Treasury, by GEO. GIBBS. 2 vols. 8vo. N. Y.

relief of historical truth, the more than questionable conduct of the opponents who triumphed over them.

The time had come for such a work; for we stand already in the light of posterity to the men and times here delineated—near enough yet to feel deep interest in them, and yet far enough removed, honestly to seek and to bear the whole truth. Half a century has passed away since the experiment began which “moulded thirteen States—too weak to stand alone, too jarring in their views to preserve unbroken the mere league which had hitherto bound them—into a single republic, that one great common concern, one national character should overpower all other interests, and that their people should have one country, one Constitution, one destiny.”

It is the privilege of few peoples to be able to look, as we have the means of doing, into the very foundations of our republic, and to mark, step by step, the progress in maturing the most extensive scheme of self-government ever yet attempted among men. The addition made by these volumes to the materials for judging accurately of the past, and of instruction in the future, are most precious; and even where the bias of opinions expressed by the author, and the conclusions at which he arrives, may run counter to the preconceived opinions of some readers, they will feel, in common with all honest students of history, that in the number and nature of the authentic contemporaneous letters here gathered together, a very real service has been conferred upon them; for the staple of this publication is the private correspondence of Mr. Wolcott, and of the most distinguished leaders and public men of his party.

OLIVER WOLCOTT was the son of that OLIVER WOLCOTT who signed the *Declaration of Independence*, as one of the Delegates from Connecticut, and whose whole life was in unison with the sentiments to which he then put his hand, with the resolute purpose never to look back till the objects then contemplated—of the complete independence of the colonies—were established. Sprung from one of the early settlers in New England, who had left his native land in 1630, in order to escape the religious persecution of the day, OLIVER WOLCOTT, Senr. entered the army in 1747, at 21 years of age, in the service of the State of New York, and served in the defence of the northern fron-

tier until the peace of *Aix-la-Chapelle*. He subsequently practiced medicine in his native State until the breaking out of the Revolution, when he eagerly espoused the cause of his country—as a member of the Congress of 1776 signed the Declaration of Independence, and resuming his original profession of a soldier, was constantly in the field, and was present at the reduction of Burgoyne's army at the head of 2000 Connecticut troops. He was a man of energy, probity and indomitable resolution, of whom it might be said, as Jenkins said of Coke, that “he was one whom power could not break nor favor bend.” Oliver, the subject of this publication, the eldest son of General Oliver Wolcott, was born at Litchfield, in January, 1760, and in 1774 entered Yale College, and thus grew up amid the early and stirring scenes of the Revolution. How they affected such a youth, so descended, and with a mother as heroic as his father, the whole tenor of his after life showed. When, in 1777, on a visit to home, his father being absent in attendance upon Congress, he was awakened at midnight by intelligence that Tryon and his myrmidons had landed and marched to Danbury, with a view there to destroy the Continental stores. He immediately equipped himself for duty in the militia hastily mustering, and his mother furnishing his knapsack with provisions and a blanket, quickened his departure, and dismissed him with the charge, “to conduct himself like a good soldier.” On this occasion, and on others during the course of the war, Wolcott was present in battle, and subsequently to the destruction of Norwalk and Fairfield, he was offered a commission in the army; but he felt bound to adhere to the profession of the law, which, after being graduated at Yale, in 1778, he had undertaken the study of, under Tapping Reeve, at Litchfield. He did accept, however, a commission in the Quarter-Master Department, which, stationary at Litchfield, would little interfere with the pursuit of his legal studies. It was in his capacity as Quarter-Master that the leaden equestrian statue of George III., which formerly occupied a conspicuous site in the Bowling-Green of New York, and of which the pedestal has only disappeared within the last fifteen years—after being thrown down from its height and broken to pieces, was sent to him at Litchfield to be run into bullets for the American army. This was actually accomplished

by the sisters of Mr. Wolcott and some of their friends, and "an account is still preserved in the family papers of the number of cartridges made by each." "This conversion of a monarch," says our author, "into practical arguments of the rights of the people, as may be supposed, furnished abundant material for the wits of the day."

Wolcott was not permitted to follow the bent of his inclination, in attending to his profession, but was employed first in the board of Pay Table, and when that was abolished, was appointed Comptroller of Public Accounts, to which all the duties of the Pay-Table Board were assigned, together with others. In this post he evinced so much application, and such aptness in stating and regulating accounts, as to entitle him to the special approval of the Assembly. He remained in that situation until the establishment under the Constitution, in 1787, of the Treasury Department of the U. S., when he was urged by such men as Jeremiah Wadsworth, Oliver Ellsworth, and above all, the great Secretary himself, Alex. Hamilton, to accept the office of auditor in the Treasury of the U. S. He at first declined, not because the emolument was insufficient, but because it seemed to him a station too dependent. He was, however, persuaded to reconsider his refusal, and finally accepted. The following letter from his father, on the occasion of the appointment of his son, is characteristic of their bold, sagacious, and self-relying race.

LITCHFIELD, Nov. 24th, 1789.

Sir :

Old age is very apt to be vain in giving advice. No one, I believe, of your years, requires it less, as you have been long conversant with people of almost every condition, and very readily investigate the principles of human action: yet I will indulge myself once, and, which I shall probably never think it necessary to do again, advise you that in every matter of consequence you depend, in the last resort, upon your own judgment, rather than upon that of any other. In this mode of conduct you will less frequently err. It will induce a stricter habit of reflection, and if you mistake, you will not feel the mortification of being misguided by such as may have an interest in deceiving you. The executive officers with whom you will have most intercourse, will, I believe, be inclined to treat you with generosity and frankness, from the first magistrate downwards. An

open, unassuming behavior will be most agreeable to them; this naturally induces confidence, and may be done consistently with such reservation as may be necessary. It is generally said that courtiers always act in disguise. This is far from being universally the case, and when it is, it is more generally owing to their situation than choice, especially among those who are to be denominated good men, to which character I truly believe the first magistrate, and the heads of the executive departments, all of whom I know, are justly entitled. The habits and manners of a soldier are naturally open and frank, and if at any time it shall seem to be otherwise, such conduct will be rather assumed and politic than otherwise.

Your service will be complicated and arduous, but you will reflect that those who are to judge of your services, will be most capable of making a just estimate of them. You may therefore safely indulge yourself with as much exercise and relaxation as will be necessary for your health. Endeavor further to preserve the *mens sana in corpore sano* by yielding at times to a certain vacuity of thought. As to your mode of living, I need say but very little, your habits of temperance will render it unnecessary.

Thus far I have written, which is much farther than I intended when I began to scribble. You need be under no apprehension that I shall oblige you to read such long letters of advice in future, and will consider this rather as an evidence of my regard for your happiness, than of any anxiety I feel, lest you should be under misapprehension of what principles ought to govern your conduct. With kind regard, yours,
OLIV. WOLCOTT."

The following letter from the newly-appointed Auditor, addressed to his mother, from New York, (then the seat of the Federal Government,) presents that city in a very favorable light. Its great increase since the date of this letter has, it may be feared, rendered impossible any such tribute now-a-days.

"NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1789.

"The manners of the people here are favorable to the plan which I have in view. Great expense is not required, nor does it add to the reputation of any person. There appears to be great regularity in the city. Honesty is as much in fashion as in Connecticut, and I am persuaded that there is a much greater attention to good morals, than has been supposed in the country. So far as an attention to the Sabbath is a criterion of religion, a comparison between this city and many places in Connecticut, would be in favor of

New York. The greatest inconvenience which I shall suffer will arise from being separated from my friends—this I must remedy by keeping up a strict correspondence with them. We have not been able to hire a house, and I shall continue in lodgings till the spring. This mode of living, taking all things into consideration, is best for us at present."

Mr. Wolcott's discharge of his duties in the Treasury were eminently satisfactory to the Secretary, who seems to have consulted him freely and with advantage, on all the great questions of finance which that department had to dispose of.

This portion of the work is particularly interesting, as presenting the letters of many eminent men upon the great questions of the funding system, the assumption of the debts of the State, the creation of a U. S. Bank, and other measures, so bold, so efficient, so skillfully devised and so successfully carried out, by which the public credit was restored, and the disorder, confusion and loss consequent upon a depreciated currency and a repudiated debt, were at once removed.

To this day, the *Funding System* is regarded as a wrong by those who profess to follow in the footsteps of its original opponents; yet, when we impartially consider the immense benefit which that system conferred upon the country, its effect upon public credit and upon private business, and make ourselves familiar with the admirable letters, relating to the subject, in these volumes, and with the writings of Hamilton, which reveal the high and honorable motives of those who supported the measure, we shall be obliged to confess the great services rendered by the Treasury department and its illustrious head, in devising and carrying out so complete and well-organized a plan for redeeming the past and securing the future.

It is, however, an incident little known to general readers, that with all its strong claims upon the justice of the country, the *Funding System* for the extinction of the public debt, and especially for the assumption of the State debts, could only be carried by a bargain for removing the seat of Government from New York to the South. This occurrence is thus noticed:

"The funding of the State debts was supposed materially to benefit the Northern States, in which was the active capital of the country; and a more southern residence

was considered by some as a countervailing advantage. A compromise having been effected between the advocates of Philadelphia and those of the Potomac, a bill passed, fixing the former as the temporary, and the latter as the permanent, location, and sufficient votes were thereupon thrown in favor of assumption to make the project a law."
—Vol. 1, p. 32.

The arrangement was, that Congress was to remove at its next session, December, 1790, from New York to Philadelphia, there to remain ten years, and then, as one of Mr. Wolcott's letters has it, "go to the Indian place with a long name, on the Potomac." This is the site of the present city of Washington, then bearing the Indian name of *Conococheague*.

In the course of 1791, Mr. Eveleigh, the Comptroller of the Treasury, died, and Col. Hamilton in the most earnest manner pressed upon the President the nomination of Mr. Wolcott as his successor. He was accordingly appointed; and the following letter from his father, on that occasion, is so full of pristine good faith, so significant of what in those days were the motives for accepting, and the rule for discharging, public trusts, that if only as a memorial of days that are past, and honorable sentiments—alas! past, too, in a great degree—we cannot refrain from copying it:

"LITCHFIELD, 4th July, 1790.

"I have been informed by the public prints that the President has been pleased to appoint you Comptroller of the Treasury. This mark of approbation and confidence is highly honorable to yourself, and will have, I doubt not, a constant influence upon you, to persist in that undeviating course of integrity which, I am happy to believe, has procured you that which is really more confidential than any other. Let us ever act, conscious that we are always under the inspection of the Almighty, and that he justly requires of all His creatures that they use the powers which He has given them, for the purposes for which they were bestowed."

The letters in this part of the first volume explain very fully, taken together with the remarks of the author, the state of feeling of the thoughtful and patriotic men, then charged with putting the new Constitution into operation, and present so faithfully the vicissitudes of hope and fear with which they watched the progress of the work and scanned the motives and ex-

tent of the machinations of those who opposed their views, as to be entirely worthy of the study and emulation of the present times. Not a word is there to be found in those letters about party; not a feeling of mere personal ambition or advancement. They are all written, as they seem to be conceived, in a spirit of pure and ardent patriotism—looking to country, and to country only. These men wrote—as many of them had fought, and all of them had labored, for the success of the Revolution—in the fear of God, the love of their neighbors, and in forgetfulness of self.

It is a tangible proof that such were the feelings that animated the public men of the federal party, that when the *Bank of the United States* was, in the summer of 1791, organized, the Presidency of that institution, with a large salary, was offered to Mr. Wolcott. He declined it, “preferring public service (though his salary was only \$2,000 *per annum*) and believing such a situation would be deemed unsuitable for a young man without property.” What a rebuke to the opinions and practices of our day!

It may be remarked here, as one of many evidences how much wiser the sages in constitutional lore at this day are, than those who framed the Constitution, that at the establishment of the Bank of the United States, no question was made at all as to the right of placing branches elsewhere than at the seat of government. “The discovery of this point was reserved for a more enlightened (!) age.”

In the letters that follow, connected by the thread of history, which the author sparingly but skillfully introduces, so as in fact to let the actors themselves in the scenes of the day tell their own story—we have what the French call the *dessons des cartes*—in other words, are admitted behind the scenes, of the first three Congresses; behold the ravages of the yellow fever of 1793 in Philadelphia—still the seat of government—and the even more dangerous ravages of French Jacobinism, which, towards the close of Washington’s first term, and after the arrival of *Genet* in this country, seized upon the malcontents within our country—marshaled and stimulated but not led—for he had not yet thrown off the mask of feigned respect for Washington—by the Secretary of State, *Thomas Jefferson*. In these pages—where the story is told, not with any modern gloss, but by the men of the day—the earnest seeker after truth, as to

the history and origin of parties in our country, will find written facts worthy of his attention: and we hazard the opinion with some confidence, that any impartial and intelligent reader who will, in connection with the letters here published, read the writings of Jefferson, as given to the world by his grandson, bearing upon the same period and events, will assuredly arrive at the conclusion that, in the party struggles arising in this country from the effects of the French Revolution, the balance of real ability, of real regard for popular rights and happiness, of enlightened patriotism, and of self-denying labors, was on the side of the Federalists.

On February 3, 1795, on the resignation of Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, Wolcott was appointed his successor, and carried out with ability and fidelity the great system introduced by the genius of Hamilton into the Treasury Department.

The incidents connected with the appointment of John Jay as Special Envoy to Great Britain, with the reception by the country of the British Treaty—with the wild and lawless course of Jacobin Clubs in America—the insurrection in Pennsylvania, commonly known as the whiskey insurrection—and with all the stirring and trying scenes of Washington’s administration—all pass before our eyes in these pages in the living colors of the day, and of the actors of the day—and as has before been intimated, this constitutes no small part of the value of the publication.

In the spring of 1797 Washington’s second term was brought to a close, and notwithstanding the Paines, the Callenders, the Baches, and the Duanes—all but one foreigners—who had been petted by democracy in order that they might traduce that great and good man—his administrations were held in respect, as himself was in reverence, by the whole country.

We cannot present a more truthful passage, nor one better calculated to exhibit the taste and talent with which the author of the book has executed his task, than by extracting his notice of Washington’s retirement. Here it is:

“Just before his final retirement, Washington held his last formal levee. An occasion more respectable in simplicity, more imposing in dignity, more affecting in the sensations which it awakened, the ceremo-

nials of rulers never exhibited. There were the great chiefs of the republic of all parties and opinions; veterans of the war of independence, weather-stained and scarred; white haired statesmen, who, in retirement, were enjoying the fruits of former toil; there were his executive counsellors and private friends; ministers of foreign governments, whose veneration approached that of his countrymen; citizens, who came to offer the tribute of a respect, sincere and disinterested. Little was there of the pageantry of courts, little of the glitter which attends the receptions of royalty; yet in the grave assemblage that stood in that unadorned chamber, there was a majesty which these know not. The dignitaries of a nation had come together to bid farewell to one, who at their own free call, by their own willing trust—not as an honor to be coveted, but as a duty to be discharged—had in turn led their armies and executed their laws; one who now, his last task worthily fulfilled, was to take his place again among them, readier to relinquish than he had been to undertake power; a soldier, without stain upon his arms; a ruler, without personal ambition; a wise and upright statesman; a citizen of self-sacrificing patriotism; a man pure, unblemished and true in every relation he had filled; one to whom all ages should point as the testimony that virtue and greatness had been, and could be, united.

"And he who was the object of this gathering—what thoughts crowded upon his mind, what recollections filled the vista of the sixty odd years which had passed over him, what changes of men, opinions, society, had he seen! Great changes, indeed, in the world and its old notions; the growling dissatisfaction of certain English emigrants at customary tyrannies and new intended ones, had taken form and shape; embodied itself into principles, and vindicated them; blazed up an alarming beacon to the world's eyes as the Sacred Right of Rebellion; fought battles; asserted independence, and maintained it at much cost of bloodshed; made governments after its own new-fangled fashion; impressed a most unwilling idea on history—the doctrine of popular sovereignty; one which had proved contagious and had been adopted elsewhere, running riot indeed in its novelty. And out of all this confusion there had arisen the nation which he had presided over, already become great and factious in its greatness, with a noble birthright, noble virtues, energies and intellect; with great faults and passions, that unchecked, would as in lusty individual manhood, lead to its ruin.

"What was to be the Future of that nation? Dark clouds hung over it, dangers threatened it, enemies frowned upon it—the worst enemy was within. License might blast in a few hours the growth of

years; faction destroy the careful work of the founders. On this he had left his great, solemn charge, like the last warning of a father to his children.

"The men who stood round him, the men who had passed away, and whose forms were there in his mind's eye only—Franklin, Morris, the two Adamsses, Hancock, Greene, Jay, and that host of compatriots living and dead, honored already as of remote and ancient days, canonized in men's minds, the ancestry of the virtuous of all times, the objects of "hero worship" even in their own generation.

"Himself—uneducated son of a farmer in the provinces of a distant empire; wandering surveyor of the Alleghany forests; partisan officer; representative of some revolted colonists in a congress of other like outlaws; leader of an army of half-armed rebels; general, victorious over the tried veterans of Europe; statesman, who had helped to solve the vast problem of government; ruler by acclamation of the youngest born of nations, treating with kings and princes as their equal; now sinking back into the great mass of three million individuals, to be no more among them in the eye of the law than any other.

"What strifes had he gone through, not least with himself! How had he made passion bend to principle, impulse yield to will; how had he borne misunderstanding, calumny, desertion; withstood temptations; refrained from vengeance; how had he trod firmly the road he had marked out, or which destiny assigned, sustained by courage, faith, conscience!

"Was it strange that there were few smiles at the last reception day of Washington, or that tears fell from eyes unused to them, upon the hand that many pressed for the last time?"

On the accession of Mr. Adams, Mr. Wolcott offered his resignation, in order not to embarrass the new President in case he had any other person in view for the Treasury Department. But it was declined, and the whole Cabinet of Washington was retained by his successor. Distrust, however, was soon manifested between the President and his Cabinet, and the mind of Mr. Adams seemed so warped against *Hamilton*—whom, though no longer in public life, he insisted upon regarding as the great mover of all political events and opinions among the Federal party—that he could not heartily co-operate with any who, like Wolcott, Pickens, and others, were known to possess the confidence, and to admire the character, abilities and services of *Hamilton*. The question of a new embassy to France was one that soon made a division in the par-

ty, and the feelings thus occasioned are exhibited in the numerous and valuable letters from the most distinguished men of that party, which to the close of the year 1797 are embraced in the end of the first volume.

The second volume commences with the first session of the fifth Congress, when all was anxiety to hear what sort of reception the three envoys sent by Mr. Adams to France had met with. It strikes us forcibly, in this age of steam-packets, when an interval of *three weeks* seems a long one from Paris to New York, to find that, at such a critical moment in the political relations of France and the United States, and when the people of this country were on tiptoe, as it were, respecting the issue of our negotiations with the revolutionary government of France, more than *three months* elapsed between the date of the first dispatches of these ministers, 28th Nov. 1797, and their reception in Philadelphia, on 4th March, 1798. The tenor of these dispatches roused the indignation of the whole country. The President sent a message to Congress on the 29th March, declaring that he perceived no ground of expectation that the objects of their mission could be accomplished on terms compatible with the security, honor and essential interests of this country. He therefore exhorted Congress to adopt all proper measures in defence of the national rights.

This, which Mr. Jefferson termed "an insane message," roused the nation, which was still farther excited when, upon a call for the dispatches, the famous X Y Z correspondence was communicated.

To a great number of the readers of the Review, the nature, and even the name, of that correspondence is probably unknown, and it may not, therefore, be amiss briefly to explain it.

The three American envoys, Messrs. Pinckney, Marshall and Gerry, were refused access to the Directory, or any direct communication with the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, M. Talleyrand; but were approached by three different agents, Messrs. Hottinguer, Bellemy and Hautevel, who declared that they acted and spoke by authority of the minister, and could propose conditions on which the envoys would be received, and might treat successfully. These agents stated, at the same time, that the Directory were much exasperated at the tenor of the President's speech at the opening of the

session of Congress, and until certain passages in it were explained away, would listen to no terms; but they added, as of their own suggestion, or that of their chief, M. Talleyrand, that if a sum of money, for the personal benefit of members of the Directory, and M. Talleyrand, could be obtained at once, other difficulties might be got over.

The sum named was £50,000 (or \$250,000). At the request of these agents, their names were to be kept secret by the envoys, and hence the initials, by which the correspondence became known, X Y Z were substituted for the real names. Having verified conclusively, as appears by Mr. Gerry's statement of an informal conversation which he held with Talleyrand, that these agents had not misapprehended nor exceeded their instructions, and that this bribe was actually demanded with the knowledge of Talleyrand, the envoys absolutely refused to listen to the proposition, and it was in reference to this demand that Mr. Pinckney uttered the fine sentiment, "millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute."

After exhausting all means of seduction and menace in vain, to bring the American envoys to terms, their attempt to separate them was finally successful, and Mr. Gerry was persuaded to remain and attempt a negotiation alone, after his two colleagues had taken their departure.

The whole space devoted to the examination of this subject, and the clearness with which the case is presented in these pages, entitle them to the deliberate study of all who would appreciate justly the patriotism of the two parties which divided on this question, as on all other political questions of that day.

One great and permanent good resulted, however, from the development of this X Y Z correspondence, and of all the facts connected with it, a conviction that the honor and interests of the country required the establishment of a Navy. Heretofore, no separate Department for naval purposes had existed, the War Department having charge of the maritime and military forces of the United States. But when the public interest and public opinion concurred in calling for a permanent naval establishment; as a necessary consequence, a special department for it was needed, and the refusal of the French Directory to receive the American envoys extraordinary may therefore be proclaimed as the immediate cause of the creation of that navy which

from its birth till now, has been the pride, defence and ornament of the country.

The Secretaryship was first offered to George Cabot, of Massachusetts, who, however, declined, and Benjamin Stoddard, of Maryland, was appointed. Efficient measures were immediately taken to provide ships and seamen, and at this same session of Congress, the bill was passed for the *Provisional Army*, the great bugbear of party at that time, and yet as innocent as waste paper in comparison with like acts since passed by those who call themselves the successors of the republican party of that day. The act authorizing this army, empowered the President, in case of a declaration of war against the United States, or actual invasion, or imminent danger of invasion, before the next session of Congress, to enlist for a term not exceeding three years, and to call into service, 10,000 men. This provisional army was denounced by the democracy of that day, as intended to revolutionize our government, and to erect a throne on the ruins of liberty! Yet the democracy of our day eagerly voted to Mr. Van Buren, under circumstances much less menacing to the peace of the country than those existing in 1798, a *PROVISIONAL* army of 50,000 men! The spirit of the nation rose under the indignities inflicted by France; and yet, at that moment, when if there had been any shadow of truth in the imputations cast upon the Federalists, of acting in concert with the British, *Col. Trumbull*, who had been the Secretary in London of John Jay, and at the date of the letter we are about to quote, was one of the Commissioners under Mr. Jay's treaty for the settlement of claims of American citizens upon Great Britain, thus writes from London:

"72 WALBECK ST., LONDON, }
"June 8th, 1798. }

"Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 3d of April, which came to my hands some days ago. I regret that the letters I wrote you in November by the packet (which was taken), and in December by the ship *Fame* (which was lost on your coast), did not reach your hands. They would have a somewhat earlier notice of the approaching danger. I am happy to learn from your letter, as well as from later accounts, that public opinion with you is improving, and the mists of prejudice and partiality dissolving; but in recovering from one error let us not fall into another; let us not act upon the

supposition that we have one foreign friend, or rely in anything upon others; no, not even so far as good policy and manifest interest ought to lead them. I have often been thought by my friends to be a prejudiced man, in this opinion; but I trust that every man who shall have had as long experience in Europe as I have had, will find that my opinion on this point is not unsound. I think I already see, in those who ought to know and pursue their own interest more wisely, a temper, and the first steps of a conduct, ill calculated to preserve and conciliate our good opinion; and constructions are put upon parts of the existing treaty which, if within the words, are manifestly contrary to the spirit of that instrument; and now that we are committed beyond the possibility of retreat, in respect to France, it will be well if the beneficial part of the treaty, which has been the great cause of our misunderstanding with our old friends, be not frittered away into miserable scraps indeed. Be assured, my dear friend, there exists in this country no cordial esteem for ours; and be equally assured that there are those in whose bosoms still rankles the memory of former disappointments; men still in power who detest the principles of our revolution, and lament its success—who look upon that event as the great cause of the present dissolution of the ancient systems of Europe; and who rejoice to see us in a quarrel with those whom they regard as the only supporters whom we had, looking, perhaps, to the happy day when the two sister vipers shall sting each other to death.

"You will, perhaps, think this a very erroneous croaking; but believe me, I am sufficiently grounded in my opinion, and you will soon see the detail of some pitiful symptoms of the bitter and silly spirit which I know to exist. But to what does this tend? to teach us not to rely on the friendship of men, but on God and our sword. Let us recollect that when we were three millions of people, disunited, ignorant of every military art, destitute of all necessary preparation, we resisted in the years '76 and '77, and, without the aid of a friend, completely baffled 53,000 of the best troops of Europe, supported by an irresistible naval force. We are now six millions of people! the calculation is simple, and I hope we shall act as men who know their importance in the scale of human affairs. I am, my dear sir, your real friend,

"JNO. TRUMBULL."

Congress acted up to the spirit of the people, and after authorizing the raising of the provisional army, acts were passed authorizing our ships of war to capture French ships of war depredating on our commerce, and merchant ships were per-

mitted to arm for their own defence, and to make prizes. This last act was vehemently resisted by the very party which had most zealously and passionately defended *Genet* for fitting out privateers under the French flag, in American ports, to cruise against the British. These French sympathizers could see no wrong in arming French cruisers, but were exceedingly shocked at the idea of arming American vessels to defend themselves against piratical captures by the French.

George Washington was, with the concurrence of all parties, appointed Lieutenant-General of the force to be raised, and his acceptance of the appointment was a warrant to the whole nation that he thought the quarrel just. In his letter of acceptance he says :

"The conduct of the Directory of France towards our country, their insidious hostilities to its government, their various practices to withdraw the affections of the people from it, the evident tendency of their acts and those of their agents, to countenance and invigorate opposition, their disregard of solemn treaties and the laws of nations, their war upon our defenceless commerce, their treatment of our minister of peace, and their demands amounting to tribute, could not fail to excite in me corresponding sentiments with those which my countrymen have so generally expressed in all their addresses to you. . . .

"Satisfied, therefore, that you have sincerely wished and endeavored to avert war, and to exhaust to the last drop the cup of reconciliation, we can with pure hearts appeal to Heaven for the justice of our cause, and may confidently trust the final result to that kind Providence which has heretofore and so often signally favored the people of the United States."

Congress passed all the laws requisite to give efficiency to the national feeling. It was at this session that the laws, known as the *Alien and Sedition Laws*, were enacted. The latter, although pronounced unconstitutional by Virginian theorists, was the copy of a statute of *Virginia in October, 1776*. Hamilton, Pinckney and Knox were appointed major-generals under Washington, and the attitude of the nation was warlike, when, in February, 1799, without consulting any of his cabinet, without having received any assurances from France of their willingness to receive an envoy from the United States, and in the face of his message of 21st June of the preceding year, in which he said, "I will never send another minister to France without as-

surances that he will be received, respected, and honored as the representative of a great, free, powerful and independent nation," the President nominated *Wm. Vans Murray*, of Maryland, as minister to France. A thunder-bolt falling from a cloudless sky, could not have excited more astonishment; for in pursuance of the recommendation of the President's own message at the commencement of the session, warlike preparations occupied all minds and all attention. But objection was made, and repeated efforts to induce the President to withdraw the nomination, but in vain. The utmost that could be done was to substitute a commission for a single envoy, and Chief Justice Ellsworth and Patrick Henry were appointed, with Mr. Murray, joint commissioners, and on the declining of Mr. Henry, Edward Davie of North Carolina, was named in his place. A very full examination is gone into by our author, of the moving causes which induced the President to institute this mission, which we can only allude to here, referring all curious readers to the volume itself. That it became the apple of discord which proved fatal to the Federal party, is unquestionable. That it was the occasion of any benefit to the country, either in its interests or its honor, can hardly now be contended.

The dismissal, contumeliously, of the Secretary of State, Mr. Pickering, the forced resignation of the Secretary of War, Mr. McHenry, and the voluntary resignation of Wolcott as Secretary of the Treasury—all occurring in 1800—gave evidence to the whole country that between the President and the Federal party all confidence was lost.

In this year, also, occurred the fourth election of a President; and the alienation which Mr. Adams' conduct as such had occasioned between him and his party, was greatly instrumental in bringing about the choice of Mr. Jefferson. Not that any portion of the Federal party supported him—for they judged him then, as they never ceased to judge him, as unsound in politics and unfaithful to the real interests of the country; and they who, at this comparatively remote and therefore measurably impartial period, will carefully study the history of the measures and the men of the day, will, it is believed, ratify the judgment. But there was an actual division among the Federalists, as to the candidate, and General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South

Carolina, the author of the noble sentiment, when importuned as one of the Commissioners at Paris, to consent to bribe Talleyrand and the Directory—that “millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute,” might be obtained from the American people—was preferred to Mr. Adams; and strenuous efforts were made to induce the eastern and middle States especially, to cast their votes in such a way as that he might be selected. This division—added to the general dissatisfaction of the party with Mr. Adams—produced lukewarmness and indifference; while on the other hand, the taxes and the provisional army voted to place the country in an attitude of defence against French aggression; and the enactment of the laws known as the Alien and the Sedition Laws, furnished materials for appeal to the prejudices and passions of the people that completed the overthrow of the Federal party, and gave the Constitution and the Union into the charge of those who had resisted the adoption of the one, and had evinced no great attachment to the dignity of the other.

The private correspondence bearing on this very interesting period in our political history, is copious and full of explanation. The public, too, had before had the views of Mr. Jefferson as to this period, as disclosed in his writings; and party has ever since been busy in misrepresenting the motives and the acts of the leading Federalists of that day. Of these distinguished individuals, many in this volume speak for themselves for the first time. They speak with all the warmth of confiding friendship—and with all the earnestness of excited feeling. It is the history of their feelings and aims, written at the time to their trusted friends and associates, and therefore worthy of all credit as testimony; and the very warmth betrayed in many of their letters—sometimes amounting to the harshest imputations, in the plainest forms of speech—is decisive of the sincerity of the writers, and of the truth of their convictions. That they judged accurately on all occasions of the motives and measures of their opponents, it is not meant here to affirm, but only that the opinions they express, they honestly entertained, and had very probable grounds for entertaining. They acted and spoke, too, under great provocation. The effect of this latter cause is thus shortly adverted to by our author, in a passage immediately following his mention of the flagitious but utterly

fruitless attempt to involve Wolcott in a charge of having co-operated in firing the Treasury building just at the period of his resignation, in order to destroy the evidence of his official malversation. The attempt recoiled upon its base projectors: but, asks his biographer,

“Is it to be wondered at that when such scenes as these were enacted under the instigation or countenance of the anti-federal leaders; when the lying pen of Callender was subsidized by Jefferson to slander his political enemies; when Paine received the honors of an ambassador for an attack upon Washington; when Bache, Freneau, Duane, and a countless horde of lesser mercenaries, were rewarded by the patronage of party; when every wretch, who, by zealous assiduity in sedition or falsehood, had arrived at the dignity of a state prosecution—every clerk, who, turned out of employ for worthlessness or incapacity, sought to revenge himself by furnishing garbled accounts or fabricated conversations, was exalted into a political martyr; when a general warfare was carried on against their private character as well as their political opinions, that the federalists cherished a bitter and envenomed hatred against their opponents; that with the righteous indignation of outraged honor and calumniated purity, they, in turn, pursued and exposed the practices with which they were encountered, and by which they were defeated? Much has been said and written of the vindictiveness with which they assailed their successful rivals when finally driven from power; but let their experience of the malignity of those rivals be remembered, let the ferocity with which the whole artillery of legislative and executive vengeance was armed against them, be recalled, and the assertions of the federalists, if ever unjust, will at least be found not without example or provocation. Never was a body of men more unscrupulously or wickedly belied in their own day and generation; never a party in reviling which more ingenuity and zeal were displayed; but the names to which the future historian will turn with most satisfaction, and the patriot of succeeding ages will point with most pride, will yet be found in the ranks of those of whom WASHINGTON was the chief and the example.”

Wolcott retired to his native town poorer in fortune than when he took office with Washington, at the institution of the Federal Government, and after ten or eleven years zealous service to the Union, and almost as many more before to the public in his native State; but with faculties greatly enlarged, improved and dis-

ciplined, with the respect and affection of numerous friends, and, in spite of the malicious efforts of a few partisans, with the confidence even of political opponents.

He had disapproved openly and frankly, but not with personal vindictiveness, the later course of the President; he avowedly preferred that General Pinckney, rather than Mr. Adams, should have been the candidate of the Federal party in 1800; and because of the avowed preference, when it was ascertained that Mr. Pinckney could not be the candidate, Mr. Wolcott felt bound in honor not to remain longer in the Cabinet of a chief whose re-election he had opposed. It was therefore a just and natural gratification to Mr. Wolcott, that, after the passing of the bill, on Feb. 13, 1801, for "the more convenient organization of the Courts of the United States"—without any suggestion from himself or any of his friends—in opposition, indeed, to a recommendation by them of another person, they not supposing that Mr. W. could be acceptable to the President—he was nominated by the President, Judge of the Circuit, comprehending Vermont, Connecticut, and New York—and that the Senate unanimously confirmed the nomination.

A letter from *James Hillhouse*, then a Senator from Connecticut, may be found on pp. 492, 3 and 4 of Vol. II., respecting this appointment, and the manner in which he, when consulted on behalf of the President, treated it, and spoke of Mr. Wolcott's qualifications, which is a model of manly integrity, of patriotism and of true friendship, and which—for it was received, as appears by the reply, in the spirit in which it was written—honors alike the writer, his correspondent, the age in which they lived, and the party of which they illustrated the principles.

We wish we had room for it, if only to show the degeneracy of modern days;

but in default of the requisite space, recommend it to attention in the work itself.

Mr. Jefferson, as is well known—who by the natural instinct of a demagogue hated the Judiciary, as a branch that could not be awed nor bent, nor made subservient to popular caprice, or the changing will of majorities—among his first acts, caused the Judiciary law to be repealed, and Wolcott again became a private man.

These volumes terminate in 1801, with the installation of Mr. Jefferson. All who read them will, we think, unite in the opinion which we confidently express—that the materials yet in the hands of the author should be given to the country in a future volume. Mr. Wolcott survived till after the close of the war of 1812, in active correspondence with many of the leading men of the day. The mass of letters and papers yet unused is large, and it is to be desired in the interests of truth and of historical justice as well as accuracy, that these may be published with the same frankness and trust in the capacity of the country to make up an impartial award upon the merits of bygone days and men, that mark the work now before us.

In the name, therefore, of truth and of the country, we venture to claim from Mr. Gibbs—who has with such signal ability and boldness prepared and edited these two volumes—that he complete the series. As coming down to our own times, and re-ekindling fire not yet extinct, and concerning men, some of whom are yet on the scene, it may be more difficult and hazardous; but having given proof already that neither difficulties nor hazards can hold him back from the exposition of what he believes to be true, and of good tendency, we shall be the less disposed to allow any force to such objection for what remains to be done.

Give us then the sequel—with all the correspondence.

THE QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH AMERICA.*

J. J. AUDUBON is again in the field. The announcement of a new Work in Natural Science by this illustrious individual, we feel to be no common-place event. We feel it so as Americans jealous of the honors he has already won to our National youth, and proud that in this instance he has not been compelled, as in that of the "Birds of America," to go to the Old World for patronage and skill sufficient to bring out his work. We may justly congratulate ourselves that in the "Quadrupeds of America," we have at last a Great National Work, originated and completed among us—the authors, artists, and artisans of which, are our own citizens. Although a sufficient time has not elapsed since the publication of the "Birds of America," for us to have forgotten how the pulse of Civilization quickened to the very mention of that prodigious achievement, or how our own National pride was moved by such demonstrations—yet there has always been a mingled sense of shame and alienation in our regard of that Work. We could not help being proud of it, for our Father-Lands were filled to the echo with its praises; but it was quite as impossible for us to stifle the feeling of self-reproach in reference to it. The glory of its promulgation was ours in no degree or part. We had weighed the poor Young Artist and his noble enterprise here, in the same scales on which we rolled our Pork and Codfish barrels, and because he could not draw them up, he was dismissed with a stupid sneer. We all remember how his indomitable consciousness sustained him in his friendless and unheralded appeal to the Old World; and how amongst the polished Edinburghers that gallant faith met its success. Nor can we forget, that when those wise and liberal Scotchmen had given the first impulse to public enthusiasm, and the Birds of America had been received with an absolute furor throughout Europe; we, after stolidly chuckling over the pale reflex of his glory which fell to our share—because it had cost us nothing—proceeded, like a magnanimous people as we are, to bestow a characteristic and worthy re-

ward. We claimed him—admitted him to our glorious galaxy of "Sovereigns," and—"bragged" of him! "A Great People!" Who has anything to say against the liberalizing tendencies of Democracy, which can expend a hundred millions, or two in illustrating its peculiar blessings at the bayonet's point and cannon's mouth, to a weak, bigoted and ignorant neighbor—in extending the area of License—not Freedom—when, if called upon to expend a paltry thousand or so for the benefit of Science or Art, it sets up a whine like that of starving curs, about Economy—taking the bread out of the dear people's mouths, &c., &c. Verily! ought it to be a matter of grave astonishment to us, that—since we have such extravagantly munificent rewards in bestowal for such artists and men of science as may illustrate our Natural Products for us—they should not be found flocking from all quarters of the Earth to offer up the best energies of their lives in our service! It is very stupid of such persons that in this age of Clairvoyant Transcendentalism, they cannot content themselves with working for the glory of being boasted of, and not intrude upon the digestion of our fat dinners their own impertinent necessities for "Grub"—in the shape of subscriptions, &c., to scientific works. "What business have such people getting hungry? What have they to do with Material wants? Can they not content themselves with our generous and unselfish willingness to beat the world (over our wine) in boasting of their achievements? Pshaw! it quite chills our enthusiasm to think of such high vocations associated with a materiality so gross." As we have practically acted upon this beautiful theory, not only in our treatment of Audubon in his earlier enterprise, but as well in regard to other men of science among us, it may not be far amiss to place the "word with the deed." Had not Audubon been made of tougher and harder material than usually enters into the composition of what (in modern phraseology) is politely denominated "GENIUS," his career would have only furnished, under such propitious circumstances, to our sympathiz-

* The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America. By John James Audubon, F.R.S. &c., &c.: and the Rev. John Bachman, D.D., &c. &c.

ing Public, another exemplar of "Misdirected Powers." But fortunately he was one of those stern spirits, born not to be crushed even by the mountainous stupidity of his whole nation, but to elevate it in spite of itself to something like the level of his own place. We are gratified to perceive in the list of subscribers to this new work the practical effects of the lever he has been wielding. A much greater proportion of American names appears there, than is to be found in the list for the Birds.

The sense of shame has begun to assert itself at last; and the fact that he has been thus far able to carry his enterprise through at home, shows that there has been some amelioration in public taste, and, from whatever source, a more clear apprehension of the Dignity of Art amongst us. That the mechanical department of Art has made itself worthy of this advanced appreciation, the superb finish of the Plates most conclusively shows. No clearer evidence could be afforded that our Engravers and Printers need only opportunity and a liberal patronage to mate themselves with all the conditions of higher and progressive Art. Let it never be said again, that American Painters and men of Genius must go to Europe for engravings and illustrations, because they can find here neither the enterprise, the means, nor the mechanical skill necessary. The taunt will no longer apply now, and it need not have been thrown at us years ago, if our artisans had only been surrounded by anything like fair circumstances. But these were by no means the most formidable difficulties which were to be met and overcome in the progress of a work like this of the *Quadrupeds of America*. Mr. Audubon, in spite of the sordid and ignorant prejudices which in this country have seemed to take special delight in wreaking themselves upon all that is exalting and beautifying in Art—which had made his early life one incessantly recurring scene of disheartening struggle with pecuniary difficulties, and had driven him to the amazing expenditure of energies necessary—not only for the prosecution of his great work, out in the fields and wilds, but as well for the maintenance of a family and provision for a large surplus inevitably entailed for the material necessary to his pursuits—has still been enabled to place himself in a condition to "pay his way," in this last enterprise, almost without reference to home patronage. As this is the

case, no Yankee will fail to understand how he has been enabled to publish here in such style. But we think these astute calculators would be somewhat puzzled to comprehend—with all the shallow flurry of go-a-head-iveness, concerning which they vapor so much—that sublime dedication of unconquerable energies to Science, which could make—after their own fashion—and expend two or three fortunes, with holy faith, in her service; and that with no apparent interruption to other more immediate and astonishing labors in the same cause, and at the same time. Be this as it may, Mr. Audubon had other great difficulties to contend with which his own individual resources could not so well master; and one of the most prominent of these was the existing conditions of intelligence with regard to the *Mammalogy of America*.

Little, very little, had as yet been accomplished upon the regular basis of true Science, and what had been done was distributed through such diverse and remote mediums, as to render the task of collection a most disheartening and apparently endless one. The best years of Mr. Audubon's life had been expended upon his work on the "*Birds of America*;" and although, with the universality of vision which belongs to such a Philosopher, he had not failed, in the course of his tireless investigation and illustration of their habits, to note as well the localities and conditions of this cognate department—yet of course it would have been little short of a miracle, had he been able to give to *Mammalogy* an equal degree of accurate observation with that necessarily expended upon *Ornithology*. In the history of the circumstances which have enabled Mr. Audubon, thus far, to accomplish this final achievement of a long and honorable life, in defiance of every obstacle, we have one of the finest examples of a far-reaching unity of purpose aided by what seems almost Providential interposition, which we remember in the annals of successful Genius.

Mr. Audubon married, early, a daughter of the Bakewells of England. The Family name—so well known in this country—is a sufficient pronouncement of her probable worthiness to share the fortunes of such a man. But apart from all such extraneous considerations, her life is the best commentary upon, and her Sons the best illustration of, what such a matron should be. She shared, with a

smiling bravery, all the earlier wanderings and necessities of her husband. Whether the temporary occupant of some log or frame hovel attached to a Trading Post of the Great South-West, where it was necessary for the husband to take up his quarters in his double capacity of Trader and Naturalist—or as a sharer of honors, regal—so far as artistic and scientific appreciation could make them—bestowed upon him amidst the imposing luxuries of European Life, she was always the calm, wise, cheerful *helper*, as well as sympathizer. A noble relic of that almost exploded school of Matrons who recognize the compact of marriage as a sacred unification of *purpose* as well as life—she does not seem to have aimed at a higher honor than that of being the *true Wife* of J. J. Audubon. In this is her greatest glory; for a common woman, with the fears and weaknesses of common character, would soon have crushed the gossamer life of his fine enthusiasm, beneath the weight of vulgar cares and apprehensions. So far from this being the case, she appears to have been so entirely identified with his successes that it would be impossible to separate her from our loving recognition of them. She was his resolute companion in many of those long journeys he found it necessary to make in his early days to the far West. She crossed the Alleghanies with him on horseback at a time when there existed no other facilities for making the journey. She shared with him the wayside hovel of the mountaineer; laughed with him over the petty inconveniences of the travel, and shared the lovely enthusiasm which burst forth when its accidents threw in his way a long coveted or entirely new specimen. When it became necessary for him to sink his Jacob's staff here or there, and to leave her with his little family amidst strange associations for long months together, he could go with the calm feeling that, as with the favorite Bird of his own discovery, (the Bird of Washington,) his eyrie would be safe in the jealous strength of his mate, and open and warm for him on his return. How many a dark hour amidst the deep shadows of savage woods has such reposeful trust made luminous with joy and faith to him. How many gloomy defiles can be passed—how many cold and sudden plunges be endured—how many fierce, extravagant exigencies be faced—by that deep abiding assurance which feels and

knows that there is beyond all this a warm nestling-place, a true heart to welcome, and a home! Some of the most noble unpremeditated expressions of tenderness, we remember, are to be found in his Biography of Birds, referring to the anticipated delights of such reunions with his family—as if Heaven's own irradiation had burst upon him—amidst the grim night of solitary places—through the open doorway of that far-distant home. No one who is familiar with his earlier writings can have failed to notice this trait, and perhaps a few may have observed how significantly it expressed the central charm around which his wandering life revolved. But even no one of these could have divined how strong an influence that home circle and its vivifying centre was to exert upon his future Fame. It would have been a wild conjecture, that out of all the uncertainties that faithful Matron would have been able to bring up to him, as an offering from the penetralia of her domestic life, her two Sons—worthy, in all manly accomplishments and artistic skill, to become the co-workers of his Fame and the supports of his declining years! Sublime offering!—American Mother! She can never be dis severed from the glory of the name she bears!

The two sons of the great Ornithologist—John W. and Victor G. Audubon—by a singular coincidence married the two daughters of Dr. John Bachman, the most learned and accurate student of Mammalogy our country has yet produced. Thus were the highest interests of these kindred departments of Natural Science happily affiliated by the most sacred ties in one family. Dr. Bachman is a native of New York, but has been a resident of Charleston, S. C., for upwards of twenty years. He has always been distinguished for general learning, but his early devotion to Natural Science—particularly in his favorite department of Mammalogy—was remarkable. At the time when he first began to make known the results of his studies and observations, the literature of Natural History was at a very humble stage in this country. Its earliest and most respectable medium, the Journal of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, had been but a short time in existence. Comparatively little had yet been done by Americans in elucidation of the habits of our Native Species. European naturalists of the "Cabinet" school had led off

in an exceedingly vague classification, which was only rendered more and more confused by the sycophantic pretenders to Science among us, who gloried in sticking by "Precedent"—and in their weak and silly vassalship to the Old World dogmatism upon subjects which should have been peculiarly and exclusively their own—surrendered sense, opportunity and individuality, to the *prestige* of Foreign names. Among the earliest of the rebels who deserve to be classified as the signers of our Declaration of Independence of European classification and nomenclature, so far as they relate to the proper subjects of Native Science, we find Dr. Bachman to have been prominent in Mammalogy. Much more had been done in Ornithology than in this department. Wilson had accomplished much; Audubon was already in the field. The Dr. found his favorite branch comparatively neglected—that though Ornithology had begun to assert itself, yet Mammalogy had been left unrelieved of all its incipient obscurations. He soon began to exemplify the claims of American Naturalists to know most about their own subjects; and in a monograph of the Genus *Sciurus*—one of the most numerous and least understood of the genera amongst us—which was published in the Journal of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, he first made the peculiar accuracy and independence of his character as a Naturalist apparent. In a subsequent series of papers, elucidating the American Hares, these traits were even more strikingly developed. Although one of the most common and familiar species upon our Continent, the Gray Rabbit (*Lepus Sylvaticus* Bachman) had become strangely confounded with the Northern Hare (*Lepus Americanus*). Indeed the nomenclature of the whole genus had become almost inextricably involved by the ignorance, in the first place, of foreign naturalists, which had then only been perpetuated and farther involved by their timid echoes here. Dr. Bachman placed this matter right, and won for himself the extraordinary title to affix his name at last to so common a species, and on to which so many names had been applied that it would have been better without any. Dr. Bachman now took rank at once as a Naturalist of the Independent School, and never was a designation more happily given. The laborious acumen which had distinguished him in this investiga-

tion has always characterized him. He carried into Mammalogy the methods of Wilson and Audubon, who pushed their investigations to the nearest point of absolute accuracy, through personal observation of their subjects. At no period of his life was this fearless and practical spirit exhibited in a more distinguished manner, than when he engaged himself in assisting J. G. Audubon in the celebrated experiments instituted at Charleston to show the fallacy of the common opinion with regard to the power of *smell* possessed by the Turkey Buzzard (*Cathartes Aura*) and the Carrion Crow (*Cathartes Atratus*). Mr. Audubon had taken the ground—the Dr. agreeing with him—that these creatures were guided in search of food by their powers of vision rather than smell, and was of course assailed by the whole mob of Naturalists and pretenders to such science on both sides of the water. But the two gentlemen most gallantly bore up under it all, and Dr. Bachman finally put the question forever at rest in a most able paper, in which the truth of Mr. Audubon's theory was so clearly demonstrated by the facts that nobody has presumed to agitate it since. The Dr. is noted not only for his practical shrewdness and learning in all subjects connected with a wide range of natural facts including those of Ornithology and Botany, but as well for his aversion to pretenders, and his sharpness in detecting and rebuking popular humbugs. Several amusing instances of the consternation excited by his manner of handling such gentry without gloves, have come to our knowledge. Among these is one which, we presume, the citizens of Charleston will not soon forget. We allude to the far-famed "Mermaid Case," and his fiercely witty exposure of the impudent trickster who had been gulling the public of different cities with his ingenious monstrosity of half cod-fish and half monkey sewed together, until our Naturalist pounced upon him and annihilated his interesting marvel, to the no small delight of the cultivated Charlestonians who had been pretty effectually quizzed by it themselves. In addition to this very imperfect outline of a person so distinguished, we should mention that he is familiar, from personal inspection, with all the principal museums, as well as Scientific Institutions of other kinds, in Europe, and has been for many years a correspondent of the principal Journals of Science there.

Such is the person who, after having in many disinterested ways assisted Mr. Audubon in his earlier work, suggested to him, so soon as that was finished, the new enterprise of illustrating and placing upon something like a kindred basis of scientific definition the "*Quadrupeds of America*." For the most apparent reasons we have stated—his age, his nearly exclusive dedication to ornithology, &c.—Mr. Audubon could not have wisely undertaken such a task but with the assurance of the kind of support which had now gathered round him in the range of his own Family connexions. With the feeling that, though encumbered with years, his hand had lost nothing of its cunning, or his eye its marvelous discrimination, and that what he now lacked in capacity for labor, could be supplied by the fresh energies and cultivated skill of his two Sons, under his supervision—and that what might be wanting to himself, in the detail of personal observation or Technical Science, would be supplied by a veteran of Natural History, such as his old and dear friend, Dr. Bachman—he could enter with confidence upon so serious an undertaking. A more lovely unity of purpose, and a more consistent or nobler dedication of all kindred ties, in an unselfish loyalty to the highest interests of General Science, has never been furnished to the history of such themes, than that offered by the Family of J. J. Audubon, in even its remoter relations! There is to us something very high in this community of social and familiar life dedicated to such ends, which we conceive to be perhaps the most legitimate and exalting. We have no truer mission here than that of Commentators upon, and Illustrators of, God's first revelation to us—"the Bible of Nature!" and it would be very difficult to find a Family whose deeds and history more entirely illustrate their recognition of such an Apostleship. They may be called the Levites of a new order of Priesthood in the Temple of Nature! In discussing this detail of the circumstances which smoothed the way to the success of the new work upon the *Quadrupeds of America*, we cannot escape from the necessity of giving the reverse view of the difficulties with which both Audubon and Dr. Bachman had to contend, and must overcome in its farther progress. That these were not slight, perhaps we have already said enough to intimate. We have remarked that the conditions of our "*Home Intelligence*"

upon such subjects, interposed a serious bar to their full and proper illustration.

Until the establishment of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, we had been exclusively dependent upon Foreigners for all classification and description of our Animals. On the promulgation of the valuable *Journal* of that Institution, about the year 1817, it was found that we had amongst us quite a number of *amateur* Naturalists, at least, and some few men of true Science. We need only mention such names as George Orde, Dr. Harlan, Dr. Morton, Chas. Lucien Bonaparte, Dr. Leib, Dr. Pickering, Dr. Bachman, J. K. Townsend, Dr. Trudeau, among its Contributors. These men were all either native or adopted citizens. Various other Institutions of the same stamp sprung up in the different cities of our country, after the success of the Philadelphia Academy and its *Journal* had demonstrated the feasibility and consequence of such associations. Among them the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and the Boston Society of Natural History, have become prominent. But up to so late a date as 1825-6, nothing of great importance had yet been accomplished, in the department of Mammalogy, by Americans. The first Discoverers of North America had of course carried specimens of our Animals along with them on their return voyages. They were rather Navigators than Naturalists, and necessarily all the additions they could make to Science, beyond the mere skins they took back with them, must have been characterized by the romantic spirit which belonged to the period. Hence it is that all the old Writers who treated of the Animals of this Continent, fell into consequent errors. As they were dependent first upon these Navigators, and then upon the vague reports of Travelers, who—though they may have possessed the physical hardihood and energy necessary to the explorers of a new country—are not to be supposed to have commanded the degree of Scientific accuracy indispensable to their reliability upon such themes. To give some faint idea of the difficulties in the way of a progress to anything like accuracy in such a Science, we shall offer a faint and rapid Historical outline.

Hernandez, among the earliest Spanish adventurers after the conquest of Mexico, furnished in his journal descriptions of many of the *Quadrupeds* of that country; giving, however, only the Mexican and

Indian names. This is but a single instance among many, of the obscurities through which such men as Linnæus, &c., had to work their classification of our Quadrupeds. It will be perceived that so far as Hernandez was concerned, they were compelled to act upon implication. They could have no recognized data in the accounts he furnished, and were obliged to make their own deductions from the confused outlines of habit and description which he gave as to the *probable* place of the genera alluded to? We will mention that Professor Lichtenstein of Berlin, has lately, in an antiquarian spirit, attempted to identify the animals mentioned by Hernandez, and give them their Scientific names. This work is only to be regarded as one of the curiosities of this species of Literature. Herriott, an English author, whose work has been long since out of print in this country, and is almost inaccessible in any other, gave an account of the third voyage of the English to Virginia, in 1586; to which he added some description and enumeration of the Natural Productions of that country. The same perplexities with regard to the data he pretends to furnish exist. The book is of little or no practical value.

Among other journals of the adventurers of that period which furnished occasional glimpses of intelligence upon such subjects, we find that of the famous Capt. John Smith—of Pocahontas memory—which was published in London, 1624, under the somewhat quaint title of "General History of Virginia and the Summer Isles," with the superb announcement of himself as "Sometime Governor in those Countries, and Admiral of New England." This very inflated personage—whom we, by the way, have always recognized as nothing better—even under his own version of the affair—than a coarse and brutal adventurer—on account of his treatment of that Queenly and sublime Indian maiden—nevertheless furnished some valuable hints with regard to the productions of those regions. These are even now worth referring to, for though he possessed no Scientific learning, yet his stout common sense made him turn all his opportunities of observation to advantage, except when his arrant and pompous self-conceit made it necessary for him to romance in his own glorification.

La Hontan, a traveler in Canada, describes the animals of that country, in a manner entirely characteristic. We have

not his book before us, but in a paragraph from the article Musk-Rat (*Fiber Zibethicus*) "*Quadrupeds of America*," we are given some touches of his quality which it will be well enough here to introduce:

"La Hontan, in a letter dated Boucherville, May, 1687, (see Trav. in Canada,) says—'In the same place we killed some Musk-Rats, or a sort of animals which resemble a rat in their shape, and are as big as a rabbit. The skins of these rats are very much valued, as differing but little from those of beavers.' He goes on to describe the manner in which the 'strong and sweet smell' of musk is produced; in which he so much betrays his ignorance of natural history, that we will not expose the vulgar error by repeating it here. But if one Frenchman of the 17th century committed some errors, in relating the habits of this species, another, early in the 18th, (1725,) made ample amends, by giving us a scientific description of its form, internal structure, and habits, that would do credit to the most careful investigator of the present day. This accomplished naturalist was Mons. Sarrasin, King's Physician at Quebec, and correspondent of the French Academy; in honor of whom Linnæus named the genus *Sarrasenia*. He dissected a number of Musk-Rats, described the animal, gave an account of the 'follicles which contain the perfume,' and noted its habits.

"To this intelligent physician, Buffon was principally indebted for the information which enabled him to draw up his article on the Canadian Musk-Rat."

We have here another pretty fair specimen of the fragmentary and uncertain mediums through which Linnæus and Buffon were necessitated to catch up those scraps of intelligence with regard to Foreign Animals, upon which the immense system of Classification which has immortalized the former, and the extended Biographies of the latter, are superstructured. The accuracy of Linnæus, under such circumstances, is amazing; nor are the occasionally silly tales of Buffon to be very greatly wondered at. It should be remembered that these men seldom or never left their closets. This was the case more with Buffon than Linnæus. The latter did certainly give some of his time to personal observation of his favorite Department, Botany, while Buffon boasted that he had never left his desk for fifty years. A strange boast for a Naturalist, under our modern acception of such a character, to make. But in addition to La Hontan, we have the names of Sa-

gard Theodat, and Charlevoix, as travelers who, about the same time threw some light—and that about equally distinct with the specimens above—upon the Quadrupeds of Canada.

In 1749, Peter Kalm, an intelligent Swede, journeyed through portions of North America, and in particular described the Hudson's Bay Quadrupeds, and those of Pennsylvania, New York, and indeed nearly all the Northern and Middle States. His work, originally written in the Swedish language, was soon afterwards translated into the German and English. It is of much more value than the ordinary books of travelers of that æra. We have, also, "Travels in North America," in the years 1780-82, "By the Marquis de Chastellux," which deserves to be mentioned. The famous "Expedition" of Lewis & Clark, up the Missouri, in 1804-5-6, is well known to have been productive of important results in the elevation of the Natural History of that till then perilous and almost unexplored region. Desmarest, a Frenchman, published his "Mammalogie," in Paris, in 1820. This is a faulty but laborious compilation of another closet Naturalist, which, although it pretended to particular minuteness in the Classification of American Animals, falls rather lamentably short in many grave particulars. We shall have more to say of this work in another connection. But the celebrated Dr. Richardson made amends for this, in 1829, when he published his valuable "Fauna Boreali Americana." This gentleman bravely took the field in person, and in the devoted spirit of Audubon subjected himself to many perils and hardships, in journeyings through the Polar Regions in search of information concerning the nearly entire range of their natural productions. For true Science, he may be placed at the head of European Naturalists who have worked in person upon our home field. His contributions to Mammalogy are very highly appreciated by our Naturalists; as are also the observations of Franklin—another daring Explorer of the same field—the results of which are given in the Fauna.

Having now brought down our outline to the somewhat pivotal period (we mean that between 1825 and 1829) in the progress of Mammalogy, to a certain degree of pronunciation among us—so far as the labors of the Foreigners we have mentioned can be said to have aided in it immediately by personal observation—we shall proceed to group on each side of

this æra the names of those in the Old World who have more indirectly contributed to this end. They are principally those Naturalists who have collected from such sources as we have designated, the accounts of habits which they have furnished, and depended for their measurements, descriptions and nomenclature, upon such stuffed skins and specimens as they could obtain from any other sources. We give them as nearly as we can remember, in something like the succession of their works.

After the English Willoughby and his admirable commentator and pupil, Ray, in 1678, the most important names, of course, are those of Linnæus, the great Swede, whose labors commenced about the year 1730, and Buffon, his intellectual antipode and rival, in France. The "Technical School" of Linnæus preceded by a few years that of Buffon, which went to the opposite extreme of disregarding all systems of Nomenclature, and may be called the Biographical School. Between these two masters all succeeding Naturalists have been, until late years, divided. About 1743, Mark Catesby published "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida and the Bahama Islands," with 220 plates. This book is still of some value, from the fact that the plates were colored and can be barely recognized. Edwards afterwards edited it, 1771. Schreber, a dull and inaccurate Copyist, published a work upon Quadrupeds in 1773, which is of little value. We then have the "Miscellanea Zoologica" of Professor Pallas. He is perhaps the most distinguished of the disciples of Linnæus; was a great traveler, and well versed in many branches of Natural Science. Pennant next publishes his "History of Quadrupeds," 1779. This was undoubtedly an accomplished Englishman, of Classical and Antiquarian attainments; but as usual, all the English writers overvalue the importance of his labors. He did nothing out of himself, but compiled gracefully. But the Giant of laborious dullness is the Compiler Gmelin, who about this time edited the thirteenth edition of the "*Systema Naturæ*." He added to this vast work of Linnæus, all that had since been discovered in the whole World of Nature, and has been so slavishly true to the dry Technical method of his Master, that even his fellow Disciples were astonished at the monstrous accumulation of unilluminated terminology his ant-like patience had heaped together, and some of them went off in

despair to the opposite extreme of the Buffon School. The weight of this book proved pretty much a "settler" to the "Technicalists." Dr. Shaw, who was an officer of the British Museum, threw in another sinker about the same time, in the form of his "General Zoology." He is one of the duller and least respectable of all this School. His works, with those of Gmelin, proved too much for it, and it has rapidly gone into fragments ever since, until now there is left only here and there such miserable relics as the "Fauna Americana" of Dr. Harlan, of Philadelphia. Other books occur to us, which in various ways contributed to shedding light upon our Mammalogy, down to the time of Cuvier—such as Du Pratt's History of Louisiana, Lawson's History of North Carolina, Hearn's Journey, Urquart's Hudson's Bay, &c. Erxleben and Forster are also names belonging to an earlier period, which are of sufficient importance to deserve mentioning.

Now came the memorable period of Cuvier, in which a most important revolution in the treatment of Natural Science was agitated, which has since been carried forward with such admirable results as to entitle it now to be named the *Composite School*. It will be perceived we mean that in which the extremes of several Systems have met, and their best truths been united.

We have shown, in a rapid way, the manner in which even his own Disciples became gradually disgusted with the abuses of the System of Linnæus—in which its letter was heavily substituted for its spirit—and how many, even of these, were driven over into the ranks of Buffon. But it soon began to be found that no System was as bad as all Systems; and the Buffonians—wandering amidst the obscure mazes of an arbitrary, disconnected, and most frequently ludicrous nomenclature, in which no unity or ultimatum could by any ingenuity be found—began to perceive that fanciful and elegant Biographies were not all that was demanded to make Science attractive. The popularity of the Biographical School, on the other hand, had begun to convince the Technicalists that perhaps it would be as well to have a little of the warmth of flesh and blood added to the dry bones of their System. So that a sort of affiliation was the gradual result of these mutual points of attraction. But then it was soon ascertained, still farther on,

that as our knowledge of General Nature was rapidly increasing from the impulsion towards such investigations which had been given to the popular curiosity by the brilliant rhapsodies of Buffon, that the classification of Linnæus was not sufficiently detailed. New Genera, in all the branches of Zoology, became necessary; and even intermediate groups between these Genera.* Hence it came "that the study of Comparative Anatomy was called in to aid Zoological Classification."—(See Swainson.)

M. Cuvier must unquestionably be placed at the head of the new school of "Comparative Anatomists," who insisted that an examination of internal structure was called for in aid of Zoological Classification. The argument derived from the old aphorism of "a rule which applies both ways," was most triumphantly demonstrated by his success in the *terra incognita* of fossil remains which he reduced from Antediluvian æras to nearly absolute Serials of Transition; upon the basis of which the Known Species of our later Science have been compelled with a few modifications to settle.

We must be permitted to say, in this connection, we regret that, amongst English writers—of whatever pretension—who in treating of indifferent persons, are philosophically just and discriminating, we have observed one unvarying Cockney pretension to exalt their own men above all others. However, in our better moods, we regard these things from a very calm point of view. As Americans, we, too, belong to a "Composite School." We are English, French, Scotch, Irish, Germans and all. Therefore, we have nothing to do with the petty quirks and snarlings with which John Bull comforts himself in asserting his own especial origination of all the great ideas of modern progress. We care nothing for Swainson's assertion (who, by the way, is a true J. B.) that "Lister in fact is unquestionably the inventor of System," ("Study of Natural History," page 23,) or that "the unbounded praise that has been so profusely lavished upon Linnæus for the simplicity of his distinctions, would have been more justly merited by Lister" (see do. same page). Nor do we feel that—although such assertions with regard to Dr. Martin Lister, the "Father of Conchology," may be very broad—they by any means cover the whole ground of precedent or assumption in this

* See Natural History by William Swainson, Vol. I—pp. 83-4-5.

quarter. We have the following consistent announcement upon page 27, which may probably illustrate our insinuation :

"Willughby was the most accomplished Zoologist of *this or any other country*; for all the honor that has been given to Ray so far as concerns Systematic Zoology, belongs exclusively to him. He alone is the author of that *System which both Ray and Linnæus took for their guide, which was not improved by the former or confessed by the latter.*"

Both of them Englishmen, and therefore both of them founders of "System"—one of General System, and the other of Particular. This is pretty fair for Englishmen! Now the true mode of regarding the different claims of Discoverers seems to be easily illustrated. No doubt many thousand persons had observed the top of the tea-kettle lifted by steam, and had vaguely thought of it as indicating some power in that agent which might be usefully applied; but only *one* man embodied these undefined ideas—which are perhaps as old as humanity—into an Iron Conqueror of elements and space, which has changed the face of the world. So Lister and Willughby, in common with many others, doubtless recognized the importance of "System" in investigating the Natural World, and may and did, to a certain extent, act upon the thought themselves; but to Linnæus unquestionably belongs the undivided glory of having demonstrated its importance and forced a *reception* of it upon the world by his prodigious labors. He is the true Inventor, so far as Invention means anything. We deny the possibility of "New Thoughts," as they are called. We have held in our own minds, since time began, *all* the Possibilities of Science, and what is called Invention is merely the reduction of these Possibilities to practical results; and the experience or knowledge of no single person accomplishes this, but all Humanity contributes to it, until, at the proper stage in the progression, some one man seizes upon and completes its development in the Utilitarian sense. We therefore regard the extravagant assumptions of Swainson, in favor of British Naturalists, as a very innocent sort of bigotry. Even his characteristic depreciation of Cuvier is only illustrative of the long standing jealousy between John Bull and Crapeau. He finds very little of importance in the System of Comparative Anatomy introduced by him into the de-

finitions of Natural History. In proof that, so far as the "*Règne Animal*" is concerned, Cuvier is nobody, he asserts that "in the investigation and knowledge of recent Quadrupeds, he has been fully equaled by the *illustrious* Geoffrey St. Hilaire—that his system of Ornithology is inferior to that of Temminik, and is *withal* so defective that it has called forth an exposition from one of the first Zoologists of Europe. Charles Lucien Bonaparte—of treacherous memory—is this "first Zoologist. The man who has not been sufficiently content with forswearing his obligations to American Science—in denying any to Audubon—but has farther prostituted such claims as he may have won to scientific fame, in denouncing the greatest Naturalist of the Country which has given to his Family name its immortal recognition! In this he has only acted consistently!

Now, we are perfectly ready to admit the claims of St. Hilaire, Temminik, or any other true man, to excellence in his peculiar department; a claim which Cuvier himself would not have denied, so far as particulars go; but we must be permitted to protest against the bombastic denunciations of that presuming scion of a noble family—Lucien Bonaparte—being quoted against the great men of a Science in which he was only a disappointed Amateur. Swainson admits generously, as Englishmen *sometimes* know how to do, the transcendent genius Cuvier "has shown as a Geologist and Comparative Anatomist, in his *splendid theories and his fossil investigations*"—but yet thinks that "the *Règne Animal*, for all purposes of philosophic or natural arrangement, will serve only, like the *Systema Natura*, to mark the period of a bygone era!"

The fact is, that Cuvier's application of "Comparative Anatomy" to the definitions of Zoology, which Mr. Swainson has so much disregarded, and upon the strength of which disregard he prophesied the ephemeral life of the "*Règne Animal*," has been adopted by nearly all the true Naturalists who have succeeded Cuvier, up to Audubon. He, though prevented by circumstances from making use of it in the earliest part of his career as a Naturalist, availed himself of "Comparative Anatomy" so soon as his acquaintance with that distinguished disciple of Cuvier, Macgillivray of Edinburgh enabled him to become acquainted with its technicalities and elements. *Now*,

it is accepted as a matter of course, by all modern Naturalists, as an indispensable feature of Zoological definition. So much for the short life of the "Règne Animal!" The Eclectic or Composite School, to which our modern American Naturalists belong, will probably survive, in spite of Mr. Swainson's ingenious argument against the adoption of what he calls Cuvier's extreme views. It prevailed through the later volumes of the *Birds of America*, and has been equally recognized in the new work, "*The Quadrupeds of America*."

But to return to our Historical outline. We have as cotemporaries and collaborators of Cuvier, his brother, F. Cuvier, and St. Hilaire, and Temminik—names we have already mentioned. Leichtenstein, Desmarest, &c., bring us down again to about 1829, the period of Richardson and Franklin, the immediate Illustrators of our native subjects, who are cotemporary with our first systematic author upon Mammalogy. We will, however, enumerate among the European authors since Richardson, to whose labors our subject has been indebted, the names of Vigors, Gray, Horsfield, Waterhouse, Bennett, Trail, Bell, &c.

We will dismiss this dry enumeration with the remark that it would be rather a serious historical task to dwell upon the characteristics of all the so-called Naturalists who have written about American Quadrupeds; and as most of them are mere Compilers, we must be excused for having too little sympathy with the character to take any interest in illustrating it at the expense of so much labor. Indeed it would hardly be necessary, even if it were pleasant to us, for the definition of all the important European names is already sufficiently familiar to those who would at any rate be gratified by such commentaries.

In 1826, John Godman, M.D., published his "*Mastology*," the first work by a citizen which has any just claim to the title of an "*American Natural History*." It will be said that Dr. Harlan had issued the "*Fauna Americana*," the year before, but this does not in any degree weaken the force of our statement. We are entirely ready to admit the claims of Harlan as a laborious Naturalist, of the "Closet School," who worked by the square of "Precedent." But this does not entitle his work to any higher rank than that of a Compilation. Its title to this grade is even something more than doubtful, for

most of the works of the European Naturalists enumerated above were compilations, and there is a degree of honor attached to faithful labors of this kind which confers a marked respectability upon the names attached to them, which by no means belongs to that of a mere Translator. We should be sorry to say worse of the *Fauna Americana*, than that it strikes us as—in the department of Mammalogy—simply a pretty faithful translation of "*Desmarest's Mammalogie*," "improved" *perhaps*, by the addition of the new general name, but certainly not "corrected" by the addition of any new particular facts. We have no patience with that indiscriminate laudation which will exalt the dull book-moths of Science into place with "our Naturalists," where they must be elbowing side by side such men as Wilson, Godman, Audubon, Bachman, &c., who have shown themselves to be filled with the true apprehensions and manly energy necessary to their vocation. The maudlin excuse cannot surely be rendered *now*, that we have so few Names belonging to such Science amongst us, that we are justified in making the most of what we have. Desmarest may be classed as an honest, well-meaning and industrious Compiler, who did the best he could with the lights he had. As they were obscure, he fell into many serious mistakes with regard to our Animals, which it was certainly the duty of any one here, pretending either to compile from—or, more honestly, to translate—his work, to have corrected through his own and our home resources. But as this was not done, we can speak of the *Fauna Americana* only as we have, and must be excused for doubting whether the fact of its having preceded Godman a single year, goes far towards proving for the work that it was of much assistance to him, or has materially contributed to any general elucidation of its subjects. Godman's enterprise was commenced in 1823, though his first volume did not appear until 1826. He has, however, in it asserted his own claims too distinctly to need that any farther vindication of the title we have given him should be made by us. Up to his time, our Naturalists were principally Amateurs in Mammalogy, except such as had set up for the stolid dignities of Dr. Harlan, and were constantly at cross-questions with regard to Classification. No competent person had undertaken to bring together the *disjecta membra* of this species of intelligence

which were scattered, as we have shown, through such distant and obscure mediums. His became first the task of reducing them to something resembling a System. Godman, though young, was a Physician of thorough Science, and it is probable that the prepossessions of his Profession gave him that thorough bias towards the school of Comparative Anatomy which we perceive in his treatment. He was one of its earliest Disciples here, and, as is so frequently the case, under such circumstances, has carried his Anatomical definitions to an extreme of dry and often fatiguing minuteness. This, however, is a good fault; at least it is far better than the other extreme of no definition at all. Carelessness or prejudice upon this point, has gone further than anything else towards the almost inextricable involvement into which the Classification of some even of our most common Species has fallen. The absurd opinion that a consideration of the dental arrangement and osseous structure is not the most sure criterion of Class, has cost our modern Naturalist a great deal of trouble. Habit, form, size and color, which were formerly depended upon, are altogether too vague to furnish data for Science. Though Godman felt this strongly, and carried his conviction to an extreme in the action of his labors, yet he fell far short of accomplishing what was demanded. He died in the midst of his work, and in the flush of his life. Undoubtedly there was that promise in him, which would have accomplished a vast deal more. But he belonged to a new country and a new race, with an infant Literature and Science just struggling for a place. We had not yet grown out sufficiently from beneath the overcoming shadows of the Great European names; and though Godman may be classed next to Wilson in the Independent School here, yet it is evident that he has not risen quite above the natural awe of Old World celebrities. Although, like Wilson and Audubon, he went out into the rugged by-ways of the Natural World to examine its creatures for himself, he rather suggests dissent from these authorities than asserts it, even though his own common sense and observation have convinced him that he was right. It would be coarse to judge harshly of one who did not live up to the ordinary stage of fixed development. Such timidity was natural both to his period and his years. Let us then do him all honor as the first American Naturalist

who went into the woods to study Mammalogy for himself; and in that department began to throw off the absolute and slavish dependence upon the facts and nomenclature of Foreigners which had so long disgraced us. He had the precedent of Wilson's ennobling example in Ornithology, to be sure; but that does not subtract from the manliness and resolution which enabled him to commence the same revolution on behalf of Quadrupeds. And again as the first American Author who has reduced our Mammalogy to anything bordering upon "System"—as it is now recognized—in introducing Comparative Anatomy to its definitions. Then he must be admitted as the first who united the "System" of Linnæus, the charming anecdotal Biographies of Buffon, with the precise Anatomical definitions of Cuvier. His Biographies are unusually pleasing, and his facts with regard to habits are in most cases valuable. His Illustrations are of small value. He made no pretensions as an Artist. The majority of his plates are copied from every direction, though Le-seur, a French Artist of some cleverness, did many for him.

This may be accounted for and excused by the condition of Illustrative Art at this period. The illustration both of Birds and Animals was now in its infancy. Here occurs the advent of the latest, the most brilliant and attractive feature of the development of Natural Science. We refer to Illustration, of which Mr. Audubon is as much the Father and Inventor as Linnæus, Buffon and Cuvier are of their respective Schools. It is an absurd criticism of those who pretend to a technical connoisseurship of Classic and Italian art, which supposes that because sculpture in Greece succeeded in embodying so divinely our ideas of majesty, strength, beauty and grace, in marble counterfeits of the human form—that necessarily the same chisels or pencils would work with equal skill and accuracy the forms of animal life which appear in the "reliefs" of temples, or frescoes of cathedrals; and that because the Italians produced magnificent effects in grouping the passions of the Elements in Landscape, or depicting those of the Human, through Historical or Domestic scenes, in connection, *therefore*, they were accustomed to throw into the Illustration of all Birds and Beasts the same vitality of absolute truth. The idea, to any wise apprehension, carries absurdity upon the

face of it. The Ancients knew nothing absolutely, beyond almost ludicrous surmises, which have been formally perpetuated since Aristotle and Pliny, of the habits of wild animals. They knew little even of their forms; except such as were brought in cages to be exhibited at their games, triumphs and festivals. These were, of course, few in variety, but not in numbers, and marked either by the ferocity or the peculiar shape which would most arrest popular attention. Apart from these facts, it is little short of insanity to suppose that, at a period when the warlike instinct predominated, and blinded the passions of our race, that sort of meek, wise energy which must characterize the Artist of those wilder forms of nature which are removed from the immediate range of our sympathies, would either exist or could take this direction. The fact is, that it *did not*. Grecian Art never did get beyond the forms of domesticated or semi-domesticated creatures; and even in representing these, neither the Grecians nor Italians ever excelled—because they belonged to the “*Passional School*,” and could not or would not give to such indifferent subjects the legitimate amount of attention. Hence it is that the delineation of domestic animals fell into the hands of the phlegmatic Dutch, and what is now called the Dutch School took hold of such domestic subjects as Cats, Parrots, Monkeys, Asses, Cows, Horses, Sheep, Goats, Dogs, and occasionally such creatures as they could delineate in their cages, as Lions, Tigers, &c. English art, soon after this same period, began—in a purely imitative spirit—to include the semi-domesticated Animals, such as the Hare, Fox, Badger, Stag, Falcon, Pheasant, &c. Within the limits we have hinted at, some of these Paintings transcended the monotone of “*still life*,” and gave all the comic and burlesque attitudes which belong to the expression of this relation of absolute and semi-domestication; but beyond, there is scarcely a character of expression which we can recognize, other than that of merely still life. As is the case with the Grecian “*Reliefs*,” a practiced eye will detect a want of accurate outline, proportion and expression, which shows the same deficiency of attention to the measurement and anatomy of the wilder species, which characterizes alike the Italian, the Dutch and the English Schools. How could it be otherwise, when the Naturalists of these periods kept pace with Illustrative Art in their

indifference to, or ignorance of, those minuter and more piquant traits, not only of habit, anatomy and physical action, but of association, which most fully illustrate such subjects.

It is somewhat curious that Le Vailant, who, about the year 1800, was the first Illustrative Naturalist who deserves to be named, was also one of the most rigid disciples of Buffon. It seems that, recognizing in his own consciousness the inefficiency of the arbitrary school of Buffon, to which he belonged, he was disposed, through his artistical skill, to institute new data of identification which would supply the inaccuracies of his favorite method. His Ornithological figures, though brilliant from the strong coloring of the families of African Birds he exhibits, have no better claim than that which the high coloring of “*still life*” can give them. This work was very distinguished in its day. So was the Illustrative department of the work of Wilson on American Ornithology, which immediately succeeded it. Wilson did nothing more than reproduce the stiff attitudes of the old School of “*Stuffed Specimen*” Illustrators, the best of whom only gave the penciled shades and fibres of the feathers as they are shown in perfect repose. But who dared attempt to show them in all the characteristic attitudes, and with every tint illuminated, as with the living hue of passion—vivid in its milder forms—or sparkling with the savage joy of fierceness and the comic light of glee? This J. J. Audubon did. He has founded a glorious School, and elevated the Illustration of Natural History into a noble Art, of the capabilities of which no one who preceded him had ever more than vaguely imagined. With their judicious and admirable Accessories, his Plates have been made Biographical. They tell more at a glance than pages would tell. His creatures are placed in their native landscapes, and although a whole life-time of observation and study has been given to the grouping and position of his figures by himself, yet through his Sons, and other members of his accomplished Family, he has been enabled to throw the same amount of study and labor into his Accessories, so that his Plates are true Pictures in the highest sense. Each one of them is complete in itself and tells a story not to be mistaken. They strike one as unitary fragments from the memory of his long life of wanderings, reproduced complete in all their parts—

not alone the creature itself in some striking attitude, characteristic of its habits, but, as well, the very scene in which it was first observed. In the Quadrupeds of America, a group of Elks standing and lying beneath the shadows of the bordering trees, is seen looking out upon the undulations of those vast prairies of the Upper Missouri, where Audubon saw them, on his tour to that region. The Buffalo, with Bull, Cow and Calves, in the foreground, is shown in the same scenes, with the long, dark lines of the immense herd fading under the plane where the green sea of grass and the arch of the blue sky are blended. So the fatal eye of the Canada Lynx, with the yellow heat of ferocity in it, compels a sort of shiver from us as we see it in the act of springing upon its unconscious prey, amidst the broken rocks, the decaying logs and tangled firs of a Northern forest. Even the little Wood-Mouse is shown amidst the huge drift logs and the mighty desolation through which the Lower Mississippi holds its sombre way, and amidst which this creature finds its most congenial home. It is in such hearty and faithful dedication of the best and highest attributes of Genius to the work of "Illustrating" Natural History—as we have imperfectly sketched above—that the generic difference between what was called Illustration before, and the School Mr. Audubon has founded, is to be perceived. Others have trifled with it, made mere baby-toyings of what they undertook. Mr. Audubon has elevated it into the rank of highest Art! The celebrity of Landseer in depicting the passions and characteristics of Domestic Animals—the high value even of engravings from his Paintings, shows what an impulsion the rare Plates of the "Birds of America" has given to the taste for this sort of illustration lately. Men are beginning to take curious and sympathetic interest in expositions of the life, passions and habits of the lower forms of animal existence, and to feel how graphically they illustrate their own. We will not say that Audubon's Illustrations of the Quadrupeds of America have equaled the paintings of Landseer, in his own department. That would be unjust, as Landseer has worked one field and Audubon another. But we do say that, so far as they have progressed, the Illustrations of the "Quadrupeds of America" as much surpass any efforts of the same kind which have yet been given to the

world, as the Paintings of Landseer, in Domestic and Semi-Domesticated Animals surpass those of the Dutch, or any other School! The same extraordinary Art which created the Plates of the Birds, makes itself recognized in the Quadrupeds. In a severely critical spirit we might say that there appears, perhaps, something more of stiffness than is apparent in the figures of the Plates to the Birds. This is, comparatively, a petty fault. We cannot look for all the buoyant spirit and elastic freshness of youth in the work of even *such a man*, whose years have passed 65, nor can we expect all the wonderful traits of his Genius to be infused into the execution of his Collaborateurs. It is sufficient to say that we feel the infusion of his presence throughout, and that all parties concerned have shown themselves worthy to share with him the glory of such a Work.

But here we must confess that we have been, in this disquisition upon Illustrative Art, decoyed ahead of the Historical march of our subject; we must, therefore, return. Although we have shown that there were many reasons why the Illustrations given in Dr. Godman's Work should not have been remarkable in any other sense than for their inaccuracy, the same excuses are not applicable in extenuation of the wretched and monstrous Illustrations which accompany the most important work next to that of Godman on the Natural History of America. We refer to the "Natural History of New York," published "by Authority" of the State in 1842. We have nothing to do with the other departments of this Work at present, but with that of Mammalogy, for which James E. Dekay has assumed the responsibility. This gentleman, who is a respectable and laborious Compiler, has not been content with furnishing "to order" a commendably accurate replication of all the slavish errors of Harlan and the natural ones of Godman, but has as well aspired to illuminate the donkeyish drudgery of his labors by a repetition of all the most spicy faults of his European prototypes. In addition, he has filled his Illustrative department with the boldest burlesques of Animal Forms that we have perceived in the last half century—although Landseer in Animals and Audubon in Birds had both preceded him! We will just dismiss this Work with the remark that we hope the other Volumes are better. As for this it is a

singularly triumphant illustration of the success with which a dogged resolution in sticking by "Precedent" may be crowned—so far as robbing the most interesting theme of the slightest particle of legitimate interest is concerned. We cannot help congratulating the Commonwealth of New York upon the eminently wise and sagacious disposition of its funds, which has, in this instance at least, secured to its Archives a sufficiently ponderous memorial of the *specific gravity* of Natural Science within its limits! Since Godman, up to the time of the "Quadrupeds of America," nothing has been done with any pretension to System. The facts with regard to different species have been gradually accumulating amongst us in various ways, particularly through the numerous Journals of Science which have grown up in our country. We now come to the period of the Work under consideration. We have shown, in the first place, the circumstances so honorable to all parties through which it has grown into being—then the difficulties which have enveloped the progress of Mammalogy amongst us; and as to how these difficulties have been overcome it will be our task to show hereafter. Godman's Work did something certainly towards extricating our native Fauna from the confusion into which it had fallen in this Department. But still there was a vast deal left to be done. Our Hares, Squirrels, Mice, Moles, &c., had become nearly inextricably confounded in the nomenclature of their Species. Almost innumerable errors had crept into the Classification of other Species through either inattention to system, errors in Biography, which grew out of ignorance or toadyism—inaccurate anatomical definition—and last, though not least, tame, ludicrous, and insufficient Illustration. This Work has attempted to remedy all these difficulties. In it the four prominent schools of Zoology have been united. The system of Linnaeus has been recognized—the Biographical School has been carried to a degree of accuracy which has never characterized it—with a great-

er amount of truthful anecdotal outline than we have observed as giving piquancy to details of the kind before. Comparative Anatomy has been carried within the extremes to the just ultimation of its importance, and Illustration has certainly gone farther than it has ever been carried in Quadrupeds, or could have been at this period, but that the Genius which originated the "Plates of the Birds of America" had been brought to bear upon its superintendence. We may say in general terms of the Work, that in the letter-press, for which Dr. Bachman is mainly responsible, we find a greater precision of style than characterizes the "Biographies of Birds," though it has not the same spirit and vivacity. We have the same feature of personal reminiscence in connection with those living details of habit which gave such vividness to the "Biographies." And farther, that inasmuch as this volume illustrates the future conduct of the Work in Letter-Press, we are convinced that they will go on to classify more accurately through all obscurations the species of our Quadrupeds, to more fully set forth their habits in live descriptions, and "Illustrate them beyond any comparison, more exquisitely than has ever been done or attempted before. We had intended to have quoted largely from this Volume this month, but we find that our Historical sketch of the difficulties through which the Work has been necessitated to struggle to the position of its present excellence, at the head of Illustrative Mammalogy in the world, has filled all the space we can give to it for the present. Next month we promise to furnish the first No. of a Series, in which we propose not only to give all the interesting Biographical traits of Animals we find there described, but also to add the annotations and additions which our own large experience of such themes can furnish.

We thus take leave of the "Quadrupeds of America" for the present month, with the absolute consciousness that we can repay the readers of this dry sketch by an exposition of those curious novelties which its pages disclose.

MONOPOLIES.

Much is written and said in this country about Monopolies, and an idea has been industriously spread abroad, that to protect the labor of the United States so as to secure it against the vicious systems of Europe, which so much depress man in the scale of social life, is granting Monopolies to those concerned in manufactures and mechanic arts.

Now, although to those acquainted with the subject, this is very well known to have not the slightest foundation in truth, but to be a mere invention to deceive the ignorant, we think it would be well to examine into the origin of Monopolies, and to show what really are obnoxious or liable to the odium which attaches to that much misused term.

In making this inquiry it will be our purpose, in the few remarks we make, to show that Monopolies are particular privileges, granted to certain subjects or citizens, which are refused to others, living under the same government, and that therefore, if we except the charters granted for banking purposes, there are literally no Monopolies of any kind in the United States.

Every trade and profession of every nature and kind, every pursuit in business, is alike open to every individual in this country. If any man or set of men shall elect to engage in mining or manufacturing, the way is open for them to do so, upon precisely the same terms and in the same manner as it is for any other man or set of men—all parties concerned are in an equal manner liable for the payment of debts.

It is true that certain persons may, in some of the States of the Union, unite for the accomplishment of certain objects, and not be liable, each of them, beyond the amount specifically applied by him to the accomplishment of that object; but in this there is no Monopoly, because, with the exception named, the same privilege is given to all. How far it is right and proper to permit the privileges which are nothing more nor less than special partnerships, is another question wholly different from that of granting Monopolies. Nor is it our purpose at this time to meet that question. Opinions of wise and good men differ much

as to the expediency of granting charters of any kind; the feeling at this time is undoubtedly generally opposed to them; still they are lawful, and in this State such charters can be obtained for purposes specified through means prescribed by law. But as we have said, in this there is no Monopoly.

What Monopolies really are, and when and how they were created, may be shown in few words.

King Henry VII. of England, in the year 1506, granted a license to Augustini Chigi, a merchant of Sienna in Tuscany, to import from Flanders, or elsewhere, into England, thirteen hundred quintals of alum, and allowed none else to import any until he should sell off all of his said quantity, provided, however, that neither he nor his factors should sell the said alum at a higher price than one pound six shillings and eightpence per quintal or hundredweight.

In 1530, an act of parliament was passed, "that all hemp growing within five miles of Bridport, shall be sold nowhere but in that town; that no persons other than such who shall dwell and inhabit the said town of Bridport, shall make out of the said town any cables, hawsers, &c., made of hemp, in any other place or places within the said distance of five miles from the said town."

In 1534, it was enacted by Parliament, "that no person within the town of Worcester, England, shall make any cloth but the proper inhabitants of the said city and town, excepting persons who make cloth for their own and families' wear."

In 1544 Parliament enacted, "That no person whatever, within or nigh to the County of York, shall make any coverlets for sale, but inhabitants alone dwelling within the city and its suburbs, upon forfeiture of the same."

In 1552, in the reign of Edward VI., there was passed another monopolizing act, "confining the making of felt hats, thrummed hats, coverlets, and diaper linen, to the city of Norwich, and to all other corporate and market towns of that county."

In 1554 it was enacted, that "whosoever shall wear silk in or upon his hat, bonnet, girdle, scabbard, hose, or shoes,

shall be imprisoned for three months and forfeit ten pounds, excepting magistrates of corporations and persons of higher rank. And if any person, knowing his servant to offend against this law, do not put him forth of his service within fourteen days, or shall hire him again, shall forfeit one hundred pounds."

In 1565, Queen Elizabeth granted a Monopoly to Armigell Wade, Esq. and William Herle, for the sole making of brimstone, for thirty years, and also for the sole making or extracting from certain herbs, roots, and seeds, an oil proper to be used for wool, and for the making and dressing woolen cloth, &c."

Monopolies of various kinds were granted by King Charles I. of England—such as special privileges for the making of soap, for starch, playing-cards, saltpetre, gunpowder, glass-making, wines from raisins, for gold and silver thread, for malt and brewing, &c., &c. Also a Monopoly for the sole selling of coals at Newcastle.

Monopolies of the same kind were granted in France, such as the making of woolen cloths at Sedan and other places. These were real Monopolies, the benefits of which inured to particular individuals; but they and all other privileges of a similar character are wholly foreign to, and directly at variance with, our free institutions, and no portion of our citizens are more opposed to them than those concerned in manufactures and the mechanic arts.

These monopolies, and many charters that were granted, containing peculiar privileges of trade and commerce with foreign nations, given by various sovereigns of Europe, were considered as they really were, restrictions upon trade, and it was in contradistinction to these that the term "Free Trade" first originated.

It is only since Great Britain, perceiving that her monopoly in manufactures is to be broken up by the rival nations, and that her system of securing all the markets of the world for them, is in great danger, that the idea of levying duties or imposts in other countries, had anything to do with the freedom of trade.

What trade in the United States is not as free to one of its citizens as to any other? Surely there is none in which all may not embark upon equal terms, so far as legislation is concerned. The question then, of the rate of duties to be paid on the introduction of foreign goods into

this or to any other country, has nothing to do with anything like a monopoly.

The question involves no principle of interference with individual rights, or that is at war with the most perfect freedom and success of international commerce. Even Secretary Walker admits the right and expediency of laying duties for revenue—and that being admitted, all idea of Free Trade is at an end.

We do not on this occasion desire, or intend to go into the discussion of the right and policy of laying duties for the protection of our labor—the writer of this article considers that question fully settled, from the superabundant testimony already so often and publicly adduced. He wishes simply to disabuse the public mind from all idea, that the advocates of protection are, in any manner or form, the advocates of monopoly of any nature or kind whatever; and he appeals to the recent elections, as abundant evidence that the majority of the people of this country have decided the question. The question of protection to the labor of the country is one of the most prominent doctrines of the Whig party—and what is the verdict that is found recorded in the successes which have everywhere crowned their cause in the elections which have been held since the passage of the Tariff of 1846.

Until the passage of that law, many States which have since shown their preference for Whig principles, gave the suffrage of their citizens in favor of President Polk; that they should have changed their political complexion, shows that they are in favor of American industry, and will not consent to the doctrine that Congress have no power over the commerce of the country, further than to make it merely subservient to the public revenue.

We look, therefore, for brighter days in the future, when the times created by the wise enactment of the Tariff of 1842 will return, and give a new impulse to the whole industry of the country.

We desire no monopolies, no privileges, but those for which our institutions were specially framed, to be enjoyed alike by every citizen, be his condition in life what it may.

Our principles are, that our country should avail itself of all its natural endowments—should cultivate its rich and genial soil, and fill the garner of our agriculturists with stores of grain, and our

mills with the fleeces of their flocks; that our miners should extract the rich mineral treasures from the teeming bosom of the earth, that our planters should reap rich rewards in the abundance of their crops of cotton, rice and tobacco, and the surplus of our productions should be carried to the various marts of the world by our gallant ships; that the arts of

peace should flourish to the utmost limits of our widely extended borders—and to reach this happy consummation, nothing more is necessary than to protect our well-conditioned laborers from the vicious systems by which men are kept down and depressed under the monarchical institutions and privileged orders of foreign despotisms.

THE CREATION OF VALUES.

WITHOUT going into the intricacies of political economy, it is proposed in this article to consider in a common sense manner, what it is that creates values, and how they are accumulated.

If we inquire into the foundation of all values, we shall be led to the inevitable conclusion, that there are a multiplicity of ingredients in their creation: Labor, skill, invention, soil, climate, the presence of natural endowments, such as forests, fisheries, minerals, &c., and also water privileges, roads, canals, and other means of using them and conveying them to market.

In considering, therefore, the power possessed by a nation or people to create and accumulate values, we must take into calculation how far they can command any or all of these ingredients; for exactly in the proportion in which they are more or less present, will be the power with which values can be created.

We think this position so impregnable that we shall not waste time in undertaking to fortify a self-evident truth. There is no fair way of estimating what ought to be the policy of any nation without an examination into the presence or absence of these original sources of national wealth.

If it can be shown that they exist in an uncommon degree in any one country, we shall contend that it is the bounden duty of the people of that country, separate and apart from all other considerations of intercourse with any or all other countries, to frame its laws in such manner as shall best tend to the use of any or all of them, so as to produce from them the greatest amount in value and of comfort and happiness to the people.

We have advanced these truisms with a view to examine in what degree the United States possesses these all-import-

ant ingredients for the well-being of its population, at this particular time; and having shown what we believe to be our position in regard to them, we shall next consider what is the best policy for the government to pursue (in the language of the Constitution) most to promote "the general welfare." In soil and climate, in the possession of forests, fisheries, minerals, &c., indeed in all natural endowments, is there any country upon the habitable globe that can boast of such a profusion. The Rev. Timothy Dwight, in his valedictory address delivered to his class in 1776, in speaking of the country, thus describes it: "Whatever may conduce to health, plenty, and happiness, is almost the spontaneous products of its fields. Our corn is of every kind of the best quality, and of a quantity that cannot be measured. Our cattle and fruits of every kind are without number. Our plants and flowers, for health and pleasure, appear to have been scattered by the same benevolent hand which called forth the luxuriance of Eden. All that the wish of an epicure, the pride of beauty, or the curious mind of a naturalist can ask to variegate the table of luxury, to increase the shrine of splendor, or delight the endless thirst of knowledge, is showered in profusion on this, the favored land of Heaven.

"Nor are these bounties bestowed only on the earth. The ocean, the lakes, and the rivers pour forth an unlimited abundance of wealth and pleasure. Commonly the munificence of the Deity is equally distributed. Where the soil is barren, the sea is fruitful and supplies the defect. Where the land is fertile, the sea is empty and unfurnished. Here, the ocean and the continent were evidently formed for each other by the same open hand, and stored with blessings by the same

unlimited indulgence of bounty. That this is the unstrained voice of truth, and not the extravagant declamation of panegyric, might, with the utmost ease, be demonstrated by a bare enumeration of the articles which constitute the furniture of this mighty structure; but as the time will not suffer such an enumeration, and especially as none of my audience can be supposed to be ignorant of them, I shall barely notice them.

"Our forests are filled with the finest timber, and exude in the greatest abundance tar, pitch, and turpentine. Our fields may, with the utmost facility, be covered with hemp and flax. Our provisions can never fail. Our mountains are everywhere enriched with iron and lead. Our improvements in the art of manufacturing are astonishing even to ourselves. Our uncorrupted manners, and our happy climate, nourish innumerable multitudes of brave, generous, and hardy soldiers, to improve those advantages, to strike terror into their enemies, and brighten the glory of their country."

Such are the glowing terms used by this eminent divine in 1776, when we were yet scarcely a nation, to set forth the endowments and advantages of our country, the advances it had made, and the character of its citizens. What would be the language in which he would portray its present condition, had he lived to witness the mighty advances we have made in civilization, in science, and in every art which can minister to the comfort and happiness of man.

In 1776, we numbered about three millions of inhabitants; we are now little short of twenty. At that period we were without manufactures to protect the hardy soldiers of whom he bears such honorable testimony from the hidden severity of the elements. Our minerals lay in their native beds, untouched by the hand of man. No coal had been discovered to soften the rigors of a winter climate—no canals had been cut, nor rail-roads made to give a magic circulation to the various proceeds of our skill and industry. The mighty power of steam had scarcely become known as an agent in human affairs. Yet the destiny of our country was foreshadowed to the mind's eye of this great and good man, and we cannot forbear to give, in his own language, his views of the then future prospects which presented themselves to him, and which he describes in the following eloquent manner:

"This western world, not with so much propriety called new, from the date of its discovery, as from the unprecedented union it exhibits of all those articles which are the basis of commerce, power, grandeur and happiness; this favorite region, by the hand of Heaven sequestered from the knowledge of mankind till that period when European greatness began to totter, is destined to be the last retreat of science and of glory, beholding a rapid progress towards the consummation of excellence already commenced."

Is it not so? Have we not "those articles which are the basis of commerce, power, grandeur and happiness?" Is there anywhere to be found such a happy combination of the elements of wealth and greatness? This question can only be answered in the affirmative.

How, indeed, can a doubt exist, when it is well known that the canvas of our ships whitens every sea, and that the proceeds of our skill and industry are thus conveyed far and wide, to every nation or people in the known world.

Why, then, should there arise a question, whether or no this country should realize the destiny to which it is so well adapted by the bounteous treasures with which nature has endowed it. Is it because we are an ignorant or an idle people? that we are deficient in intellectual capacity? Does this question need a reply? Where shall we go to find greater inventive genius? Where shall we look for a higher state of enterprise? where for a more indomitable perseverance—both on the land and on the sea? Why, then, we again ask, is there any question of our continued advancement? Is there any satisfactory answer to this query? We unhesitatingly say there is none. Left to ourselves, and uninfluenced by any other political institutions but our own, nothing can arrest us in our career, if true to ourselves. This is no speculation; it is a fixed fact, tested by an experience which cannot admit of a doubt. We have so tested it on several occasions to our sorrow, and at an immense cost, from the Confederation, and before the adoption of the Constitution, down to the present day. We have had seasons of the highest prosperity, and of the deepest gloom.

Above all other benefits resulting from the peculiar institutions of the United States, there is one, the value of which admits of no estimate, whether we consider it in a physical or moral point of

view—for it is the foundation of all the blessings enjoyed by the great mass of the people—and that is, the remunerating distribution of the proceeds of labor—giving to the laborer a much larger portion of his earnings than is yielded to him in any other country on the globe.

It was, indeed, for *this* that our institutions were established, and without it they cannot exist. Monarchies, with privileged classes, may continue, as they have continued from the earliest records of history, to hold masses of mankind together by force and intrigue; and under that form of government a greater or a less degree of discomfort may exist, according as the people have more or less power awarded to them, by what are called Constitutional Monarchies, as separate from absolute despotisms. But under what potentate of so called enlightened Europe, can we find the great mass of the population permitted to partake of even the common necessities of life? The writer of this article has recently made it his particular study to investigate into the condition of those who create all the value which results from labor, in every country of the world; and he solemnly avers it, as an indisputable truth, that, with some very few exceptions, where particular skill has been acquired in delicate and difficult manipulation, nowhere, but in this blessed country, does the working-man receive a sufficiency to feed and clothe him with anything approaching to comfort.

In Christian England, the laborer is so robbed of his reward, that one-eighth, or one-tenth, of the population, according to circumstances, are degraded to such an extent as to receive assistance through the poor-rates established by law. In France, Germany, Switzerland—all over the Continent of Europe—it is little, if any better. Throughout Asia, it is much worse. In the United States alone, under a proper system of imposts, can the mass be said to have a comfortable existence.

The question, then, of whether we shall, or shall not, carry out the system of government under which we live—the vital question—is, shall we shut out from our borders the vicious institutions which degrade man in the scale of creation? or shall this glorious republic follow the sad fate of those which cast such a gloom over the pages of history, as to sicken the heart with their decay and their ultimate downfall?

Can any man of common sense believe, that if by any change in the institutions of Europe, the people were to become, as they are in this country, the source of power, and that an attempt should be made to establish a Republican Government, that such a government could stand, with the people in the condition in which they can scarcely be said (at present) to exist? If any such there be, let him cast his eyes towards the southern portion of this continent, and there he will see the sad fate of fruitless attempts to found free institutions upon the basis of ignorance!

But enough of this argument, if argument that can be called, which is little more than an appeal to the pages of history, and to the notorious exhibitions of the every-day experience by which we are surrounded.

Let us now return to the inquiry which we proposed to pursue, namely, in what manner the greatest value can be created out of the means at the disposal of the citizens of the United States; preserving, at the same time, the present comfortable condition of the laborers who are to contribute to its production.

No one, we think, can doubt the objects of those now possessed of the power of the general government. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury have not left us in doubt upon that head. They have indeed told us almost in so many words, that their plan is to confine the country to Agricultural pursuits, and abandon the Arts to their fate, unless the people of this country can be made to work at prices regulated by the price of labor in Europe.

Stripping their Messages and Reports of all the verbiage and plausible fallacies of which they are made up—this is the long and the short of their story.

Now we shall endeavor to show that if it were in their power to accomplish this, there would be an end of all accumulation of capital in the country.

We speak not now of the Tariff of 1846—that will speak for itself soon enough—we war now against the principle of abandoning the labor of the country to an unprotected competition with the labor of Europe, lowering the wages of our working-men so as to drive the population from the free States, to settle as Agriculturists in those of the South-western part of the Union. This we have reason to believe is Secretary Walk

er's plan. Premising that we have not the most distant idea of his eventual success, we still think much mischief may result to the capital and business of the country in the attempt, even during the short remnant of his inglorious career; and would fain convince him, if he would listen to us, that in so doing he would destroy much of the present capital of the country, and prevent all future accumulation of the values, which under the wholesome Tariff of 1842 were fast increasing; and had he permitted that Tariff to remain undisturbed, would have saved him much trouble in providing the ways and means which he now finds it so difficult to procure.

The moment the Tariff of 1846 was enacted, and the Sub-Treasury law passed, a great sensation was produced in the trading community, the Capitalists, the Manufacturers, and the Merchants. All felt that it was one of those sudden and hurtful experiments, of which we have had previous examples, and that the wisest could form no certain estimate of what their enactment would produce. Hence the greatest caution was immediately adopted; all new operations of business of every nature and kind were suspended. The purse-strings were drawn tight, lest the money which might escape should not only not yield a profit, but might never come back. For what in such a state of things can be done with Capital, with any hope of having even a new dollar returned for an old one. In manufacturing operations it assuredly could not be invested—neither in merchandise of any kind: there was no sort of inducement to purchase real estate, as that was sure to decline in value. Produce then offered no gain in foreign markets. Dry goods could not be imported without loss; so, to sum up the whole matter in few words, confidence was greatly impaired, and every man thought himself truly fortunate if he could save himself from ruinous losses. If we estimate the value of the various articles of trade and commerce in the country at \$200,000,000, the enactment of these laws must have annihilated some 40 or \$50,000,000 from their value, as no one estimated the average fall in prices at less than fifteen or twenty per cent. That this was an unnatural reduction, and arose from the sudden want of confidence created by the passage of the laws referred to, is rendered more obvious from the fact that many, indeed almost all articles, have partially re-

covered from seven and a half to ten per cent. of their value. The demand for grain in Europe and the short crop of cotton doubtless effected this rise to a considerable extent, but we venture the assertion that no Capitalist even now feels the confidence he did before the Tariff of 1846 and the Sub-Treasury were enacted. Nor, we venture to say, will any settled state of things be experienced so long as the principle of Protection shall be repudiated, the Tariff of 1846 remain as it is, and men remain at the head of the General Government who deny the right of Congress to legislate on the subject of a Tariff, except for the purpose of raising "the largest amount of duty from the lowest revenue."

In the matter of accumulation, we can look to nothing with so much confidence as to the arts. As we have said, invention is one ingredient in the creation of values, and one of no mean order. It would be difficult to say what amount of wealth has been created in this country from this single source—of Whitney's cotton gin, who can estimate the millions it has added to the values of the nation? Fulton's steamboats, which if not his original invention were the first brought into use; Whittemore's carding machine, and Morse's telegraph, to say nothing of the thousands of labor saving and ingenious machines which continue to crowd our patent office—many of which have been adopted in Europe, as of more value than their own.

Next to invention, may be ranked in this category, the skill with which the various manufacturing processes are acquired, and the dexterity with which they are used. So much for our people as the instruments—but who shall estimate the interminable value of our iron, copper, and lead mines, our inexhaustible coal measures, both anthracite and bituminous—who can calculate the value of the countless millions of sheep, whose wool can be worked into the finest cloth.

Now, though we consider agriculture and commerce as of inestimable value, still they are not the parents of these immense sources of industry and wealth and their accumulation. Iron must first be smelted before a plough can be made or a harvest reaped—and a surplus must be created before we can have any useful commerce. They are therefore conjointly the three pillars of the social edifice, acting always in entire harmony when mutually protected, existing only in

perfection when all are simultaneously prosperous.

Great evil, however, often arises from the erroneous under-estimate of the value of our internal commerce, the immensity of which can hardly be appreciated—but it is invidious and unjust to draw any distinctions. These three pursuits constitute the whole wealth of the nation, giving a vigor, an activity and intelligence to the body politic, without which man would be but a physical animal, dragging out a miserable existence in a state of barbarism, if not in savage wretchedness.

We forbear to introduce statistics into view at this time, it being our purpose to speak of principles rather than amounts.

In conclusion, therefore, we would press upon the consideration of our readers the iniquity of that system, which avows—as President Polk and Secretary Walker have avowed—that it is not in the power of Congress to protect these great interests; for the denial of protection to one is the abandonment of all; and the day that shall fix, as a settled principle of the general government, that Congress have no power over the foreign commerce of the country in levying imposts upon the importation of the products of other nations, except for the purposes of revenue, will seal the fate of the creation and accumulation of values to an extent that will blot out the United States from the family of independent nations.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

ALTHOUGH nothing of startling interest has occurred within the month, the affairs of Europe seem to wear an unpromising aspect. The Spanish marriages still furnish material for general dissatisfaction, even where no more angry feelings are entertained. No immediate rupture is anticipated in consequence of these events between any of the European powers; but good understandings have been destroyed, mutual distrust has been implanted, national pride has been wounded, and the seeds have been sown which may hereafter produce harvests of hatred and embroilment, to be reaped in tears and in blood. It is understood that Mr. Bulwer, the British minister at Madrid, delivered to the Spanish government, in behalf of his own, a very energetic protest against the marriage of the Infanta with the Duke of Montpensier; and communications were also addressed by the British Government to the principal European powers, declaring that Great Britain would never recognize the issue of this marriage as having any right of succession to the Spanish throne. This interference may seem uncalled for, and is denounced as insolent even by British journals; but it is not likely to be without some effect. England is unlikely to stand alone in the position she has taken. The Russian government, through its Charge d'Affaires at Paris, has informed M. Guizot that it coincides fully in the views maintained in the English protest, and will maintain, according to the treaty of Utrecht, the equilibrium of the European powers. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* announces that Austria and Prussia will also join with

England and Russia, in the course they have adopted. Thus is likely again to be formed a coalition of European nations against France; and although no one can suppose that the immediate result will be, on any side, an appeal to arms from this cause alone, it cannot be denied that a temper and tone of feeling have been induced, far less favorable to continued peace than those which have hitherto existed. The *entente cordiale* between England and France, which has formed the theme of so much boasting on the part of M. Guizot, and so much rejoicing throughout Europe, is pretty evidently at an end. The two nations are no longer governed by a common spirit. Jealousy and resentment have taken the place of that unbounded mutual confidence and regard, of which the professions at least have heretofore been so plentiful and incessant. Louis Phillippe has evidently acted for his own supposed interests, and in defiance and scorn of the feelings and interests of England. His breach of confidence may not be forcibly and at once resented, but it will scarcely be forgotten or readily forgiven.

Meantime events are occurring in Switzerland, which may precipitate some general issue. The twenty-two *Cantons* of that country are bound together by a federal compact, which expressly forbids the formation of private leagues among the cantons to the prejudice of the federal compact or the interest of the other cantons. In alleged violation of this provision, a private alliance was recently formed by the seven Catholic cantons of Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwald, Zug, Fribourg, and Valais; the

object of this alliance was to secure the rights guaranteed to these Catholic cantons, by the federal compact against the apprehended violence of the radical Protestants. It seems that the legality of this alliance was called in question in the Grand Council; and in that Council, through the equal division of the other cantons, Geneva held the balance of power, and her Council voted in favor of the Catholic cantons, on the ground that the course they had pursued had been rendered necessary by the refusal of the federal diet, to secure them against the violence of the radical cantons, which had vented itself in actual force upon Lucerne for having invited fourteen Jesuits into her midst, to take charge of her schools. Geneva is a Protestant canton, but stands above all the rest in intelligence and moral qualities, and she evidently acted in this case from the purest regard to the rights of the oppressed and wronged cantons, without regard to their religious predilections. As soon as the decision of the Council was known, a rabid French democrat, named James Fazy, who left his own country soon after the revolution of 1830, and has since been an editor in Geneva, convoked a mass meeting, and brought forward a protest denouncing the Council in the most violent manner, and declaring its vote null and void. Counter meetings were held, and the excitement increased, until an appeal was taken to arms. The mob under Fazy barricaded the bridges of the Rhone. The government on its side was not idle—and on the 7th of October, the artillery was brought to bear upon the barricades. The government prepared to negotiate, but Fazy rejected the proposal, and after a sharp and severe engagement the government troops were compelled to retreat, and the next day the government itself fled from the city. A provincial government was immediately formed with Fazy at its head; and at the time of the latest accounts, his rule seemed to be firmly established. He was conducting affairs with a good degree of moderation. The example of Geneva, however, is likely to prove contagious, and Basle-city and Basle-Campagne are arming against each other. The probability is that radicalism, which most unfortunately seems to be there identified with Protestantism, will prevail, and will thus gain the ascendancy in the federal Diet, which will, of course, pronounce the dissolution of the league of the seven Catholic cantons. In anticipation of this result, the cantons are consolidating their league and arming for the emergency. France has already advanced a military force to the Swiss frontier, undoubtedly with the intention of interfering when the proper time shall arrive; and similar measures are anticipated on the sides of Austria and Sardinia. A

furious civil war is imminent in the very heart of Europe; and in the existing state of international feeling, such an event will be almost certain to involve some of the leading powers of Europe.

To complicate still more the affairs of the Continent, another revolution has occurred in Portugal. At Lisbon it was at first completely successful, and was brought about without bloodshed, by the admirable management of the Queen, by whom it was started. Afterwards, however, it met with warm hostility even in that city, and in some other parts of Portugal it encountered a short opposition. At Oporto, the Duke of Terceira, who was sent thither by the Queen as Lieutenant-General of the Northern Marines, was imprisoned on his arrival, and a junta was immediately convened, which declared the dethronement of the Queen, and proclaimed her son, Don Pedro, King of Portugal, with a Council Regency. This movement was generally followed by the cities of the North; and Spain was marching troops to the frontier. It is also thought that France, Spain, and even Belgium have had an agency in fomenting these disturbances.

Immense and destructive floods have occurred in France along the course of the Rhone and Loire. Many lives have been lost, and property to an immense amount has been swept away. It was the severest ever known in France, the great flood of 1789 not excepted.

In Italy the Pope seems to be going forward rapidly, and with great popular applause, in the new career of improvement and reform, which his councils and example have opened to the people. He is encouraging attempts to promote the cultivation of rice in the neighborhood of Rome, and they are said to be completely successful. A company has been formed for the purpose of growing rice on the whole plain between Ostia and Porto d'Anzo, which is forty miles long, and can easily be flooded at will by the waters of the lakes Albano and Nemi. It is said upon intelligent authority, that the Pope is acting under the advice of the Abbé GIÒBERTI in all his schemes, and that the Abbé is desirous that he should put himself at the head of every new movement, and so signalize himself by his zealous promotion of liberty in thought, speech, and action. The Abbé was banished by the late Pope for his counsels to the same effect. His plans, however, met a very warm reception from the Italian people; and the present Pope, then a cardinal, was one of his warmest friends. He was a man of liberal opinions, had visited various parts of Europe, and was thus prepared to enter upon the duties of the Papacy with far wider and more intelligent views than those which had influenced his predecessor. The measures he has already

taken have alarmed the jealousy of Austria—the watch-dog of despotism in Europe; and it is by no means improbable that he may come to an open rupture with that court.

A very heated and intemperate discussion has been started between the French and English journals, concerning the discovery of the new planet. It is not denied, we believe, in any quarter, that M. Leverrier is entitled to the transcendent honor of having accurately demonstrated its existence and calculated its position, before any similar calculations had been published. But it is claimed by the English that Mr. Adams, of the Greenwich Observatory, had also calculated the place of the planet, and furnished to Mr. Challis the means of securing two observations of the planet, before any announcement was made by M. Leverrier. To prove that the object observed was a planet, the observations of different days should have been compared. This essential point, however, Mr. Challis neglected; and without laying any claim to the discovery, he simply says, that “the planet was virtually secured, and its place determined, six weeks previously to any recorded observation of it elsewhere.” These allegations are supported by the testimony of Sir John Herschel, and will be, it is said, substantiated by the records of the observatory. The claim, however, has excited the anger of the French, and even in the debates of the National Academy, the most violent language has been applied to the English *savans* who have in any way given their countenance to it. The King of Prussia, meantime, anxious to signalize the slight connection of his own country with this astronomical event, has conferred the cross of the Red Eagle of the fourth class upon M. Galle, the Berlin astronomer,

who first directed his telescope to the new planet, following the directions of M. Leverrier.

The literary and general intelligence of the month has but little interest. A young astronomer of Rome, M. Alberi, has discovered a MS. of Galileo, concerning the satellites of Jupiter, which was supposed to be lost; it was found in a private library. Mr. Richardson, the celebrated traveler, has returned to London, after a journey of three months directly through the heart of the Sahara desert. He is about to publish the results of his inquiries, which have mainly related to the slave trade. The Leipsic catalogue announces that 5,253 books have been published in Germany since the Easter fair of the present year. In various parts of France, a disease has manifested itself in the beet root, similar to that which has proved so generally destructive to the potatoe. The corner stone of a monument to Columbus was laid at Genoa on the 28th of September. An immense concourse was present, and the ceremonies of the occasion were highly imposing. The Congress of Italian savans have decided to hold their meeting of 1848 at Bologna. This is the first time such an event has ever occurred within the limits of the Papal States; and it is feared that the Pope, with all his liberality, will regard the step as premature. The Germanic Diet has awarded the sum of 100,000 florins to Prof. Schonbein, on condition that his newly discovered gun-cotton shall be proved able advantageously to supercede the use of gunpowder. The Sardinian government has opened negotiations with Spain for the recovery of the remains of Columbus, which are now at Havana. A weekly journal called the *Contemporaneo*, is announced as about to appear at Rome, under the auspices of the Pope.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SIVORI, THE VIOLINIST.—This is a progressive era; ours is a progressive nation; the city of Gotham—wherein we more immediately exist—is a progressive city; and, undoubtedly, our readers are progressive characters, or ought to be such, only taking excellent care that they are “right before they start.” Amid the perpetual motion of our unquiet time, Art, Science, and Taste, it must also be presumed, are moving onward; and in no department of these is there more evidence of movement, and of movement too in the right direction, than in what relates to the “divine science” of Music.

Although much of the apparent enthusiasm now so widely fashionable, upon the subject of music, is probably neither deep nor genuine; though too many of those who crowd the concert-room are probably attracted thither by motives somewhat foreign to music and the love of it; yet we think it cannot be denied that a truer appreciation and a warmer love of this beautiful art is really spreading among the community. That this is the case is evidenced by the cordial welcome which has greeted the few great musicians of the Old World who have already visited us; by the improved character of, and sustained attend-

ance upon our public concerts, and by the increase of facilities within reach of students of the art. Among the distinguished artists to whom we have alluded, and whose genius has done so much toward raising our perceptions of the *possible* in musical art—Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps, and De Meyer have stood pre-eminent—but to these names must now be added that of Sivori, the pupil and friend of Paganini, and upon whom the mantle of the "weird Master" may almost be said to have fallen.

Those whose hearts have thrilled to the wild melody, the deep pathos, and the impassioned fervor of the poetic Northman, have never withdrawn from their remembrances of him the meed of affectionate admiration which they had accorded to him; while the admirers of Vieuxtemps, his high artistic skill, his great science, and the finished correctness of his play, still recall his performances with delight. But the young artist who has won the suffrage of all Europe, is now by his rich and diversified imagination, and an almost superhuman mastery over his instrument, holding in suspension the judgment of the critics, as to whether he may not be entitled to take precedence of all our former favorites.

We have not space to enter into a minute account of the varied beauties of Sivori's play, of the profusion of exquisite and admirable effects which he draws from his instrument, until one becomes almost sceptical as to the *catgut and horsehair*, or of the ease with which he overcomes the greatest difficulties, performing on a single chord the wonders of four—

"With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting sound through mazes running,
Untwisting all the strings that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

We have only space to express our cordial hope that this truly classic Artist may be the means of awaking in all parts of our country which he may visit during his stay among us, a deeper and purer love for this noble art, to which he is consecrated.

LECTURES OF MR. HENRY GILES.—We are glad to be able to speak of the Literary Discourses of this gentleman, in view of their being soon delivered in this city. Mr. Giles has, in different places and for several years, delivered lectures on various subjects of high interest in literature and social life. His style, in those which we have heard, is earnest and impassioned—two of the chief elements in oratory—and the fullness of his mind, by the aid especially of a fine analytical power and a fervid fancy, supplies his audience at all times with many desirable treasures of thought, feeling and excellent language. We sincerely trust that he may not lack hearers in any

quarter. Lectures, when presented by an orator—in other words, public orations on noble subjects by an eloquent man—are of great value in a community, where large portions of the people have so little time to read and study books.

The Sacred Mountains: By J. T. HEADLEY, New York, BAKER & SCRIBNER.

This volume was laid upon our table at so late a date that we are unable to give any extended notice of its qualities. In mechanical execution no more beautiful book has been issued this season. As a gift book it has a high recommendation in its subject. The idea of making the "Sacred Mountains" of the Bible a series of solemn and majestic pictures, as the old Italian Painters chose their touching and impressive subjects from the various characters of Scripture, was a happy one, and, we believe, original. Of each Mountain and its surrounding scenery there is an engraving on steel. They are mostly very beautiful; we notice, however, a singular mistake in the first—Mount Ararat. A rainbow is represented as bending over the plain in front of the Mountain, while the trees still more in front of the rainbow have shadows on the *near* side. Now to make a rainbow at all the sun must be behind the looker-on, in which case, of course, there could be no shadows on the *near* side of the trees. But the picture is beautiful, notwithstanding. As to the sketches by Mr. Headley, they are principally groupings of the incidents that took place upon and around them. They have many of the characteristics of the author's style, placing the scenes distinctly before the mind. But quite too many passages are loosely written, with false imagery and strained language. As an interesting gift however, to the imaginative, and the lovers of Scripture scenes, we would suggest "the Sacred Mountains."

Moore's Poetical Works, complete in one volume. Illustrated with ten Engravings. G. APPLETON & Co. N. Y. 1846.

A splendid edition of the poems of this most melodious of versifiers, with Engravings of admirable elegance, and appropriateness—one a very excellent and spirited likeness of the poet, in the style of Sir T. Lawrence's heads. Among the Engravings the most remarkable are a Psyche opening a casket,—a composition of landscape and figures of Landseer,—a Peri, by K. Meadows, (which is a Peri,)—all in the richest style of modern soft engraving, suitable to the elegance of the volume and the mellifluous smoothness of its contents.

It is clearly impossible for the art of engraving or the art of versifying to go any farther than they have already gone in this direction. The production of soft effects has been carried to its limit. Excessive elegance and sweetness in letters, has prepared us to enjoy the rude periods and violent contrasts of Carlyle and his imitators, as the epicure is tempted to a coarse and bitter diet, after a surfeit of sweets. The excessive and somewhat weak refinement at which this art of engraving has arrived, seems to promise already a revolution in taste. We have seen some works, lately executed in Paris, which show a wonderful purity of line, and a force of shadow not unworthy of the old masters in this art.

Since Wordsworth and the German poets, between whom there is a close though unacknowledged affinity, have possessed us with sentiments to the neglect of melody and passion, Moore and Byron with Rossini, who represents them in Music, have fallen not a little in estimation, though they are still extremely popular in despite of moral criticism. Be it there is no deeper moral in a song of Moore, or a stanza of Childe Harold, than in one of Rossini's delicious and inexhaustible cavatinas, or in a group of Bacchanals from Poussin, they are none the less excellent, nay, unapproachable in their kind, rich flowers of genius, full of melody, and the most perfect sensuous beauty. They must remain, too, as the types of perfection for the musical qualities of our tongues, and must continue to give pleasure long after the present fashion of sentimentalism has ceased even from history.

Memoirs of the Life of Addison: By MISS AIKIN, complete in one volume. CAREY & HART, Philadelphia, 1846.

A life of Addison by one of the most elegant of the female writers of England, composed in the subdued and classic manner of that school of English prose, of which Addison himself, unless Cowley be preferred to him, may be taken as the source and the model. The memoir itself is not remarkable for any marked or brilliant qualities of wit or sentiment, but chiefly for the sweetness of its periods and the mild enthusiasm with which it follows the illustrious moralist through all the progress of his dispassionate but not uneventful life.

The other remarkable characters of that age, particularly Swift and Pope, are treated with much severity by the Biographer, who ascribed to them a degree of inveterate and ungenerous malice toward their rivals, which their admirers will disclaim. The author discovers but little respect for those great names, and strikes the balance against them by an excusable degree of admiration for the accomplished Addison; a

man of a noble but somewhat timid and exclusive nature, who carried the idea of taste and classic reserve from letters into the conduct of life, and who is marked, like all great moralists, with the excess of the qualities which his writings have stamped upon the literature and manners of his nation.

Essays on the Progress of Nations in Productive Industry, Civilization, Population, and Wealth,—illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Manufacture, &c.: By EZRA C. SEAMAN. Detroit, M. GIEGER & Co. New York, BAKER & SCRIBNER.

We cheerfully express our opinion of the great value of Mr. Seaman's book entitled, "Essays on the Progress of Nations." Besides the amount of exceedingly valuable statistical information which it contains, and which alone should ensure to it a most extensive circulation, it has high merits in a political and philosophical point of view. The author evidently views the Tariff and kindred subjects from a position higher than that from which they are ordinarily contemplated. The reader will find on the examination of this work, that these are not questions merely of temporary prices, or market fluctuations, but that they have a permanent bearing on the highest well-being of the nation. The author demonstrates that the encouragement of a national industry, in its various branches, is far more than a mere nominal matter of cheap buying, (although even here its advantages are in the end more clearly shown,) but that it is more intimately connected with the moral welfare and highest prosperity of a country.

Destiny: a Poem: By E. DELAFIELD SMITH.

Of the twenty or thirty poetical addresses on public occasions, large and small, sent to us within the last eight months, this is a fair sample. It is legitimate, at such times, to deliver moderate verse, and the present seems to be no infringement of the rule. The laying out of its subject is better than the execution. The design is to show that all nations, from the Hindoo and the Parsee to the Gipsies and Lord Byron, are imbued with a dark belief in Fate. This undoubtedly laid the ground-work for some swelling and powerful poetry; but the piece, though with some good passages, is very loosely written. Among other faults the writer will have so short a thing in eight or ten kinds of metre—a ridiculous and fatal conceit, which we have condemned half a dozen times already in similar productions. A dozen lines, or so—a new fancy comes up—and, *presto*, the measure is changed! Thus walking, limping, and

swinging along, it is impossible to produce any body of impression. As to the writer's idea of Fate, it may be taken as a poetical feeling; but such lines as these, at this age, are either blasphemy or idiocy:

Eternal Powers! as on life's ocean dark
Years hang more deeply o'er my humble bark,
I feel that God, permitting Fate's decree,
Divides his radiant throne with Destiny.

Some clever lines might be quoted in the course of the poem, but we were fated not to have room.

The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, Inaugural, Annual, and Special, from 1789 to 1846, with a Memoir of each of the Presidents, and a History of their Administrations, compiled from official sources by EDWIN WILLIAMS. In two volumes. New York, Edward Walker.

Of the real value of this work to the people of this country, too high an estimate can hardly be formed. Whatever may be the feelings of any foreign nation towards us, there can be no citizens of another country who will not acknowledge that ours has been a wonderful career. In so few years to have swept the vast wilderness away; to have erected towns and cities in every direction, populous and powerful; to have covered our hills and valleys with cultivated fields, crowded a thousand great rivers with steam-vessels, and dotted the innumerable inland streams with busy manufactories; to have achieved so much of physical triumph over a region two-thirds as large as all Europe—and, in addition, to have established, on the broadest base, new forms of government, new institutions, new laws and elements of social life, so that we rank, beyond any question, as one of the first four nations of the earth—is a result which must always be considered among the most extraordinary that can be recorded. But in the history of these things, our physical progress has been noted much more than the formation of our political, moral and social institutions. Among other disadvantages, this has been the cause of the chief misunderstandings abroad respecting our character, and of the equal misconceptions at home, as to the true elements to be regarded and hoped for in our future growth. We have been looked upon by others as a young overgrown giant, impetuous, awkward, and something dangerous. We have looked upon ourselves as

vigorous, progressive, and destined to an extraordinary future of *wealth and strength*. It is time we should view ourselves, and be viewed, in a nobler and more trying light. In this relation, as clearing up, in a more thorough and impartial manner than had before been done or attempted, that part of our history which embraces all past political movements, this work of Mr. Williams is invaluable. That our politics, so far, make up the most important portion of our history, both to ourselves and to other nations, will not readily be questioned. But no work, till the publication of this, had presented any sufficient body of their annals and statistics. The Presidential Messages and Addresses would, of themselves, be valuable enough to commend the compilation to every one's use; but in addition to those, the author has added a sketch of the life of every President, and a history of his administration; amounting, in all, to nearly 500 out of the 1700 pages comprised in the two octavo volumes. These portions of original matter are full of information; and it is worthy of a distinct and emphatic tribute, that they are written in the most sober and impartial spirit. The writer seems to be of a serious and conservative turn of mind, as he could hardly have failed to be, after surveying our politics from Washington to Polk; but there is no quality of the partisan in him. The book is a thoroughly impartial one, and will, therefore, be of infinitely wider usefulness. Every person should possess a copy.

One thing only, in these volumes, strikes us as worthy of censure: and that is utterly wretched. We refer to the engraved heads of the Presidents, placed as frontispieces. We have never seen anything more absurd and abominable. They look as if they had been etched on clay and moulded of cast iron; and even in that case, they must have been badly done. By the way they look, the cares of State must have made terrible inroads upon them. We should think the old bald eagle at the top would scream over them worse than he appears to be doing; and we only wish the blaze of glory around him would consume the whole infamous combination together. Seriously, it is unjust, and altogether unprofitable, in an age so accustomed to good engravings, to put out such miserable caricatures of our most eminent men; and we frankly advise the publisher to change the plates as soon as possible.

We have received several other books, also, but are unable to insert notices of them this month. Among them are, from Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*; Mrs. Southey's *Poems*; Goethe's *Autobiography*; *The Water Cure in Chronic Diseases*; also, Milner's *Poems* and the *Poems of O. W. Holmes*, from Ticknor & Co.

